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VOL. 4



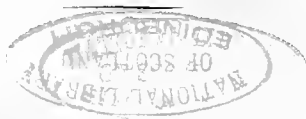
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1
 THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSES HUE.

Thy cheek is o' the ro-ses' hue, My on-ly jo and
 dea-rie, O; Thy neck is like the sil-ler dew Up-on the
 bank sae brier-ic, O; Thy teeth are o' the i-vo-ry; O,
 sweet's the twin- kle o' thine e'e! Nae joy, nae pleas- ure,
 blinks on me, My on- ly jo and dea-rie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it icrie, O;
 But little kens the sangster sweet,
 Aught o' the care I hae to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we war bairnies on you brae,
 An' youth was blinkin' bonny O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O;

Aft I wad chace thee o'er the lea,
 And round about the thornie tree;
 Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna fine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
 I wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither war'ly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgat, to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

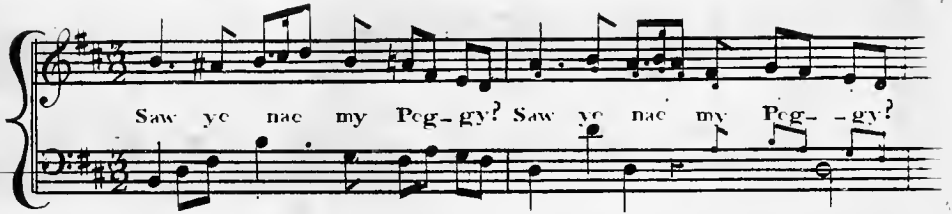
An thou were my ain thing, O! I would love thee,
 I would love thee, An thou were my ain thing, how dear-ly
 would I love thee. Then thy de-fence should be my arms; Then
 I'd se-cure thee from all harms; For 'bove all mor-tals
 thy hast charms; How dear-ly do I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 With angel pity look on me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 An thou were, &c.

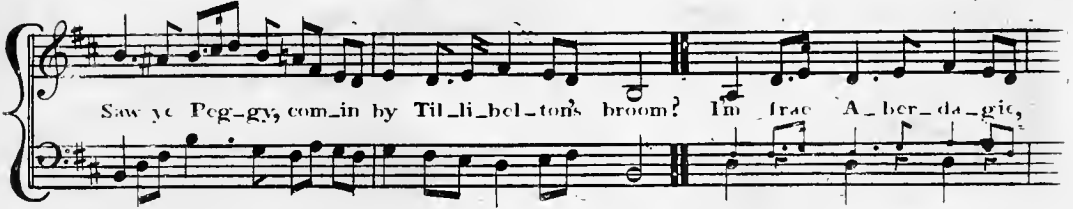
To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and, for thy sake,
 What man can do I'll undertake;
 So dearly do I love thee.
 An thou were, &c.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY.


3



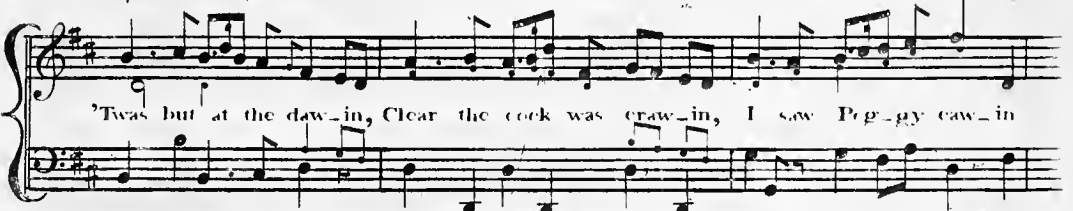
Saw ye nae my Peg-gy? Saw ye nae my Peg-gy?



Saw ye Peg-gy, com-in by Til-li-bel-ton's broom? Im' trac A-ber-da-gie,



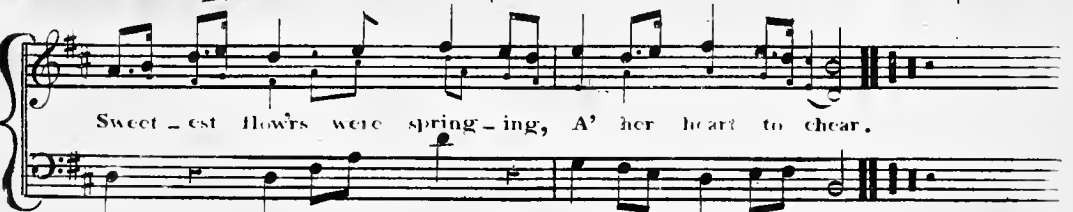
Owre the cratts o' Craigie; For aught I ken o' Peg-gy, She's a-yont the moon.



'Twas but at the daw-in, Clear the cock was craw-in, I saw Peg-gy caw-in



Haw-ky by the brier. Ear-ly bells were ring-ing, Blythest birds were singing,



Sweet-est flows were spring-ing, A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blowin,
 Almond water's flowin,
 Deep and ford unknowin,
 She maun cross the day.
 Almond water, spare her,
 Safe to Lyndoch bear her,
 Its braes n'er saw a fairer,
 Bess Bell uor Mary Gray.

O, now to be wi' her!
 Or but ance to see her
 Skaithless, far or near,
 I'd gie Scotland's crown.
 Bye-word blinds a lover -
 Wha's yon I discover? -
 Just yere ain fair rover,
 Stately stappin down.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Air - Crochallan.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
Highlands, a-chasing the deer; A-chasing the wild deer, and following the
roe, My heart's in the High-lands where e-very I go.

Farewell to the Highlands! farewell to the north!
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high-cover'd with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below!
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging-woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE EXILE OF ULDOONAN.*

Air - Cia mar a Surrá'sinn fuirach.

Slowly

A-dieu to rock and to wa-ter-fall, Whose ec-hoes start a-mong

* This Air, lately introduced as Irish under the name of "The Legacy," has been current in the north of Scotland for Sixty Years as the composition of John M^r Murdo of Kintail. "Capl. Fraser's Melodies."

Albyn's hills, A long a-dicu, Ul-doon-an! And all thy wild-wood steeps, and thy
 sparkling rills. From the dreams of my childhood and youth I a-wa-ken, And
 all the sweet vi-sions that lan-cy wove; A-dicu! ye lone glens, and ye
 braes of green bra-ken, En-deard by friendship, and hope, and love.

The stranger came, and adversity's wind
 Blew cold and chill on my father's hearth;
 I strove, but vainly, some shelter to find
 Among the fields of my father's birth:
 But my desolate spirit shall never be severed
 From the home where a sister and mother once smiled,
 Though within its bare walls lies the root-tree all shivered,
 And mouldering rubbish is spread and piled.

I hear before me the waters roar;
 I see the galley in yonder bays,
 All ready and trim, she beckons the shore,
 And seems to chide my longer stay.
 Ul-doon-an! when lingering afar from thy valley,
 At my pilgrimage close o'er the billowy brine,
 Harps long will be strung, and new voices will hail thee,
 Without devotion and love like mine.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

Jacobite.

Slow

The sun ris-es bright in France, And fair sets he; But he has tint the

blink he had In my ain countrie. It's nae my ain ru-in That weets aye my

ce, But the dear Ma-rie I left a-hin Wi' sweet hair-nies three.

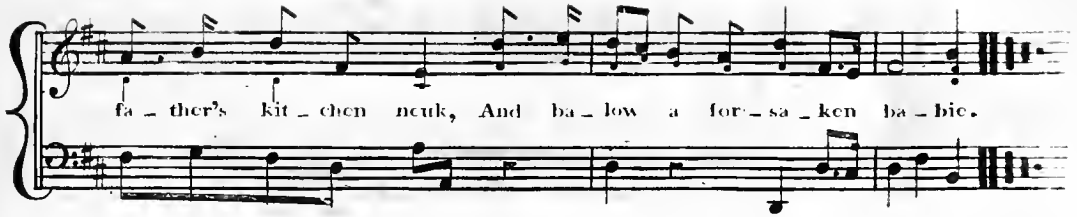
Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
 And smild my ain Marie;
 O I've left a' my heart behind,
 In my ain countrie!
 O I'm leal to high heaven,
 Which aye was leal to me!
 And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,
 Frae my ain countrie.

LORD ABOYNE.

Old Ballad.

At-ten-hae I play'd at the ring and the ba', And lang was a

lit-tle ran-tin-las-sie; But now I maun sit in my



For my father he will not me own,
 And my mother she neglects me;
 And a' my friends hae lightlied me,
 And their servants they do slight me.

But had I a servant at my command,
 As all times I've had many,
 That wad rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
 Wi' a letter to my rantin laddie.

O! is he either a laird, or a lord?
 Or is he but a cadie?
 That ye do him ca' sae aften by name
 Your bonny, bonny, rantin laddie.

Indeed he is baith a laird and a lord;
 Think ye I married a cadie?
 But he is the Earl o' bonny Aboync,
 And he is my rantin laddie.

O yese get a servant at your command,
 As all times ye've had many,
 That sall rin wi' a letter to bonny Glenswood,
 A letter to your rantin laddie.

When Lord Aboync did the letter get,
 O but he blinket bonie;
 But, or he had read three lines of it,
 I think his heart was sorry.

His face it reddened like a flame,
 And grasping his sword sae massy,
 O wha is this that daur be sae bauld,
 Sae cruelly to use my lassie?

For her father he will not her know,
 And her mother she does slight her,
 And a' her friends hae lightlied her,
 And their servants they neglect her.

Go raise to me my five hundred men;
 Make haste and make them ready,
 With a milk-white steed under every ane,
 For to bring hame my lady.

As they came in thro' Buchan-shire,
 They were a company bonny,
 With a gude claymore in every hand,
 And O but they shind bonny.

CRAIL TOUNE.

Old.

And was ye ere in Crail tounce? I-go and a-go; And

saw ye there Clerk Dish-in-ton? Sing, i-rom i-gon a-go.

His wig was like a dronket hen,
Igo and ago;
The tail o't like a goose pen,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To hear them o' their travels talk,
Igo and ago;
To gae to London's but a walk,
Sing, irom igon ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcom,
Igo and ago;
Gin he be wise enough I mistak him,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the wonders o' the deep,
Igo and ago;
Would gar a man baith wail and weep,
Sing, irom igon ago.

And had ye weel frae Sandy Don,
Igo and ago;
He's muckle datter nor Sir John,
Sing, irom igon ago.

To see the Leviathan skip,
Igo and ago;
An' wi' his tail ding owre a ship,
Sing, irom igon ago.

BOATMAN, HASTE.

The Cow Boy.

2^d Voice part ad lib:

"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry.
"Boatman, haste, launch your skiff; Row me quick o'er the ferry.

From his haunt on the cliff Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.

From his haunt on the cliff, Screams the gull, wild and ee-rie.

Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.

Boatman, hasten, man your wher-ry; Row me quick-ly o'er the fer-ry.

Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Snow-white surges of-ten rearing, Warn the dreaded storm is nearing."

Sail and oar swiftly bore
 Him afar from the mooring;
 But before he was o'er,
 Winds and waves loud were roaring,
 Soon, alas! the weltering billow,
 Is his cold and restless pillow,
 Where he sleeps without commotion,
 Sheeted with the foam of ocean.

CHARLIE, YE ARE WELCOME.

Jacobite.

Lively

Char - lie, ye are wel - come, wel - come, wel - come; Char - lie, ye are
 wel - come to Scot - land, and to me. There's some fòk in yon town, yon town,
 yon town; There's some fòk in yon town, I trow, that should na be.

Charlie, we'll no name them, name them, name them;
 Charlie we'll no name them, we ken wha they be.
 The swords they are ready, ready, ready;
 The swords they are ready, I trow, to mak them flee.

Charlie, ye'll get backing, backing, backing;
 Charlie ye'll get backing, baith here and owre the sea:
 The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering;
 The clans they are gathering, to set their kintra free.

Charlie it's the warning, warning, warning;
 Charlie it's the warning we hear, owre hill and lea;
 The colours they are flying, flying, flying;
 The colours they are flying, will lead to victorie.

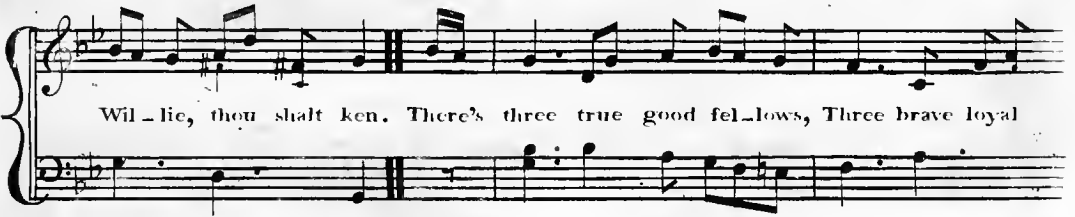
THERE'S THREE GOOD FELLOWS AYONT YON GLEN.

Jacobite.

There's three true good fel - lows, Three brave loy - al fel - lows, There's
 three true good fel - lows Down a - yont yon glen. It's now the day is



daw'ling; But, ere the night is fa'ing, Whase cock's best at craw'ing,



Wil'lie, thou shalt ken. There's three true good fel' lows, Three brave loyal



fel' lows, There's three true good fel' lows Down a-yont yon glen.



There is Graham, and Gordon, And Lind - say brave is com - ing;
Ken ye wha is running Wi' his Highlandmen? There's three true good fel' lows, &c.

'Tis he that's ay the foremost,
When the battle is warmest,
The bravest and the kindest
Of all Highlandmen.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's Sky's noble chieftain,
Hector and bold Evan,
Roeh, Bane Maerabach
And the true Maclean.

There's three true good fellows, &c.

There's now no retreating,
The clans are a' waiting,
And ilk heart is beating
For honour and fame.

There's three true good fellows,
Whate'er they may tell us,
Thrice three good fellows
Down ayont yon glen.

SING ON, THOU LITTLE BIRD.

Sing on thou lit-tle bird, Thy wild notes sae loud, O
sing, sweet-ly sing frae the tree. Ah, be-neath thy bir-ken bow'r, I have
met, at e'en-ing hour, My young Jam-ie, that's far o'er the sea.

On yon bonnie heather knowes :
We pledged our mutual vows,
And dear is the spot unto me;
Tho' pleasure I hae nae,
While I wander aane,
And my Jamie is far o'er the sea.

But why should I mourn,
The seasons will return,
And verdure again clothe the lea;
The flow'rets shall spring,
And the salt breeze shall bring
My dear Laddie again back to me.

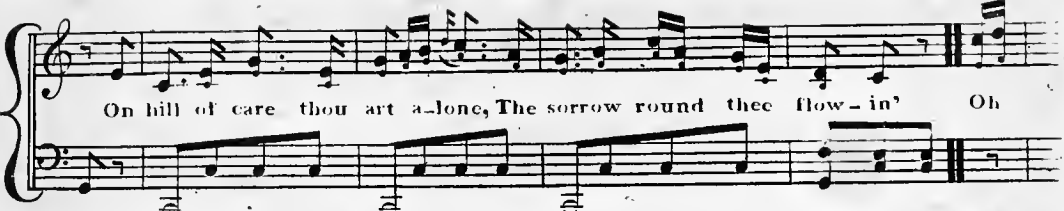
Thou star! give thy light,
Guide my lover aright,
Frae rocks and frae shoals keep him free;
Now gold I hae in store,
He shall wander no more,
No, no more shall he sail o'er the sea.

CASTELL GLOOM.*

Sl. wly

Oh, Castell Gloom! thy strength is gone, The green grass o'er thee growin;

* Castell Gloom belonging to the family of Argyle, was burned down in the civil wars by Montrose about 1643.



On hill of care thou art a-lone, The sorrow round thee flow-in' Oh

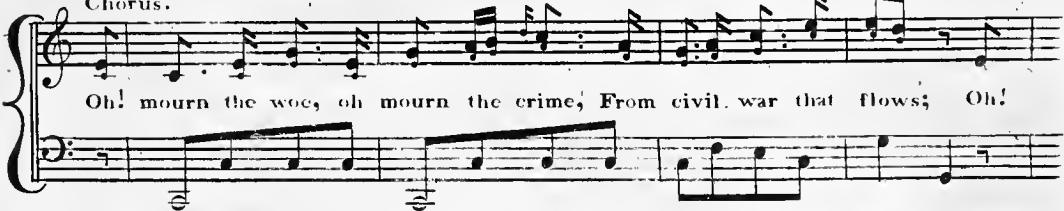


Cas-tell Gloom! on thy fair wa's Nae ban-ners now are stream-in'; The



hour-lit hits a-mang thy ha's, And wild birds there are scream-in'.

Chorus.



Oh! mourn the woe, oh mourn the crime, From civil war that flows; Oh!



mourn Ar-gyle, thy fal-len line, And mourn the great Mon-trose.

Here ladies bricht were aften seen,
 Here valient warriors trod;
 And here great Knox has often been,
 Who fear'd nought but his God!
 But a' are gane! the guid, the great,
 And naething now remains,
 But ruin sittin on thy wa's,
 And crumblin doune the stanes!

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

The lofty Ochills bricht did glow,
 Tho' sloopin' was the sun;
 But mornin's licht did sadly show
 What ragin' flames had done:
 Oh mirk, mirk, was the misty cloud,
 That hangs o'er thy wild wood;
 Thou wert like beauty in a shroud,—
 And all was solitude.

Oh! mourn the woe, &c.

It is worthy of remark that the name of the hill on which the picturesque ruins of the Castle stand, signifies in Gaelic the hill of Care. —the burn of Sorrow murmurs arround it; and the village D of Dollar lies at the foot of the glen.

LADY MARY ANN.

Old Ballad.

O La-dy Ma-ry Ann looks o'er the cas-tle wa', She saw three
bo-nie boys play-ing at the ba'; The young-est he was the
flow'r a-mang them a'; My bo-nie lad-die's young, but he's grow-in yet.

O Father! O Father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the College yet;
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,
And the langer it blossom'd the fairer it grew,
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa that we hae seen;
But far better days, I trust will come again,
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin yet.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind .. dea-rie O? Will

ye gang o'er the lea-rig, My ain kind dea-rie O? Gin

ye'll tak heart, and gang wi' me, Mis-hap will ne-ver steer ye

O; Gude luck lies owre the lea-rig My ain kind dea-rie O.

There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O;
 There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 It's neither land nor gowd nor braws,
 Let them gang tapsey teerie O;
 It's walth o' peace o' love, and truth,
 My ain kind dearie O.

WHEN O'ER THE MUIR THE TWILIGHT GREY.

Same Air.

When o'er the muir the twilight grey
 Spreads o'er the lawn sae eerie O,
 And frae the hill the weary hind
 Comes hame baith douf and weary O;
 Out o'er the sward I tak my road,
 Nae bog or hag can fear me, Jo,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig
 My ain kind dearie O.

Tis sweet, in yonder lonely glen,
 At gloamin when the moon shines hie,
 To see the burnie trotting down
 Out-o'er the lin beneath the tree;
 When at thy side upon the brae,
 My heart grows light and cheery O,
 Upon the trysting lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

When labour's o'er, at close of day,
 How blythsome is the ingle en';
 The joke, the laugh, the langsyne crack,
 Gaes roun' and roun', baith but and ben.
 But frae their mirth I steal awa,
 Altho' I'm wet an' weary O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

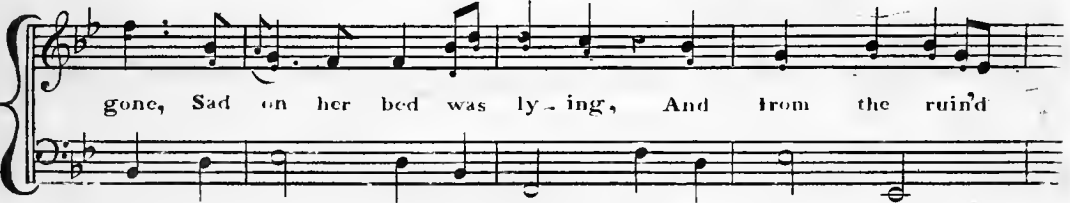
At morning sun the lavrock sings,
 And in the air he tunes his lay,
 And frae the scented dewy woods
 The blackbird chaunts at close of day;
 But at the gloamin', happy hour,
 When a' is dull and dreary O,
 O meet me on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.



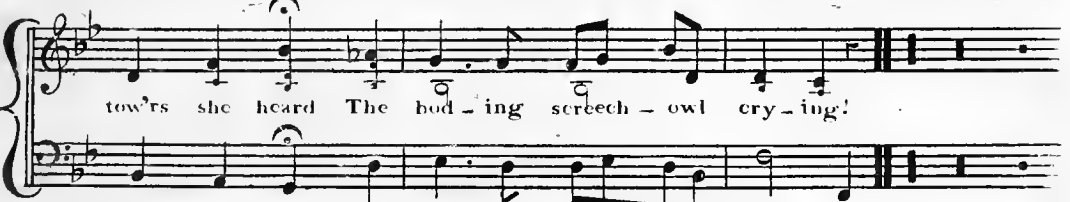
crow - ing, When west - land winds shook Stir - ling tow'r, With



hol - low mur - murs blow - ing. When Fan - ny fair, all woe - be -



gone, Sad on her bed was ly - ing, And from the ruin'd



tow'rs she heard The bod - ing screech - owl cry - ing!

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept;
 "O night presaging sorrow!
 O dismal night! she said, and wept;
 "But more I dread to-morrow.
 For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
 Each host to Preston bending;
 At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
 With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night,
 I saw fell death wide sweeping,
 And all the matrons of the land,
 And all the virgins, weeping?"
 And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning;
 And now through all the castle heard
 The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading.
 "O, speak!" she cry'd, "my fathers slain!
 I see, I see him bleeding!"

'A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him;
 Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
 The foe of life berelt him.

'Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
 With many a wound deformed;
 A braver knight, nor better man,
 This fair Isle ne'er adorned?
 While thus he spoke, the grief-struck maid
 A deadly swoon invaded;
 Lost was the lustré of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining;
 But oh! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining.
 But, why complain, the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining:
 May providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.

CALLER HERRIN.*

Music by Nath. Gow.

Whall buy caller herrin? They're bonnie fish, and hailsum fairing;

Whall buy caller herrin, New drawn frae the Forth? When ye were sleepin'

on your pillows, Dream'd ye ought o' our pair fellows, Dark-ling, as they

faced the billows, A' to fill the wov-en wil-lows. Buy my caller

herrin, They're bon-nie fish and hale-som fair-ing; Buy my caller

herrin, New drawn frae the Forth, Whall buy my caller herrin? They're

no brought here with-out brave dar-ing; Buy my caller herrin, Ye

* The common cry of the Edinburgh Fish Women during the Herring season.

lit_tle ken their worth. Wha'll buy my caller her_rin? Oh! ye may ca' them

vul_gar far_ing; Wives and mith_ers, maist de_spair_ing, Ca' them lives o' men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin?
 Bonnie fish and balesome farin';
 Wha'll buy caller herrin;
 Hauled thro' wind and rain?
 A' our lads at herrin' lishin',
 Costly vampum, dinner dressin',
 Sole nor Turbot, how distressin',
 Fine folks scorn shoals o' blessin'.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin?
 Ye may ca' them vulgar fairin';
 Buy my caller herrin,
 Hauled thro' wind and rain.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
 What they've cost ye're little carin';
 Buy my caller herrin,
 Aye the puir man's friend.
 Wha'll buy my caller herrin?
 What they've cost ye're little carin';
 Siller canna pay
 For the lives o' honest men.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 When the creel o' herrin passes,
 Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
 Gather in their braw pelisses,
 Cast their heads, & screw their laces.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 Caller herrin's no to fightlie,
 Ye can trip the spring lu' fightlie,
 Spite o' tauntin', hauntin', hingin',
 Gow has set you a' a singin',
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.
 Neighbour wives, now tent my tellin',
 When the bonny fish ye're sellin'
 At a word aye be your dealin',
 Truth will stand when a' things' taddin',
 Wha'll buy caller herrin? &c.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL.

I wish I were where He-len lies, For night and day on

me she cries, For night and day on me she cries; And like an Angel

to the skies, Still seems to beck on me! For me she liv'd, for

me she sigh'd, For me she wish'd to be a bride, For me she wish'd to

be a bride; For me, in life's sweet morn, she died On lair Kirkeon-nel lea.

Where Hittle waters gently wind,

As Helen on my arm-reclin'd,

A rival, with a ruthless mind,

Took deadly aim at me:

My love, to disappoint the foe,

Rush'd in between me and the blow;

And now her corsè is lying low,

On lair Kirkeconnel lea.

O! when I'm sleepin' in my grave,

And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,

May he who life and spirit gave

Unite my love and me!

Then from this world of doubts and sighs,

My soul on wings of peace shall rise,

And joining Helen in the skies,

Forget Kirkeconnel lea.

O Bes - sy Bell, and Ma - ry Gray, They are twa bon - ny

lass - es; They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae, And

theek'd it o'er wi' rash - es. Fair Bes - sy Bell I

lo'ed ye - streen, And thought I ne'er could al - ter; But

Ma - ry Gray's twa paw - ky een Gard a' my fan - cy fal - ter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning.
 White is her neck, soft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet fu' genty;
 With ilka grace she can command;
 O wow! but she is dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a caw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw.
 She kills whene'er she dances:

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She, blooming, tight, and tall is;
 And guides her air sae gracefu' still,
 O Jewel! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco sair oppress us,
 Our fancies jee between ye twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses.
 War's me! for baith I canna get;
 To ane by law we're stented,
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fat,
 And be with ane contented.

HEY JENNY COME DOWN TO JOCK.

Joe-ky he came here to woo, Wi' tar - tan plaid and
 bor - net blue. And Jen - ny pat on her best ar -
 ray, When she heard that Joe - ky was come that way.

Jenny she gaed up the stair,
 Sae privily, to change her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock.

Jenny lookit, and syne she leugh;
 Ye first maun get my mither's consent:
 A weel, guidwife, and what say ye?
 Quo' she, Jock, I'm weel content.

Jenny she came down the stair,
 And she came bobbin andbeckin ben;
 Her stays they were laed, & her waist it was jinip,
 And a braw new-made manco gown.

Jenny to her mither did say,
 O mither, fetch us some gude meat;
 A piece of the butter was kirnd the day,
 That Jocky and I thegither may eat.

Jocky took her by the hand;
 O, Jenny, can ye fancy me?
 My lather is dead & has left me some land,
 And braw houses twa or three:

Jocky unto Jenny did say,
 Jenny, my dear, I want nae meat;
 It was nae for meat that I came here,
 But a' for the love of you, Jenny, my dear.

And I will gie them a' to thee,
 A haith, quo' Jenny, I fear you mock:
 Then, foul fa' me, gin I scorn thee;
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.

Jenny she gaed up the gait,
 Wi' a green gown as side as her smock;
 And ay sae loud as her mither did rair,
 Vow, sirs! has nae Jenny got Jock.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

Old Ballad.

Slow
 Our Lords are to the moun - tains gane, A hunt - ing

o' the fal - low deer, And they hae grip - et Hugh - ie

Graham, For steal - ing o' the Bish - op's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up thro' Stirling town;
 The lads and lasses met him there,
 Cried, Hughie Graham, thou art a loon.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
 And put my braid sword in the same;
 He's no in Stirling town this day,
 Daur tell the tale to Hughie Graham,

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
 As he sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham gae free.

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
 And wi' your pleading let me be;
 For, tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
 As she sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady, fair,
 And wi' your pleading let it be,
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 It's for my honor he maun die.

They've taen him to the gallows-knowe,
 He looked to the gallows-tree;
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about,
 To see whatever he could spy;
 And there he saw his auld Father,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my Father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be;
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
 Than a' that they can do to me

And ye may gie my brother John,
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
 And bid him come at four o'clock,
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
 I never did disgrace their blood;
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
 To mak it shorter by the hood.

BLUE-EYED ANN.

Moderately
Slow.

Nine times bleak winter's crancuch snell, Despoild o' bloom the daisied lea; &

nine times has the prim-rose pale, Spread round the dells of Coir-in-shee, Since,

where Mount-stu-art's dus-ky groves Wave o'er yon foaming dis-tant sea, I

blush-in ownd' my youth-fu' love, And blue-eyed Ann re-provd' na me,

Who then could think our joys wad fade?
 Love's dearest pleasure's a' we knew;
 And not a cloud was seen to shade
 The blissful scenes young fancy drew.
 But ah! misfortune overcasts
 Our fairest hopes full oft we see.
 Alas! I've borne her rudest blasts,
 Yet blue-eyed Ann still smiles on me.

Now safe retir'd, no more I'll stray
 Ambition's faithless path along;
 But calmly spend the careless day
 Dunoon's green winding vales among:
 And oft I'll climb the hoary pile,
 When spring revives each flower and tree,
 To view yon sweet-sequester'd isle,
 Where blue-eyed Ann first smiled on me.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

1st Set. 25

O weel may the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may she speed; And lie_some

may the boat_ie row That wins the bairns' bread. The boat_ie rows, the

boat_ie rows, The boat_ie rows in_deed; And weel may the boat_ie row, That

wins the bairns' bread. O weel may the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may she

speed; And lie_some may the boat_ie row, That wins the bairns' bread.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

2^d Set.

O weel may, the boat_ie row, And bet_ter may it.

speed; And lie_some may the boat_ie row, That wins the bairns' bread.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows in' week'

Mie - kle luck at - tend the boat, the mur - lain, and the creel. O!

week may the boat - ie row, That fills a hea - vy creel, And

ceeds us a' frae tap to tae, And buys our par - ritch meal.

Chorus,
1st Treble.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

Tenor.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

Bass.

The boat - ie rows, the boat - ie rows, The boat - ie rows in - deed; And

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

hap - py be the lot of a' That wish the boat - ie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he wad be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O mickle lighter grew my creel;
 He swore we'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And mickle lighter is the load,
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
 And dress'd mysel' in' draw;
 But, dowie, dowie was my heart
 When Jamie gaed awa'.
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care,
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sandy, Jock, an' Jantie,
 'Are up an' gotten leas,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And lightsome be her heart, that bears
 The murlain an' the creel.

When we are auld, and sair bow'd down,
 And hirplin' at the door,
 They'll row, to keep us dry an' warm,
 As we did them before.
 Then weel may the boatie row,
 And better may it speed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

COCKBURN'S CORONACH

Oh wae to us was Flodden's plain, 'Twas there the royal James was slain; Fu'
 oft we've wept the fatal day, That fill'd our Scot-ish hearts wi' wae. To
 mo-ny a high-horn lass and dame, Their Sires and Lords nae mair came hame; But
 wae-fu' in their ha's a-lane, They heard the sad Co-ro-nach's mane!

Coronachs, that not heavy now,
 Are left to sing o'er thousands low;
 Are rais'd o'er chiefs of noble name,
 That with their King to battle came.
 That round him there remain'd to die,
 Fighting till death, right royally,
 How many, that fought at morn so brave,
 Before e'en-tide had found their grave!

Oh! there amongst fu' many a name,
 Still dear to Scotland and to Fame,
 Brave Hume,* that led the right hand wing,
 Sank down in death beside his King.
 And with him fell his daughter's spouse,
 The noble laird of Cockburn's house;
 Two Sons, and twice four knights beside,
 Of Cockburn's chieftain bravely died.

Raise, raise the loud Coronach's cry,
 Let every Highland glen reply,
 And sadly let each lowland plain
 Return the wae-fu' sound again!
 Our King is dead! let true hearts mourn;
 Sad Scotland's choicest flow'rs are shorn.
 Let Berwick's tow'rs be robb'd in gloom!
 Let Lothian's sons lament their doom!

On Cockburn's and on Langton's tow'rs
 The cloud of desolation low'rs!
 Their widows wail their perish'd lords,
 Whilst oft their bairns, in lisping words,
 Demand their Sire, whose face no more
 Shall bless with smiles, which once it wore,
 Those ha's shall neer be gay again,
 Their chiefs are in the battle slain!

*Earl of Home. The chief of Cockburn (Son in law to Earl of Home) with his two sons, and eight knights of his name and kindred, died with their King. In Berwick and Lothian the Humes and Cockburns were chiefly settled. The two principal seats of the Cockburns, in Berwickshire, remains of which still exist, Cockburn (now Cockburn's path Tower) had been in the family since the days of Macbeth.

THE TAYLOR.

The Taylor busy at his seam, Ay tuik a tuik at son-sy Jean, Wha,

red-ding up, made a' things clean, As she gaed but and ben. The

Tay-lor thought: I'd lay my life, She'd mak a thrifty work-in wife; No

like that i-dle tau-py Nell, She'll aye help on the seam. Sa',

while the thread gaed quick-ly thro', Jean-ic he be-gan to woo; And

tho' she made a great a-do, At length she gied con-sent.

Qua-ker he sat down to bake, Wi' a' his bairns a- bout him;

Ilk o' them did steal a scone, The Qua-ker he was neu-ter.

When ben then came the Quaker's Wife,
 And O she was in a passion;
 Bairns, says she, ye plague my life,
 To steal is a very bad fashion:
 Nae sooner can my back be turned,
 But what the cakes are eat or burned;
 O' a' that I left there's nane to be seen,
 Ye've eaten the cakes and licket the cream.

BLYTHER HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

Blythe hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought, and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me.
 Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy;
 Care and anguish seize me.

Same Air.
 Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring;
 Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing.
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass green-sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

THE REGALIA.

We hae the Crown without a head,
 The Sceptre but a hand O;
 The ancient warlike royal blade
 Might be a willow wand O.
 Gin they had tongues to tell the wrangs,
 That laid them useless bye a';
 Fu' weel I wot, there's ne'er a Scot
 Could boast his cheek was dry a'.

O for a touch o' Warlock's wand,
 The bye-gane back to bring a,
 And gie us ae lang simmer's day,
 O' a true born Scottish King a.
 We'd put the Crown upon his head,
 The Sceptre in his hand a',
 We'd rend the welkin wi' the shout,
 Bruce and his native Land a'.

Same Air.
 The thistle ance it flourish'd fair,
 An' grew maist like a tree a;
 They've stunted down its stately tap,
 That roses might luik lie a.
 But tho' its head lie in the dust;
 The stump is stout and steady;
 The thistle is the warrior yet;
 The rose its tocher'd lady.

Then flourish, thistle, flourish fair,
 Tho' ye've the crown nae langer,
 They'll hae the skaith that cross ye yet;
 Your jags grow aye the stranger.
 The rose it blooms in safer soil,
 And strangers up could root it;
 Aboon the grund was ne'er the hand,
 That pu'd the thistle out yet.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS.

Old Ballad.

Slow

O can ye sew cush_ions? and can ye sew sheets? And

can ye sing bal_lu_loo, when the bairn greets? And hee and baw,

bir_die, and hee and baw, lamb; and hee and baw, bir_die, my

Lively.

bon_nie wee lamb. Hee O wee! O what wou'd I do wi' you?

black's the life that I lead wi' you? Mo_ny o' you, lit_tle for to

Slow.

gie you; Hee O wee! O! what wou'd I do wi' you?

I biggit the cradle on the tree top,

And the wind it did blaw, and the cradle did rock.

And hee and baw, birdie, &c.

FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

53

Old Ballad.

A lady look'd out at a cas_tle wa', Fine flowers in the val_ley; She

saw twa bo_nie babes play_ing at the ha', And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O my bonnie babes, an' ye were mine,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 I would deed ye i' the scarlet sae line,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'd lay ye saft in beds o' down,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And watch ye morning, night, and noon,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

O mither dear, when we were thine,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 Ye didna deed us i' the scarlet sae line,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye took out yere little pen knife,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And parted us frae our sweet life,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye howkit a-hole aneath the moon,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And there ye laid our bodies down,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Ye happit the hole wi' mossy stanes,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 And there ye left our wee bit banes,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

But ye ken weel, O mither dear,
 Fine flowers in the valley;
 Ye never cam that gate for fear,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

Seven lang years ye'll ring the bell,
 Fine flowers in the valley,
 And see sic sights as ye darra tell,
 And the green leaves they grow rarely.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Lively

I am my Mammy's ae bairn, Wi' un-co folk I wea-ry Sir, And

liv-ing in a house, my lane, I'm fley'd it mak me ee-rie Sir. I'm

o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young to mar-ry yet; I'm

o'er young 'twad be a sin To tak me frae my Mam-my yet.

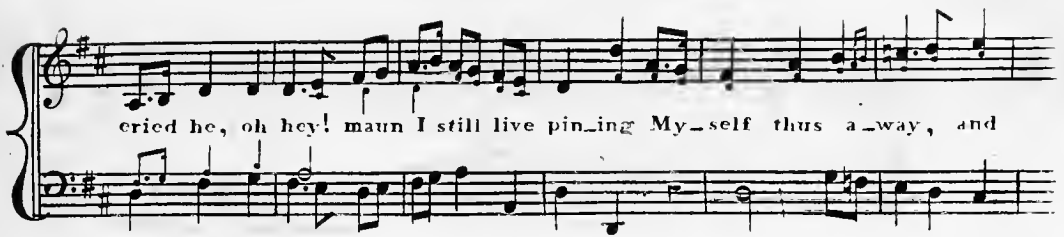
For I've aye had my ain will,
 Nane dar'd to contradict me, Sir,
 And now to say I wad obey,
 In troth, I dar na venture, Sir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmers, Sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin Simmer, Sir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

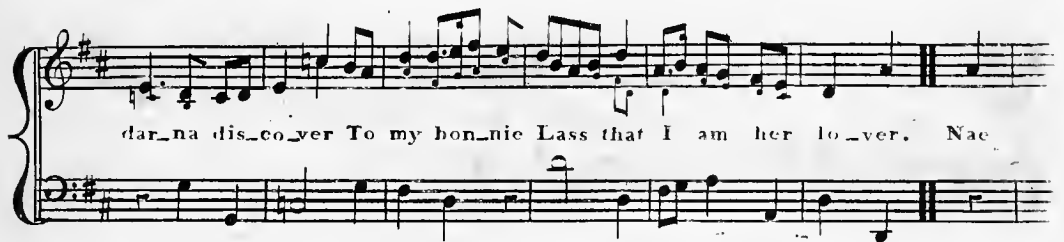
JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

Andante

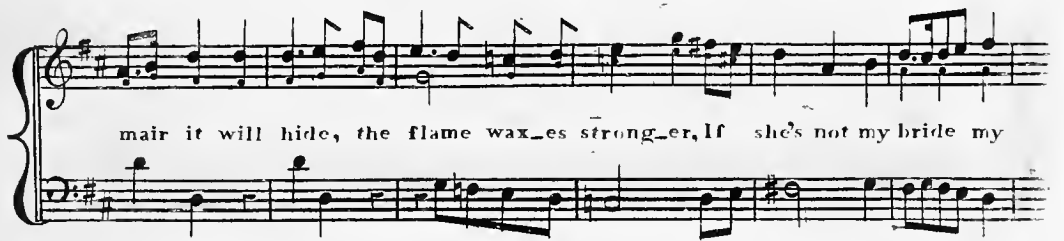
By smooth wind-ing Tay a swain sat re-clin-ing, Aft



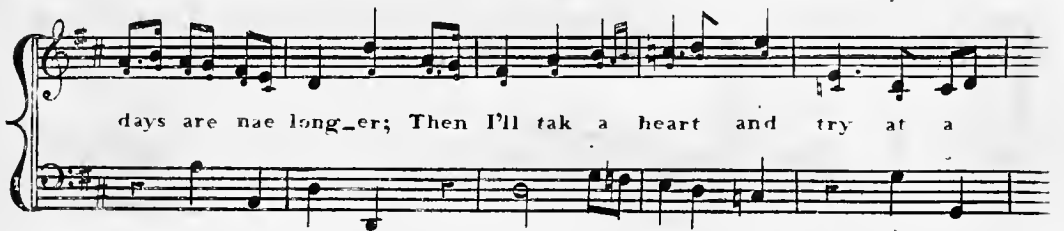
cried he, oh hey! maun I still live pin_ing My-self thus a-way, and



dar-na dis-co_very To my bon-nie Lass that I am her lo-ver. Nae



mair it will hide, the flame wax-es strong-er, If she's not my bride my



days are nae long-er; Then I'll tak a heart and try at a



ven_ture; May he e'er we part, my vows may con_tent her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a goodmorrow:
 The swart of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountains run clear, and flou'rs smell the sweeter:
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.*

Frac Duindier as I cam through Doun by the hill of Ba-noch-ic, A-

langst the lands of Ga-ri-och, Grit pi-tie 'twas to hear and see. The

noys and dule-sun har-mon-ic, That e'er that dreary day did daw, Cry,

and the Co-ry-noch on' hie, A-las! a-las! for the Har-law.

I marvelt quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy;
 I wist nocht qua was foe or friend,
 Zit quietly I did me, carrie.
 But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
 Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene;
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
 For bissness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit, on the way
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requisting him to mak me quaint
 Of the beginning, and the event,
 That happenit thair at the Harlaw.
 Then he entreated me tak tent
 And he the truth should to me shaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
 Unto the lands of Ross some right,
 And to the Governour† he came,
 Thaim for to haif gif that he might;
 Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
 And thairfore answer wi' disdain;
 He hastit hame baith day and night,
 And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald, richt impatient
 Of that answer Duke Robert gair,
 He vowed to God omnipotent,
 All the hale lands of Ross to haif;
 Or ells he graithed in his gair;
 He wald not quat his richt for nocht;
 Nor be abusit like a staif,
 That bargain sould he deirly bocht.

* Fought upon Friday July 24th 1411 against Donald of the Isles.

† Robert, Duke of Albany, uncle to king James I. The account of this famous battle may be seen in our Scots histories.

THE RINAWA BRIDE.

37

A laddie and a lassie Dwelt in the south coun-trie, And

they hae cas-sen their clai-ths the-gi-ther, and mar-ried they wad be.

On Tys-day was the bri-dal day Ap-point-ed for to be; Then,

hey, play up the rin-a-wa bride, For she has taen the gee.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
 When she began to consider
 The angering of her father dear,
 The displeasing of her mither,
 The slighting o' the silly bridegroom,
 The weel warst o' the three;
 Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
 For she has taen the gee.

Saw ye a lass wi' a hood and a mantle,
 The face o' lind up wi' blue;
 The face o' lind up wi' blue;
 And the tail lind round wi' green
 Saw ye a lass, wi' a hood and a mantle
 Sud been married on Tysday 'teen,
 Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
 For she has taen the gee.

Her father and her mother
 Ran after her wi' speed,
 And ay they ran until they cam
 Unto the water of Tweed;
 And when they came to Kelso town,
 They gart the clap gae thro';
 Then, hey, play up the rin-awa bride,
 For she has taen the gee.

Now wally fu' fa' the silly bridegroom,
 He was as salt as butter;
 For, had she play'd the like to me,
 I'd neer made sic a splutter;
 I'd taen a tune o' my hoboy,
 And set my fancy free;
 And, sync, play'd up the rin-awa bride,
 And luttin her tak the gee.

TURN AGAIN, THOU FAIR ELIZA.

Air—The bonny brucket lassie.

Turn a_gain, thou fair E_li_za, Ae kind blink be_fore we
 part, Rue on thy des_pair-ing lo_ever, Canst thou break his faith_fu'
 heart? Turn a_gain thou, fair E_li_za, If to love thy heart de_nies, For
 pi_ty hide the cruel sen_tence, Un_der friend-ship's kind dis_guise.

Thee, dear maid, have I offended?
 The offence is loving thee;
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride of sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the summer moon:
 Not the Poet, in the moment,
 Fancy-lightens in his ee,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

When I was in my nineteenth year, I was baith blyth and bonny, O; The

lads lo'ed me baith far and near, But I lo'ed nane but John'ny, O. . He

gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind_ly, O; And

he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted fine_ly, O. He

gain'd my heart in twa three weeks, He spak' sae blythe and kind_ly, O; And

he wore then his new gray breeks, And coat that fit_ted fine_ly, O. .

His coat was blue, his waistcoat red,
His bannet just a thought a jee;
His bonny hair sae yellow,
Like goud it glittered in my ee;
His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And face sae fair and ruddy, O,
I think ye canna wonder now,
That I lo'ed weel my John'ny, O.

He waited for a year and mair,
Till Faither his consent wad gie;
His coat was tashed and thread-bare,
His breeks were clouted on the knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
As I had right mony, O,
I'll spin a wab o' new gray,
And mak claes to try John'ny, O.

THE AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

Chor.

The auld man's mear's dead! The puir man's mear's dead! The

auld man's mear's dead, A mite a-boon -Dun - dee! She was

cut-lug-git, pain'd lip-pit, Steel-wai-met, stain-cher-fit-tet,

Chanter-chaft-it, lang-neck-it, Yet the brute did die! Repeat the Chor

The auld man's mear's dead!

The puir man's mear's dead!

The peats, and neeps, and a' to lead,

And she is gane—was me!

The auld, &c.

The puir man's head's sair,

Wi' greetin for his grey mear;

He's like to die himsel wi' care,

Aside the green kirk-yard.

The auld, &c.

He's thinkin on the bygone days,

And a' her douce and canny ways;

And how his ain gudewife, auld Meg,

Micht maist as weel been spared.

The auld, &c.

THE WOMEN ARE A' GANE WUD.

Whig Song.

Chorus.

The women are a' gane wud; O that he had bid-den a-wa! He's

turn'd their heads the lad, And ruin will bring on us a'. I

ay was a peace-a-ble man, My wife she did douce-ly be-have; But

now, do a' that I can, She's just as wild as the lave. Repeat the Cho?

My wife she wears the cockaude,
 Tho' she kens'tis the thing that I hate;
 There's ane too prined on her maid,
 An' baith will tak their ain gate.
 The women, &c.

The senseless creatures nêr think,
 What ill the lad would bring back;
 We'd hae the Pope and the Deil,
 An' a' the rest o' his pack.
 The women, &c.

I've liev'd a' my days in the strath;
 Now Tories-infest me at hame;
 An' tho' I tak nae part at a',
 Baith sides do gie me the blame.
 The women, &c.

The wild Hieland Lads they did pass,
 The yetts wide open did flee;
 They eat the very house bare,
 And spiered nae leave o' me.
 The women, &c.

But when the red coats gaed bye,
 D'ye think they'd let them alane;
 They aye the louder did cry,
 Prince Charlie will soon get his ain.
 The women, &c.

JOCKY SAID TO JENNY.

Lively.

Jock_y said to Jen_ny, Jen_ny wilt thou wed? Nē'er a fit, quo

Jen_ny, for my to - cher good; For my to - cher good, I

win_n a mar_ry thee; E'en's ye like, quo' Jock_y, ye may let me be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enugh;
I hae sax good owsen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn, and a byre,
A stack afore the door; I'll make a rantin fire,
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

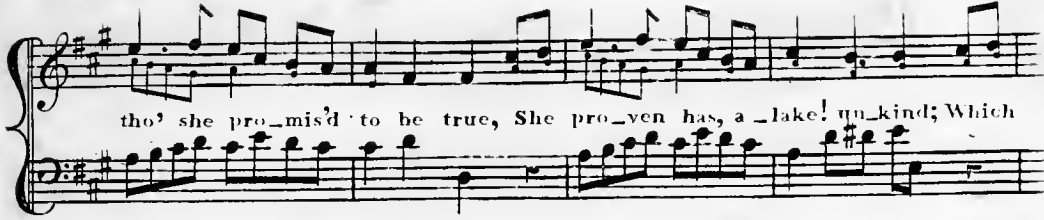
Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

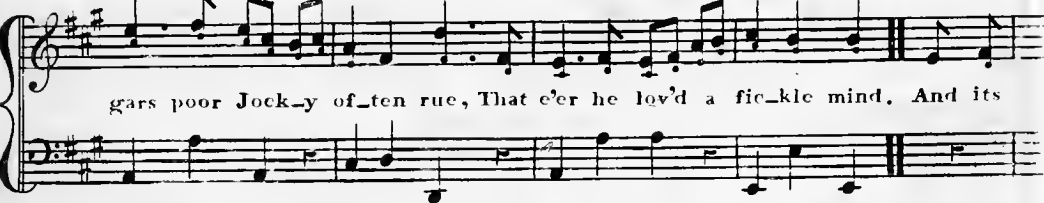
Andante.

Jock_y met with Jen_ny fair, Aft by the dawn_ing of the day; But,

Jock_y now is fu' of care, Since Jen_ny staw his heart a_away. Al -



tho' she pro-mis'd to be true, She pro-ven has, a-lake! un-kind; Which



gars poor Jock-y of-ten rue, That e'er he lov'd a fic-kle mind. And its



o-ver the hills and far a-way, O-ver the hills and far a-way,



O-ver the hills and far a-way, The wind has blawn my plaid a-way.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man! he's e'en gane wud,
Since Jenny has gart him despair.
Young Jocky was a piper's son,
And fell in love when he was young;
But a' the springs that he could play,
Was o'er the hills, and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He sung: When first my Jenny's face
I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my despair;
Instead of that she is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! could she find the dismal wae,
That for her sake I undergae,
She could nae chuse but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief.

But, oh! she is as fause as fair,
Which causes a' my sighs and care;
But she triumphs in proud disdain,
And takes a pleasure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
With ane that does sae faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my constant heart betray'd.
A thousand times to me she swore,
She wad be true for evermore;
But, to my grief, alake! I say,
She staw my heart and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that she will nae pity take,
I maun' gae wander for her sake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love.
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a woman more;
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll sweetly play.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

MY WIFE HAS TAEN THE GEE.

A friend o' mine came here yea-treen, And he wad hae me

down, To drink a pot of ale wi' him In the neist bor-rows town. But

oh! a-lake! it was the waur, And sair the waur for me; For,

lang or e'er that I came hame, My wife had taen the gee.

We sat, sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or ever midnight came
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife sits at the fire-side,
And the tear blinds ay her ee;
The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
The ne'er a word she spake;
But mony a sad and sour look,
And ay her head she'd shake:
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look sae sour on me;
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll ne'er tak the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she Hrang
Her arms about my neck,
And twenty kisses, in a crack,
And poor wee thing she grat:
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life I'll be the wife,
That's never tak the gee.

I HAE A GREEN PURSE.

45

Air—Lothian Lass.

I hae a green purse and a wee pic_kle gowd, A bon_nie pic

land, and a plant_ing on't; It fat_tens my flocks, and my Barns it has

stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet want_ing on't. It fat_tens my flocks, and my

Barns it has stow'd, But the best thing o' a's yet want_ing on't.

There's a but and a ben, a stable, a byre,
 A gude kail yard, and a weel snecket yet,
 Wi' plenty o' peats to throw i' the fire;
 But the best thing o' a's a-wanting yet.

I thought o' a wife for ten years and mair,
 But nane will answer that stops here about,
 And I hae nae time to gang here and there;
 A wanter I am, and I'll bide sac, I doubt.

A bonny tame patrick I wared upon Bell,
 A sweet singing mavis to Jeanie I geed,
 To Betty I plainly did offer my sel;
 She saw the green purse, but I didna succeed.

So I've done my duty; farewell to all folly!
 I tak up my buik, and I sit in my chair,
 Wi' my red night-cap, my cat, and my colly,
 Contented and cheertu', tho' sixty and mair.

TO DAUNTON ME.

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, The simmer lillies bloom in
 snaw, The frost may freeze the deepest sea, But an auld man shall ne-ver daunton me.
 To daunton me, and me sae young, Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue; That is the
 thing you ne'er shall see, For an auld man shall ne-ver daun-ton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
 For a' his gold and white monies,
 An auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye & yowes,
 His gear may buy him glens & knowes;
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me.

FROM THEE, ELIZA, I MUST GO.

Air - Donald.

From thee, E - li - za, I must go, And from my

na-tive shore; The cru-el fates be-tween us throw A

bound-less O-cean's roar, E-li-za: But bound-less O-ceans,

roar-ing wide, Be-tween my love and me, They ne-ver, ne-ver

can di-vide My heart and soul from thee, E-li-za.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in my ear,
 We part to meet no more, Eliza!
 But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh, Eliza.

DONALD.

When first you courted me, I own,
 I fondly favour'd you;
 Apparent worth and high renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Each virtue then seem'd to adorn,
 The man esteem'd by me,
 But now the masks thrown off, I scorn
 To waste one thought on thee, Donald.

O, then, forever haste away,
 Away from love and me;
 Go seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone,
 For one that's more like me;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

My dear and on-ly love, I pray This lit-tle world of
 thee, Be go-vern'd by no o-ther sway, But pur-est mon-ar-chy. For
 if con-fu-sion have a part, Which vir-tuous souls ab-hor, I'll
 call a sy-nod in my heart, And ne-ver love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone;
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe;
 But 'gainst my batt'ries, if I find
 Thou storm or vex me sore,
 And if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll smiling mock at the neglect,
 And never love the more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword:
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love the more and more.

FROM THE CHASE ON THE MOUNTAINS. 49

Air—M^o Gregor a Ruara.

From the chase on the moun - tains as I was re -

turn - ing, By the side of a foun - tain Mal - vi - na sat

mourn - ing; To the winds that loud whist - led she told her sad

sto - ry, And the val - lies re - ech - oed, Mac - gre - gor a Ru - a - ra.

Like a flash of red lightning o'er the heath came Macara,
More fleet than the roe-buck on the lolly Beinn-lara;
Oh! where is Macgregor? Say where does he hover?
Thou son of bold Calmar, why carries my lover?

Then the voice of soft sorrow from his bosom thus sounded;
Low lies your Macgregor, pale, mangled, and wounded!
Overcome with deep slumber, to the rock I convey'd him,
Where the sons of black malice to his foes have betray'd him!

As the blast from the mountain soon nips the fresh blossom,
So died the fair bud of fond hope in her bosom;
Macgregor, Macgregor, loud echo resounded,
And the hills rung in pity, Macgregor is wounded!

Near the brook in the valley the green turf did hide her,
And they laid down Macgregor sound sleeping beside her;
Secure is their dwelling from foes and black slander,
Near the roaring-loud waters their spirits oft wander.

S! ANDREW'S TOUNE.

O hae ye been by Ma-gus muir, Or by S! And-rew's

Toun? Or hae ye seen the ruin'd wa's, That hon-est folk pu'd doun?

And o' the bluidy Cardinal,
Ye surly hae heard tell?
And the persecutin Bishop Sharpe,
And a' that them befell?

The licht that martyr'd Wishart saw,
Red-risin oure the sea;
I wat it soon eam to the land,
And brake on the castelle-hic.

The death the wicked Bishop dee'd,*
Some folk will murder ca';
But, by a' it is agreed,
That he is weel awa.

* May 3^d 1679.

—————*—————
FAREWHEEL EDINBURGH.

Air—M^{rs} M^cLeod.

Slowly

Fare_weel E-din_burgh, whare hap-py I hae been; Fare_weel

E-din_bor_ough, Ca-le-do-nia's Queen! Auld Reek_ie, fare ye weel, And

Reek_ie New be_side; Ye're like a chief_tain auld and gray, Wi' a

a young bon_nie bride. Fare_weel E_din_burgh, your trus_ty vo_lun

teers; Your Coun_cil, a' sac_cir_cum_spect, your Prof_vosts without peers; Your

state_ly Col_lege stuff'd wi' lear, Your_ran_tin_hie_schul_yard; The

gib, the lick, the rognish trick, The ghaists o' auld_town-guard.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your philosophic men;
 Your Scribes, that set ye a' to rights, and wield the golden pen;
 The Session-court, your thrang resort, big wigs, and lang gowns a';
 And if ye dinna keep the peace, it's no for want o' law.
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your glittering wealth;
 Your Bernardswell your Calton hill whar every breathis health
 An' spite o' a' your fresh sea-gales, if ony chance to dee,
 It's no for want o' recipe, the doctor, and the lee.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, your Hospitals, and Ha's,
 The rich man's friend, the Cross lang kend, auld Ports, and city wa's;
 The Kirks that grace their honoured place, and peacefu as they stand;
 Whare'er they're lund on Scottish grund, the bulwarks o' the land.
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, your sons o' genius fine,
 That send your name on wings o' fame beyond the burnin line;
 A name that's stood maist since the flood, and just whan its forgot,
 Your bard will be forgotten - too, your ain Sir Walter Scott.

Fareweel, Edinburgh, and a' your daughters fair;
 Your palace in the shelter'd glen, your castelle in the air;
 Your rocky brows, your grassy knows, and eke your mountain bauld;
 Were I to tell your beauties a', my tale wad n'er be tauld.
 Now, fareweel, Edinburgh, whare happy we hae been;
 Fareweel, Edinburgh, Caledonia's Queen!
 Prosperity to Edinburgh wi' every risin sun,
 And blessin's be on Edinburgh, till time his race has run!

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whar the heath-er grows,

Ca' them whar the bur-nie rows, My bon-nie dear-ie, 'Twas in the

bon-nie month o' June, When the woods a-bout us hung; When a' the

flow'rs were in their bloom, The night-in-gale sung clear-ly.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves so sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blind my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

*
THE SPINNING O'T.

Now, San-dy, the win-ter's cauld blasts are a-wa, And sim-mer we've

seen the be-gin-ning o't; I've lang, lang, been wea-ried o' frost and o' snaw, And

sair hae I tired o' the spin_ning o't. For when we were mar_ried our deed_in was

thin, And poor_tith ye ken made me ci_dent to spin; 'Twas fain love o'

you that first gart me be_gin, And bless_ings hae fol_low'd the spin_ning o't.

The mornings were cauld, and the keen frost and snaw
 War blawin', I mind the beginning o't,
 When ye gaed to wark, be it frost or be it thaw,
 My task was nae less at the spinning o't:
 But now we've a pantry, baith muckle and fu'
 O' ilka thing guid for to gang in the mu';
 A barrel o' ale, wi' some mant for to brew,
 To mak us forget the beginning o't.

And when winter comes back, wi' the snell hail and rain,
 Nae mair I sit down to the spinning o't,
 Nor you gang to toil in the cauld fields again,
 As little think on the beginning o't:
 O' sheep we hae scores, and o' kye twenty-five,
 Far less we hae seen wad made us fu' blythe;
 But thriit and industry maks poor folk to thrive,
 A clear proof o' that is the spinning o't.

Altho' at our marriage our stock was but sma',
 And heartless and hard the beginning o't,
 When ye was engaged the owsen to ca',
 And first my young skill tried the spinning o't;
 But now we can dress in our pladdies sae sma',
 Fu' neat and fu' clean, gae to kirk or to ha',
 And look ay as blythe as the best o' them a',
 Sic luck has been at the beginning o't.

THE BUSH ABOVE TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev - ry swain, I'll tell how Peg-gy grieves
 me; Tho' thus I tan-guish and com-plain, A-las! she ne'er be-lieves me. My
 vows and sighs, like si-lent air, Un-heed-ed ne-ver move her; The
 bon-nie bush a-boon Tra-quir, Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad;
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 The honny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 It's sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains;
 Then, let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender;
 I'll leave the bush above Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

HAP AND ROW THE FEETY O'T.

Chorus.

We'll hap and row, we'll hap and row, we'll hap and row the feet-y

ot; It is a wee bit wea-ry thing, I dow-na bide the greet-y, ot.

And we pat on the wee bit pan To boil the lick o' meat-y ot; A

cin-der fell, and spoil'd the plan, And burn't a' the feet-y ot; The

hair-nie squall'd, the mith-er haw'd, The nurse dang owre the cree-py ot, And

then she ran to scart the pan, And clap it to the feet-y ot.

Fu' sair it grat, the poor wee brat,
 And ay it kick'd the feety ot,
 Till poor wee elf, it tir'd itself,
 And then began the sleepy ot,
 The skirling brat nae parritch gat,
 When it gaed to the sleepy ot;
 'Tis wacsome true, instead o'ts mou,
 They're round about the feety ot.
 We'll hap and row, &c.

WHERE ARE YE GAUN, THOU BLUIDY DUKE?

Where are ye gaun, thou bluidy duke, At sic an hour sae ear-ly? I
 fear the road ye hae mis-took, 'Gin ye ta' in wi' Char-lic. For
 Char-lic's up wi' a' his clans, A-wa they're marching rare-ly; There's
 no a heart but he tre-pans; They're a' in love wi' Char-lic.

He's marching on to Lon'on town,
 To kick yon doited earlie;
 Wha but a king should wear a crown?
 An' wha is king but Charlie?
 Wha now dare say he was to blame?
 Or, wha dare cry a parly?
 Let him gae back the road he came,
 Nae coward hearts for Charlie.

Our Highland and our Lowland maids,
 O but they like him dearly!
 And weel they like the tartan plaids
 That's buckled on for Charlie.
 The bruilzie now is weel begun,
 Then heart an' han' till't fairly;
 Wi' Highland sword an' Highland gun,
 We'll mak' a road for Charlie.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Bold
 Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has al-ten led,
 D

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle - hour!

Ad. lib:
See ap - proach proud Ed - wards pow'r! Chains and slav - er - ic!

Who will be a traitor knave?
 Who can fill a coward's grave?
 Who see base as he a slave?
 Coward! turn and flee!

Who for Scotland's king and lay
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
 Let him on' wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! do, or die!



WATERLOO. Same Air.

Revolving time has brought the day,
 That beams with glory's brightest ray,
 In hist'ry's page, or poets lay
 The day of Waterloo!

Each British heart with ardour burns,
 As this resplendent day returns,
 While humbled France in secret mourns
 The day of Waterloo.

Then lift the brimful goblet high,
 While rapture beams in every eye!
 Let shouts of triumph rend the sky,
 The toast be Waterloo!

To all who can the honor claim,
 From Wellington's immortal name
 To the humblest son of martial fame,
 Who fought at Waterloo!

Fill, fill the wine-cup yet again;
 But altered be the joyous strain;
 To those, the cup now silent drain,
 Who fell at Waterloo!

Soft sigh, ye breezes, o'er the grave,
 Where rests the relics of the brave,
 And sweetest flowrets o'er them wave,
 Who sleep on Waterloo!

From their ensanguin'd honour'd bed,
 The olive rears its peaceful head,
 Nurs'd by the sacred blood they shed
 At glorious Waterloo.

In freedom's sacred cause to die!
 In victory's embrace to lie!
 Who would not breathe his latest sigh,
 Like those at Waterloo!

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

The king sits in Dun-fer-m-line town, Drinking the blude red wine; O

quhair will I get a guid sai-lor, To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an elderñ knight,
Sat at the king's richt knee,
Sir Patriek Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the sea.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moon,
Wi' the auld moon in her arme,
And I feir, I feir, my dear master,
That we wull come to harme.

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

O our Scotch nobles were richt laith,
To weet their eork hee'd shoone;
Bot, lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat thair heads aboone.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The tear blinded his ee.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O quha is this has done this deid,
This ill deid done to me?
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the sea.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
For they'll see thame na mair.

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men a',
Our guid schip sails the morne.
O say na sac, my master dear,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip;
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence
Wi' the Scotch lordes at his feit.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.

Slowly

As I came in by Achindown, A lit-tle wee bit frae the town, When

to the High-lands I was bound To view the haws of Crom-dale, I

met a man in tar-tan trows, I speird' at him what was the news? Quo?

he, the High-land ar-my rues That e'er they came to Crom-dale.

We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The English horse, they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood;
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

But, alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sure we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale.

Alas! my lord, you're not so strong;
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haws of Cromdale.

They were at dinner every man,
When great Montrose upon them came;
A second battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most valiently
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Mc Donalds they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
Mc Intosh play'd a bonny game
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Mc Gregors fought like lions bold,
Mc Phersons none could them controul,
Mc Lauchlans fought like loyal souls
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

Mc Leans, Mc Dougals, and Mc Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Frazers fought wi' sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with Highland blows
Upon the haws of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lies on the plain
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWAY.

Gloom-y win-ter's now a-way, Salt the west-lin bree-zes blow,

'Mang the birks o' Stan-ley shaw The ma-xis sings in' cheer-ie O.

Sweet the craw-flow'rs ear-ly bell Decks Glen-il-ter's dew-y dell,

Bloom-ing like thy bon-nie sel', My young, my art-less dear-ie O.

Come, my las-sie, let us stray O'er Glen-kil-loch's sun-ny brae,

Blyth-ly spend the gowd-en day 'Midst joys that ne-ver wea-rie O.

Tawring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav'rocks fan the snow-white clouds,
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,
 Adorn the bank sae briery O:
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feathry breckans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheery O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

As I was a walking all a_lone Be_tween a wa-ter and a wa' And

there I spied a wee, wee man, The wee-est man that e'er I saw. His

leg was scarce a shath_mont's † length, And thick and thimber was his thie; Be-

tween his brows there was a span, And between his shoulders there were three.

He took up a meikle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see;
 Tho' I had been a Wallace wight,
 I couldna litten't to my knee.
 O wee, wee man, but thou be strong!
 O tell me where thy dwelling be?
 My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower,
 O will you go with me and see?

On we lap, and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny green;
 We lighted down for to bait our horse,
 And out there came a lady fine.
 Four and twenty at her back,
 And they were a' clad out in green;
 Though the king of Scotland had been there,
 The warst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap, and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny ha',
 Where the roof was o' the bonny beaten gould,
 And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
 When we came to the stair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and sma',
 But, in the twinkling of an e'e,
 My wee, wee man, was clean awa.

† Shathmont in old Scotch, means the fist closed with the thumb extended.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In A-pril when prim-roses paint the sweet plain, And

sum-mer ap-proaching re-joic-eth the swain. In A-pril when prim-roses

paint the sweet plain, And sum-mer ap-proaching re-joiceth the swain, The

yel-low-hair'd lad-die wou'd of-ten times go, To wilds and deep

glens, where the haw-thorn trees grow. The yellow-hair'd laddie wou'd

of-ten times go To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung: tho' young Mary be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
 Her breath like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth;
 But Susie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
 Then sighing, he wish'd, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

Same Air.

The yellow-hair'd laddie sat on yon burn brae,
 Cries, milk the ewes lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay as she milked, and ay as she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
 And ay as she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
 The ewes are new clipped they winna bught in;
 They winna bught in, altho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind and help me.
 They winna bught in, &c.

The good wife cries butt the house, Jenny come hen;
 The cheese is to mak, and the butter to kirn;
 Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd be sour,
 I'll crack wi' my love for ae ha'f hour;
 It's ae ha'f hour, and we's e'en make it three,
 When the yellow-hair'd laddie my Guidman shall be.

THE LADYE GRANGE.

Oh! lang the La - dy Grange did lieve U - pon S^t. Kil - da's

rock; But sure - ly sor - row win - na kill, Or else her heart had broke.

Far far re - mov'd frac kith and kin, And a' that life en - dears, She

aft look'd o'er the wat' - ry waste, Where ne'er a Schip ap - pears.

O! is it for my faither's* crime
That I'm thus banish't far?
Or was it ony faut o' mine
That kindled civil war?
M^cLeod and Lovat, weel I trow,
Hae wrought this treacherie;
But wherefore has their cruel spite
Een on helpless me?

And thus she murned; fair Ladye Grange
Thus sped her life away;
The mornin sun it brought nae joy,
And night did close the day;
And nough was heard but sea-birds cry
To cheer her solitude,
Or the raging billow's roar
That broke o'er rocks so rude.

At length a fav'ring wind did bring
An auld and worthy pair,
Whase kindest charitie
Her sorrows a' did share.
They taught her pridetfu' heart to bend
Ancath the chastening rod;
And then she kent her prison walls
Had been a blest abode.

*Chiesly of Dalry, who shot the Lord President, Sir George Lockhart about the 1706 for deciding a law suit against him.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Slow

Out o-ver the Forth I look to the north; But what is the

north and its High-lands to me, The south nor the east gie ease to my

breast, The far Fo- reign land, or the wide rol- ling sea. But I

look to the west when I gae to my rest, That hap- py my

dreams and my slum- bers may be; For far in the west lives

he I loe best, The man that is dear to my ba- bie and me.

HAME CAM OUR GUDEMAN AT E'EN.

Recit: In time Recit.

Hame cam oure gude-man at e'en, And hame cam he, And

In time

there he saw a sad-dle horse, Where horse sud na be. Oh!

In time

how's this? and what's this? And wha's may he be? How cam this

Recit:

horse here with - out the leave o' me? Ye sil - ly, blind,

In time

doit - ed earl, and blind - er may ye be; It's but a bon - nie

Recit:

milk - cow my min - ny sent to me. Milk cow! quo' he; Ay,

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The score is divided into sections by tempo and style markings: 'Recit:' (recitative) and 'In time' (regular tempo). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic accompaniment with a steady bass line and chords that support the melody.

In time

milk cow, quo' she; O far hae I rid-den, and mie- kle hae I

Recit:

In time

gaen, But a sad- dle on a milk- cow saw I ne- ver nane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,

And there he saw a siller gun,

Whar nae sic gun sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam this gun here

Without the leave o' me?

Ye stupid auld doited carl,

Ye're unco blind I see;

It's but a bonnie parritch-stick

My Minnie sent to me.

Parritch-stick, quo' he; ay, parritch-stick, quo' she;

Far hae I ridden, and mickle hae I seen,

But siller munted parritch-sticks

Saw I never nane.

Hame cam oure gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam he,

And there he saw a feather-cap,

Whar nae cap sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam this bannet here?

Without the leave o' me?

Ye're a 'silly auld donard bodie,

And unco blind I see;

It's but a tappit clocken hen

My minnie sent to me.

A clocken hen, quo' he; a clocken hen, quo' she;

Far hae I ridden, and farer hae I gaen,

But white cockauds on clocken hens

Saw I never nane.

Ben the house gaed the gudeman,

And ben gaed he,

And there he spied a' Hieland plaid,

Whar nae plaid sud be.

How's this? and what's this?

And how cam this to be?

How cam the plaid here

Without the leave o' me?

Oh hooly, hooly, my gudeman,

And dinna angered be;

It cam wi' eousin M' Intosh

Frac the north countrie.

Your cousin, quo' he; aye eousin, quo' she;

Blind as ye may jibe me, I've sight enough to see,

Ye're hidin' tories in the house

Without the leave o' me.

WHAWADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.

Chorus.

Wha wad - na fight for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?

Wha wad - na up - and ral - ly, At their roy - al Prin - ce's word?

Think on Sco - tia's an - cient he - roes; Think on for - eign foes re - pell'd;

Think on glorious Bruce and Wal - lace, Wha the proud usurpers quell'd. Repeat the Chorus

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors;
 Rouse ye heroes of the north;
 Rouse, and join your chieftains banners,
 'Tis your Prince that leads you forth.
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
 Shall we own a foreign sway?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
 While a stranger rules the day.
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
 See Glengary and Lochiel!
 See the brandish'd broad swords glancing,
 'Highland hearts are true as steel!
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

Now our prince has reard his banner;
 Now triumphant is our cause;
 Now the Scottish lion rallies,
 Let us strike for prince and laws.
 Wha wadna fight, &c.

JENNY'S BAWBIE.

And a' that e'er my Jen-ny had, my Jen-ny had, my Jen-ny had; And

a' that e'er my Jen-ny had was ae baw-bie. There's your plack, and

my plack, and your plack, and my plack; and my plack, and your plack, and

Chorus.

Jenny's baw-bie. And a' that e'er my Jen-ny had, my Jen-ny had, my

Jen-ny had; And a' that e'er my Jen-ny had was ae baw-bie.

We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,
 The penny-pig, the penny-pig;
 We'll pit it a' in the penny-pig,
 And birli' a' thrice.
 And a' that e'er, &c.

THE EMIGRANT.

Air, "Si do mholla?"

From his booth on the hill the sad shep-herd re-tires, Down the

long slo-ping vale to the sea-bea-ten shore; From the scenes of his youth, from the

home of his sires, A new home to seek o'er the wild o-cean's roar,

On his arm hung his partner of joy and of woe;
 On her cheek the smile strove to oppose the big tear:
 'Twas vain; for the past still return'd to her view,
 And the future was darken'd with sorrow and care.

By their side the dear pledges of love cheerful smil'd,
 For they knew not the cause why their fond father mourn'd;
 And the old shepherd dog, as he follow'd, howl'd wild,
 And oft to the dear lonely mansion return'd.

O hard, cruel Lordling, thy mandate's severe,
 That sends you sad band o'er the wide western wave;
 O'er thy bier weeping Pity shall ne'er shed a tear,
 Nor love sadly sigh o'er thy dark narrow grave.

THERE'S NONE TO SOOTHE MY SOUL TO REST.

Gaelic.

There's none to soothe my soul to rest, There's none my load of grief to share,

Or wake to joy this lone-ly breast, Or light the gloom of dark des-pair.

Oft to the winds my grief I tell;
They bear along the mournful tale,
To dreary echo's rocky cell,
That heaves it back upon the gale.

The little wild bird's merry lay,
That wont my lightsome heart to cheer,
In murmuring echoes dies away,
And melts like sorrow on my ear.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,
The look of love no more can warm,
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,
And clos'd that eye alone could charm.

FAREWHEEL, O FAREWHEEL!

Very Old.

Fare-wcel, O fare-wcel! my heart it is

sair; Fare-wcel, O fare-wcel! I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,
Lang, lang, but nae mair;
I maun-na repine,
But my heart it is sair.

But, O! he's at rest,
Why sud I compleen?
Gin my saul be blest,
I'll meet him again.

His stall's at the wa,
Toom, toom is his chair!
The bannet an' a'!
And I maun be here.

O! to meet him again.
Whar hearts ne'er were sair,
O! to meet him again,
To part never mair.

THE SOUTERS O' SELKIRK.

Its up wi' the Sout - ers o' Sel - kirk, And down wi' the

Earl o' Hume; And here is to a' the braw lad - dies, That

wear the sin - gle - soald' shoon. Its up wi' the Sout - ers o'

Sel - kirk, For they are baith trus - ty and leal; And up wi' the

lads o' the Fo - rest, And down - wi' the Merse to the deil.

Eye upon yellow and yellow,
 Eye upon yellow and green;
 But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
 And up wi' the single soald' sheen.
 Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
 For they are baith trusty and leal;
 And up wi' the men o' the Forest,
 And down wi' the Merse to the deil.

O' might-y, na-tures han-dy-works, The com-mon,

or un-com-mon, There's nocht thro' a' her li-mits wide, Can

be com-pard to Wo-man, The Far-mer toils, the Mer-chant

strokes, Frae daw-in to the gloam-in, The far-mer's pains, the

mer-chant's gains, Are baith to please a Wo-man,

The Sailer spreads the daring sail,
 Thro' angry seas a foaming;
 The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,
 He gies, to please a Woman,
 The Sodger fights o'er crimson fields,
 In distant climates roaming;
 Yet lays wi' pride, his laurels down,
 Before all-conquering Woman.

A Monarch lea'es his golden throne,
 Wi' other men in common,
 He flings aside his crown, and kneels
 A subject to a Woman.
 Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,
 Barbarian, Greek or Roman;
 It wad nae a' be worth a strae,
 Without my goddess, Woman.

MY LOVE HAS FORSAKEN ME.

My love has for_sak_en me; Ken ye for why? Be_cause he has

Chorus.

flocks and herds, And nane hae I. Whe_ther I get him, whe_ther I get him,

whether I get him or no; I care na three far_dins; whether I get him or no.

Alas! that e'er poortith
 On teal hearts should fa;
 For love it turns cauldric,
 And soon flies awa.
 But whether I get him, &c.

The fairest o' maidens,
 If poor they may be,
 W'll a' sic fu' wacfu'
 W'i' the tear in their ee.
 Whether I get him, &c.

He vow'd, and he promis'd,
 And I did believe;
 But, since that he's faithless,
 'Tis folly to grieve.
 Whether I get him, &c.

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

Ban_nocks o' bear meal, and ban_nocks o' bar_ley; Here's to the

high_land_man's ban_nocks o' bar_ley. Wha in a brul_zie will

first cry a par - ley? Ne - ver the lads wi' the ban - nocks

bar - ley. Ban - nocks o' bear meal, and ban - nocks o' bar - ley;

Here's to the High - land - man's ban - nocks o' bar - ley.

Wha, in his war days, were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha was it cow'd the English loons rarely?
 And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha was't, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' Bonnie Prince Charlie?
 And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paw dreed lu' sairly?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha for auld Gordie, at Egypt and Maida,
 Scotland's proud banner sae fearless display'd - a?
 Broke the Invincible ranks blade to blade - a?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha on the Waterloo - heights waukened early?
 Wha, when the bullets rain'd on them right sairly,
 Charged back the faemen, an' stud their grund fairly?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Wha, when the coward loons first gan to swither,
 Poured like the bleeze o' their ain mountain heather?
 Wha frae the Eagles wing plucked its last feather?
 Wha, but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley?
 Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT.

Fadingly

I sigh and la - ment me in vain, These walls can but

e - cho my moan; A - las! it in - creas - es my pain, When I

think of the days that are gone. Thro' the grate of my pri - son I

- see The birds as they wan - ton in air, My heart how it

pants to be free, My looks they are wild with des - pair.

Above tho' oppress'd by my Fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.
 False woman! in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell,
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O Mary! prepare thee to die,
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

The smi-ling morn, the breath-ing spring, In-vite the
 tune-ful birds to sing, And while they war-ble from each spray, Love
 melts the u-ni-ver-sal lay. Let us, A-man-da, time-ly
 wise, Like them, im-prove the hour that flies, And sing as
 sweet and blythe as they A-mang the Birks of In-ver-may.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bees, with humming noise,
 And all the reptile-kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray
 About the Birks of Invermay.

Hark! how the waters, as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams:

The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance:
 Let us as jovial be as they,
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Invermay.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Chorus.

O Love-ly Pol-ly Stew-art! O charm-ing Pol-ly Stew-art! There's

ne'er a flow'r that blooms in May, That's half so, fair as thou art. The

flow'r it blows, it fades, it fās, And art can ne'er re-new it; But

worth and truth, e-ter-nal youth Will gie to Pol-ly Stew-art.

O lovely Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
 That's half sae sweet as thou art.
 May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be given, to ken the heaven,
 He grasps in Polly Stewart.

GLENOGIE.

Old Ballad.

Three-score o' No-bles rade up the King's ha', But bon-ny Glen-



O had your tongue, dochter, ye'll get better than he;
 O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be;
 Tho' Drumlie is richer, and greater than he,
 Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.

Where will I get a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenogic, and cum shune again?
 O here am I, a bonny boy, to win hose and shoon,
 Will gae to Glenogic, and cum shune again.

When he gaed to Glenogic, 'twas wash and go dine;
 'Twas wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine;
 O 'twas ne'er my Faither's fashion, and it neer shall be mine,
 To gar a Lady's hasty errand wait till I dine:

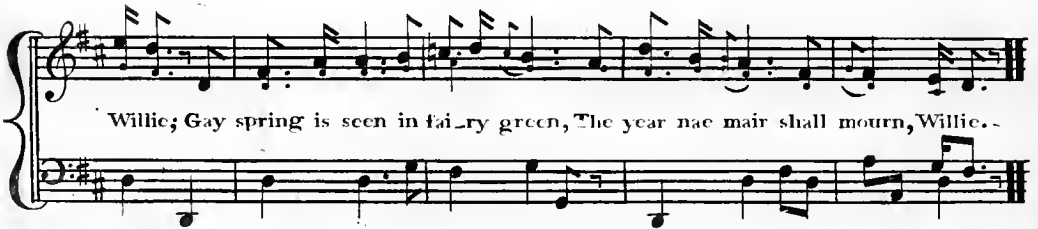
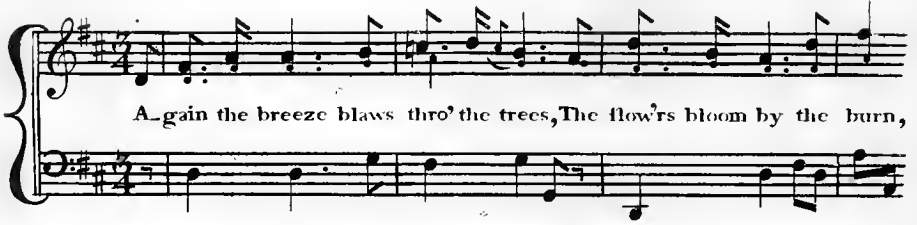
But there is, Glenogic, a letter to thee;
 The first line that he read, a low smile gae he;
 The next line that he read, the tear blindit his ee;
 But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

Gar saddle the black horse, gae saddle the brown;
 Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town;
 But lang ere the horse was drawn, and brought to the green,
 O bonny Glenogic was twa mile his lane.

When he cam to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there,
 Bonny Jean's Mother was tearing her hair;
 Ye're welcome, Glenogic, ye're welcome! said she;
 Ye're welcome, Glenogic, your Jeanie to see.

Pale and wan was she, when Glenogic gaed ben;
 But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
 She turned awa her head, but the smile was in her ee;
 O binna feared, Mither, I'll may be no dee.

O! WILT THOU THINK ON ME, WILLIE?



The tender buds hang on the woods,
 An' lowly slaethorn tree, Willie;
 Its blossom spreads, nor cauld blast dreads,
 But may be nipt like me, Willie.

The frien'less hare is chas'd nae mair;
 She whids along the lea, Willie,
 Thro' dewy show'rs the lav'rock tow'rs,
 An' sings, but not for me, Willie.

When far frae thee, a' nature's charms,
 What pleasure can they gie, Willie?
 My spring is past, my sky o'ercast;
 It's sleepless nights wi' me, Willie.

Silent and shy, they now gae bye,
 That us'd to speak wi' me, Willie;
 Nae tale, nae sang, the hale day lang;
 It's a' for loving thee, Willie.

Wi' wily art ye wan my heart,
 That heart nae mair is free, Willie;
 Then, O! be kind, sin' now its thine,
 I had nae mair to gie, Willie.

But vain I've pled, for thou hast wed
 A wealthier bride than me, Willie;
 Now nought can heal the wound I feel,
 But lay me down an' die, Willie.

Fareweel ye braes and happier days!
 By crystal-winding Cree, Willie;
 When o'er my grave the green grass waves,
 O wilt thou think on me, Willie.

THE CRAW'S KILL'D THE POUSSIE, O.

51

The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; The

mickle cat sat down and grat, In Wil-lie's wee bit hous-ic O.

The craw's kill'd the poussie O, The craw's kill'd the poussie O; And

aye, aye, the kit-ten cried, Oh wha'll bring me a moussie O!

Comin' by the rockie O,
 Comin' by the rockie O,
 I lickit out the pickle meal,
 And play'd me wi' the poekie O,
 The Colly dog he sat and growl'd,
 But never stirr'd the poussie O;
 But, waur than a', the mickle craw
 Has taen and kill'd our poussie O.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

O, how can I be blythe and glad; Or how can I gang
brisk and braw; When the bon-nie lad, that I lo'e hest, Is
o'er the hills and far a-wa? When the bon-nie lad, that
I lo'e best, Is o'er the hills and far a-wa?

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.
And I will, &c.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloom-y De-cem-ber! Ance mair I

hail thee wi' sor-row and care; Sad was the part-ing, thou

mak'st me re-mem-ber; Part-ing wi' Nan-cy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lov-ers part-ing is sweet pain-ful pleas-ure, Hope beam-ing

mild on the soft part-ing hour; But the dire feel-ing, O!

fare-well, for e-ver, An-guish un-min-gled and a-gon-y pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf of the summer is flown;
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting, thou makes me remember;
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

LORD EGLINTON'S AULD MAN.

The auld gudeman can hame at night, Sair wearied wi' the way; His

looks were like an eve-ning bright, His hair was sil-ler gray; He

spak o' days lang past an' gane, When life beat high in ev'ry vein, When

he was fore-most on the plain On ev'ry blyth-some day.

The life o' man's a winter day;
 Look back, 'tis gane as soon;
 But yet his pleasures halve the way,
 An' fly before 'tis noon.
 But conscious virtue still maintains
 The honest heart thro' toils an' pains,
 An' hope o' better days remains,
 An' hauds the heart aboon.

Jacobite.

Lively

It's here a-wa, there a-wa, How they did rin, When they

saw the clans march, and in ear-nest be-gin: It's here a-wa,

there a-wa, how they did flee, When they heard that Prince Charlie was

come owre the sea. It's loons ye maun gae hame.

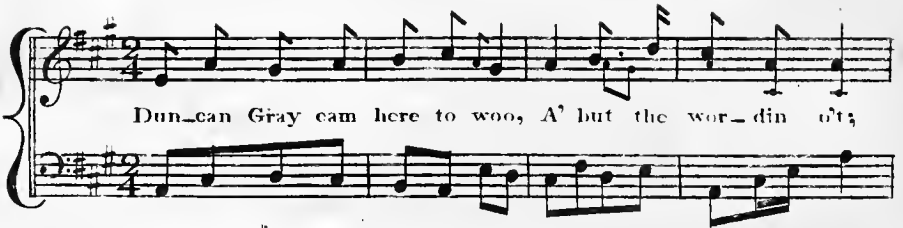
They got to their feet, just as sure as a gun,
 When-è'er they heard Charlie to Scotland was come.
 "Haste, haste ye awa", quo the auld wives wi' glee;
 "O joy to the day Charlie cam owre the sea."
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

Whigs, fare ye a' weel, ye may scamper awa,
 For haith here nae langer ye'll whip an' ye'll ca';
 Nor mair look on Scotland wi' lightlifu' è'e,
 For Charlie at last has come over the sea.
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

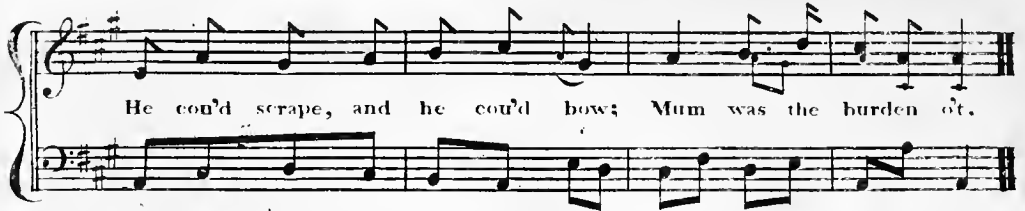
Our lang Scottish miles they will tire ye right sair,
 An', aiblins, in mosses an' bogs ye will lair;
 But, rest an' be thankfu' gin hame ye may see,
 I rede ye that Charlie has come owre the sea.
 An' loons ye maun gae hame.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Lively



Dun-can Gray cam here to woo, A' but the wor-din o't;



He cou'd scrape, and he cou'd bow; Mum was the bur-den o't.



Mo-ny hums and mo-ny heys, Thumbs he twird' twenty ways;



But a sound he cou'd na raise; Mum was the bur-den o't.

Meg was blythe and Meg was bra,
 Hech, hey, the woin o't;
 She had scorn'd ane or twa,
 And ne'er tuik the ruen fort—
 "Dummy lad, now ye'll can spay,
 Tell me wha for life I'll hae?"
 He has written Duncan Gray;
 Fair fa' the wordin o't.

Meg bethought her it was time,
 Hech, hey, the woin o't;
 Dearth o' words it was nae crime;
 Hech, hey, the woin o't;
 Duncan yellow gow'd cou'd tell,
 Walth had he o' maut an' meal,
 She wad find the words hersell,
 Hech, hey, the woin o't.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on il-ka hill, And

Bor-cas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill. Then

Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife, She said to me, right has-ti-ly, Get

up, gudeman, save Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak a-bout ye.

My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne;
 Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,
 And I am laith that she should tynes;
 Get up, gudeman, it is for time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now its scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn,
 To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hal,
 As they are girdled gallantly,
 While I sit lurkling in the asc?
 I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we ha'e had, between us twa
 O' lads and bonny lasses ten;
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she lo'es na strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman;
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff whare I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE.

After the Battle of Falkirk, 1299.

Air—Maids of Arrochar.

Thou dark-wind-ing Car-ron-ance pleasing to see, To me thou canst
 ne-ver bring plea-sure a-gain; My brave Ga-le-don-ians lie low on the
 sea, And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain! Ah!
 base-heart-ed treach'-ry has doom'd our un-do-ing; My poor bleed-ing
 coun-try, what more can I do? Ev'n va-lour looks pale o'er the
 red field of ru-in, And free-dom be-holds her best warriors laid low!

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril, farewell!

Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,

Your deeds shall ennoble the place where you fell,

And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave!

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander;

Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die;

On thy wrongs, O my Country! indignant I ponder;

Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly.

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

2^d Set.

Andante.

Let us go, Las-sie, go To the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther, Where the

blae-ber-ries grow 'Mang the bon-nie high-land heather; Where the deer and the

rac, Light-ly bound-ing to-ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day on the

braes o' Bal-quhi-ther. Where the deer and the rac, Light-ly bound-ing to-

ge-ther, Sport the lang sum-mer day On the braes o' Bal-quhi-ther.

I will twine thee a bow'r
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
I will range thro' the wilds,
And the dēep glens sac dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
Lilly-raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the lin
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
'Till the dear sheeling ring
Wi' the light liltin' chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

LIZZIE BAILIE.

Old Ballad.

It tell a-bout the Lam-mas time, When the trees were fresh and
green, Lizzic Bai-lie gaed to Gar-ter town To see her sis-ter Jean.

She'd no been lang in Garter town
Till she met wi' Duncan Graham,
Wha kindly there saluted her,
And wad convey her hame.

And she's cast aff her heigh-heel'd shoon,
Made o' the morroco leather,
And she's put on the Highland brogues,
To skip among the heather.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Ye's hae a tartan plaidie,
Gin ye will gang along wi' me
And be a Highland Lady.

And she's put aff her lowland braws,
Made o' the silk and satin,
And she's put on the worsset gown,
To skip among the breckin.

I'm sure they wad nae ca' me wise,
Gin I wad gang wi' you, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir.

She wad nae hae a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady,
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graham,
And wear a tartan plaidie.

My bonny Lizzie Bailie,
Let nane o' these things daunt ye;
Ye'll hae nae need to card or spin;
Your mither weel can want ye.

She was nae ten miles frae the town,
When she began to weary,
And ayeshelooked back and cried,
Farewell to Castlecarry!

Now, wae be to you, logger-heads,
That dwell near Castlecarry,
To let awa sic a bonny lass
Bauld Duncan' Graham to marry!

KITTY REID'S HOUSE ON THE GREEN, 30.

Air Country Bumpkin.

Hech! hey! the mirth that was there, the mirth that was there, the

mirth that was there; Hech! how! the mirth that was there, in Kit-ty Reid's

house on the green, Jo. There was laugh-in and sing-in, and dan-cin and

glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house, In Kit-ty Reid's house; There was laugh-in and

sing-in, and dan-cin and glee, In Kit-ty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
 The fright that was there,
 The fright that was there;
 Hech! how! the fright that was there,
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
 The light glimmer'd in thro' a crack i' the wa',
 An' a' body thought the lilt it wad fa',
 An' lads an' lasses they soon ran awa',
 Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! hey! the dule that was there,
 The dule that was there,
 The dule that was there;
 The birds and beasts it wauken'd them a'
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
 The wa' gaed a hurly and scatter'd them a',
 The Piper, the Fidler, auld Kitty, and a';
 The Kye fell a routin, the cocks they did craw,
 In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'?

Moderato

Saw ye John_nie com_in'? quo' she; Saw ye John_nie com_in'?

O saw ye John_nie com_in'? quo' she; Saw ye John_nie

com_in'? Wi' a blue bon_net on his head, And his dog_gie

run_nin'? quo' she; And his dog_gie run_nin'?

Fee him, father, fee him, quo'she;

Fee him, father, fee him,

For he is a gallant lad,

And a weel doin'

And a'the wark about the house

Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo'she,

Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?

What will I do wi' him?

He's ne'er a sark upon his back,

And I ha'e nae to gie him.

I ha'e twa sarks into my kist,

And ane o' them I'll gie him;

And for a merk of mair fee

Dinna stand wi' him, quo'she;

Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo'she;

Weel do I lo'e him;

O fee him, father, fee him, quo'she,

Fee him, father, fee him;

He'll hand the plough, thrash in the barn,

And crack wi' me at e'en, quo'she;

Crack wi' me at e'en.

ADIEU, DEAR STREAM, THAT SMOOTHLY GLIDES. 93

A-dieu, dear stream, that smoothly glides Through woody vales and

fer-tile plains, Where ro-sy health and peace re-sides, To

bless the low-ly Cot-tage swains. There, oft be-neath the

beech-en shade, Where wild flowers scent the pass-ing gale, I sat with

Ma-ry, bloom-ing Maid, As Phoebus lin-ger'd in the dale.

No more along thy flowery side,
I'll view the fishes eager spring
To catch the fly, which on thy tide,
Skims unconcern'd, with playful wing.
Those scenes for ever I'll hold dear,
Tho' hoary Ocean roll between,
And oft at eve will shed the tear,
And heave the bursting sigh unseen.

MY RONALD WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Jacobite.

My Ronald was a gallant gay, Fu'stadly strade he on the plain; But

now he's banish'd far awa, I'll never see him back a gain. O for him back a-gain!

Chorus.

O for him back a-gain! I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land For Hi'land Ronald back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Ronald back again.
O for him, &c.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

Slow *hr*
O San_dy, why leaves thou thy Nel_ly to mourn? Thy

hr
pre_sence could ease me, When nae_thing can please me; Now, dow_ie I

D

sigh on the banks of the burn; Or thro' the wood, lad-die, un-til thou re-

turn. Tho' woods now are gay, and morning's so clear; While larks are

sing-ing, And prim-ros-es spring-ing; Yet none of them pleas-es my

eye or my ear, When thro' the wood, lad-die, ye din-na ap-pear.

That I am forsaken, some spare na to tell;

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith evening and morning:

Their jeering gae aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood laddie, I wander mysell,

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,

But quick as an arrow,

Haste, haste here tomorrow;

For I live in anguish, till that happy day,

When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and stry-

THE BRIDAL O'T.

Air—Lucy Campbell.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't, They say that Joekey'll

speed weel o't; For he grows brow-er il-ka day, I hope we'll hae a

bri-dal o't. For yes-ter-night, nae far-der gane, The

back-house at the side wa' o't, He there wi' Meg was

mir-den seen; I hope we'll hae a bri-dal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
 An we had but a bridal o't,
 We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,
 Altho' there should betide ill o't,
 For bridal days are merry times,
 And young folks like the toming o't,
 And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
 And Pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
 The lasses like a bridal o't;
 Their brows maun be in rank and file,
 Altho' that they should guide ill o't.
 The boddom o' the kist is then
 Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
 The end that held the kecks sac clean
 Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
 The bangster at the threshing o't,
 Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
 And ilka day's a clashin o't,
 The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,
 Can smell a bridal unco far,
 And like to be the middlers o't.

Andante

Gin I had a wee house an' a can-ty wee fire, A
 bon-nie wee Wi-fie to praise an' ad-mire, A bon-nie wee
 yar-die a-side a wee burn; Fare-weel to the bo-dies that
 yau-mer an' mourn. Sæ, hide ye yet, and hide ye yet, Ye
 lit-tle ken what may be-tide ye yet, Some bon-nie wee bo-dy may
 fa'to my lot, An' I'll aye be can-ty wi' think-in' o't.

Chorus.

When I gang afield and come hame at c'en,
 I'll get my wee Wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
 Wi' a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
 That will cry Papa, or Daddy, to me.

Sæ bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should happen ever to be,
 A diff'rence atween my wee Wifie an' me,
 In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 I'll kiss her, an' clap her, until she be pleas'd.

Sæ bide ye yet, &c.

THE DUKE OF GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.

Old Ballad.

The Duke of Gor-don has three daugh-ters, E-li-za-beth,

Mar-ga-rect, and Jean; They would na stay in bon-nie Cas-tle

Gor-don, But they would go to bon-nie A-ber-deen.

They had not been in Aberdeen
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till Lady Jean fell in love with Capt Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Word came to the Duke of Gordon,
In the chamber where he lay,
Lady Jean has fell in love with Capt Ogilvie,
And away with him she would gae.

Go saddle me the black horse,
And you'll ride on the grey,
And I will ride to bonny Aberdeen,
Where I have been many a day.

They were not a mile from Aberdeen,
A mile but only aye,
Till he met with his two daughters walking,
But away was Lady Jean.

Where is your sister, maidens?
Where is your sister, now?
Where is your sister, maidens,
That she is not walking with you?

O pardon us, honoured father!
O pardon us! they did say,
Lady Jean is with Captain Ogilvie,
And away with him she will gae.

And when he came to Aberdeen,
And down upon the green,
There did he see Captain Ogilvie
Training up his men.

O wo to you, Captain Ogilvie,
And an ill death thou shalt die,
For taking awa my daughter Jean,
Hanged thou shalt be.

Duke Gordon has wrote a broad letter,
And sent it to the king,
To cause hang Captain Ogilvie,
If ever he hanged a man.

I will not hang Captain Ogilvie
For no lord that I see;
But I'll cause him to put off the lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

Word came to Captain Ogilvie,
In the chamber where he lay,
To cast off the gold-lace and scarlet,
And put on the single livery.

If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon,
This penance I'll tak wi';
If this be for bonny Jeany Gordon
All this and mair I will dree.

Lady Jean had not been married
Not a year but only three,
Till she had a babe in ev'ry arm,
And a third upon her knee.

O, but I'm weary of wandering!
O, but my fortune is bad!
It sets not the Duke of Gordon's daughter
To follow a soldier lad.

THE LASS THAT WINNA SIT DOWN.

What think ye o' the scorn-tu' quean, She'll no sit down by me? I'll
 see the day that she'll re-pine, Un-less she does a-gree. O
 she did hoot, and foot, and flout, Cause I bade her sit down; But
 the neist time that e'er I do't, I'll be whip-ped like a loon. Wi' a
 tir-ry, whir-ry, tir-ry, whir-ry, tir-ry, whir-ry, tee; What
 think ye o' the scorn-tu' Quean, She'll no sit down by me?

I laid my head up' my foot,
 I did na care a strag;
 I ken'd tu' weel, that in a joof
 Stand lang she wad na sac.
 At last a blythsome lass did cry,
 Come, Sandy, gie's a sang;
 O now, Meg Doris, I'll lairly try,
 Your heart-strings for to twang.
 Wi' a tirry, &c.

TIBBIE FOWLER.

Slow

Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her;

Tib-bie Fow-ler o' the glen, There's o'er mo-ny woo-in at her:

Woo-in at her, pu'-in at her, Court-in at her, can-na get her;

Sil-ly ell, it's for her pelt That a' the lads are woo-in at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
 Ten came rowin' o'er the water,
 Twa came down the lang dyke-side;
 There's twa and thirty woo-in at her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
 Cockle-shells wad set her better;
 High-heeld' shoon and siller tags,
 And a' the lads are woo-in at her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

There's seven butt, and seven hen,
 Seven in the pantry wi' her;
 Twenty head about the door;
 There's anc and forty woo-in at her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
 An' she hae the name o' siller,
 Set her upon Tintock-tap,
 The wind will blaw a man till her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

She sits queen amang them a'
 Ilka child expects to get her;
 Gin she but let her thimble fa',
 There's like to knock their heads together.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
 An' she want the penny siller,
 A fiic may fell her in the air,
 Before a man be even till her.
 Woo-in at her, &c.

Ye Hi'lands and ye Lowlands, Oh! where have you been? They have

slain the Earl of Mo - ray, And they laid him on the green! They have

slain the Earl of Mo - ray, And they laid him on the green!

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
 And wherefore did you sae?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.
 I bade, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba' —
 And the bonny Earl of Moray —
 Was the flower among them a'.
 And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he rid at the ring —
 And the bonny Earl of Moray,
 Oh! he might have been a king.
 And the, &c.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he play'd at the glove —
 And the bonny Earl of Moray
 Oh! he was the Queen's true love.
 And the, &c.

Oh! lang will his lady
 Look o'er the Castle Down,
 Ere she see the Earl of Moray
 Come sounding through the town.
 Ere she, &c.

The bonnie Earl of Moray, here celebrated the handsomest man of his time was slain by Huntly in 1592.



KIND ROBIN LOES ME.

Ro-bin is my ain' good-man, O! match him ear-lins, gin ye

can, For ilk ane whit-est, thinks her swan, But kind Ro-bin loes me.

To mak my boast I'll e'en be' bauld, For Ro-bin's loed me young an'auld, In

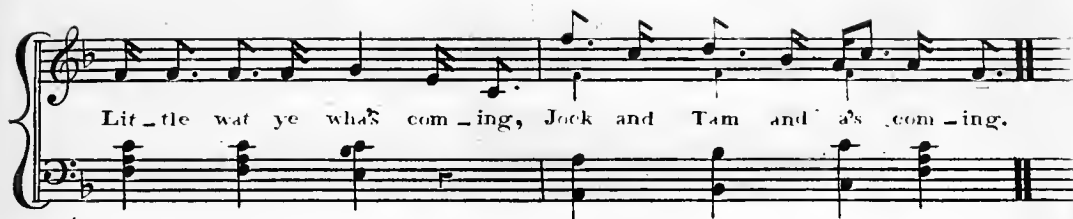
sim-mer's heat and win-ter's cauld My kind Ro-bin loes me.

Robin he comes hame at e'en,
 Wi' pleasure glancin' in his e'en:
 He tells me a' he's heard an' seen,
 And syne how he loes me.
 There's some hae land, and some hae gowd,
 And some wad hae them gin they cou'd,
 But a' I wish o' world's guid
 Is Robin aye to loe' me.

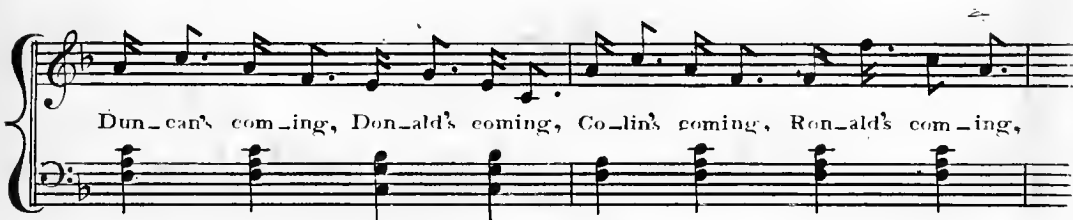
THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Chorus.

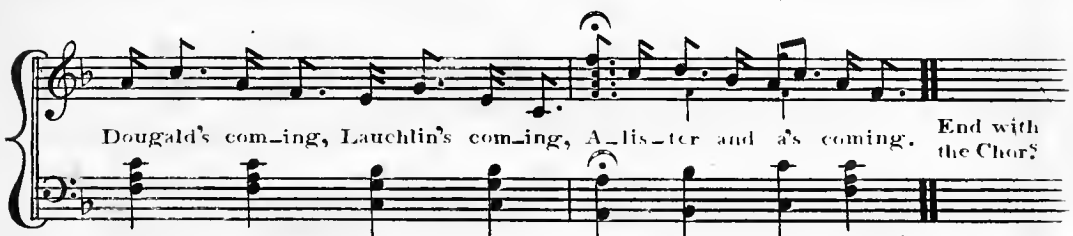
Lit-tle wat ye wha's com-ing, Lit-tle wat ye wha's com-ing.



Lit_tle wat ye wha's com_ing, Jock and Tam and a's com_ing,



Dun_can's com_ing, Don_ald's com_ing, Co_lin's com_ing, Ron_ald's com_ing,



Dougald's com_ing, Lauchlin's com_ing, A_lis_ter and a's com_ing. End with the Chorus

The Laird o' Mac-Intosh is comin,
 M^c Crabie and M^c Leod is comin,
 M^c Kenzie and M^c Pherson's comin,
 And a' the wild M^c Craws comin.
 Hark how the Clans are crying!
 See how the plaids are flying!
 There's Keppoch, and Clanronald,
 Wi' a' the Sandies, and the Donalds.

Atholes men they are comin,
 Perth's men they are comin,
 Glengary's men they're comin,
 And a' the noble Grants are comin.
 The strang, the great, are comin on,
 Lochiel, Lovat, Fergusson,
 Appin, Cluny, and Maclean,
 The big, the wee, the fat, the lean.

Nithsdale's comin, Kenmure's comin,
 Derwentwater and Foster's comin,
 Borland and Mac-Gregor's comin,
 Mac-Gillivray and a's comin.
 Mony a bonny Lord I see,
 Cromarty and Ogilvie,
 Lewie Gordon and Glenbucket,
 The Whigs were ne'er in sic a racket.

Wigton, Nairne, Withrington,
 Earl Mar, depend upon,
 There's Elcho, and Balmerino,
 Kilmarnock's band we a' know;
 Brave Kenmure he's comin,
 Carnwarth he is runnin,
 Primrose too o' Dunnypaice,
 And mony mair will rin the race.

Lords and Lairds, and a's comin,
 Borland and his men's comin;
 Blythe Cowhill he is comin,
 And ilka Dunnywastle's comin,
 Hark, now, the clans are near!
 Wi' Pipers playing loud and clear,
 The Whigs will find its nae fun,
 When they fa' in wi' Donald Gun.

O! bravely do the lads fight,
 Whan they ken they're in the right;
 And, oh! it is a bonny sight
 To see the hieland Clans comin!
 They gleam, they glow'r, they luik sae big,
 At every stroke they fell a whig—
 They maun rin, or they'll be dead,
 For a' the hieland Clans are comin.

WE'RE A' NODDIN' AT OUR HOUSE AT HAME.

O, we're a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' nod-din at

our house at hame. How's a' wi' ye, kimmer? And how do ye thrive? And how

mo-ny bairns hae ye now?—Bairns I hae five. And are they a' at hame wi' ye?

Na; na, na; For twa o' them's a-herdin aye, Sin' Jam-ic gaed a-wa; And we're

a' noddin, nid nid noddin; O, we're a' noddin at our house at hame.

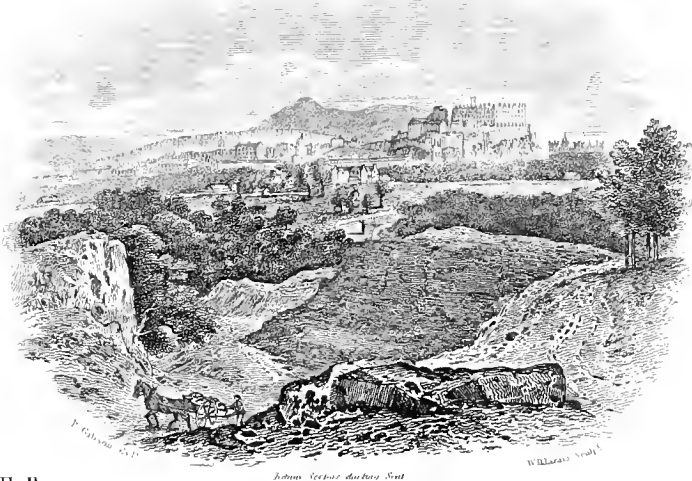
Granny nods i' the neuk, and fends as she may,
And brags that we'll ne'er be what she's been in her day,
Vow! but she was bonnie, and vow! but she was braw,
And she had routh o' woovers ance, I's warrant, great an' sma:
And we're a' noddin, &c.

Weary fa' Kate, that she winna nod too;
She sits i' the corner suppin' a' the broo;
And when the bit bairnies wad' e'en hae their share,
She gies them the ladle, but ne'er a drap's there:
For she's aye noddin, &c.

Now, fareweel, kimmer, and weel may ye thrive;
They say th' French is rinnin' fort, and we'll hae peace belyve.*
The bear's i' the brier, and the hay's i' the stack,
And a' will be right wi's gin Jamie were cum back:
For we're a' noddin, &c.



THE
SCOTISH MINSTREL
A SELECTION
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ANCIENT & MODERN
ARRANGED FOR THE
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VOL. 5



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Warehouse N^o 70 Princes Street.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME FIFTH.

IN undertaking the present work, the Editors did not anticipate that it would occupy more than Three Volumes; but, as they proceeded, the materials increased upon their hands, and, from their copiousness and value, they were induced so far to depart from their original design as to publish a Supplementary Volume. To a similar cause, joined with the flattering manner in which the previous Volumes have been received by the public, the Fifth Volume of the *Scottish Minstrel* now owes its appearance. They regret however to say, that even this addition, notwithstanding the pains they have taken in selection, does not embrace all they could wish to preserve of their collected materials. To fulfil their own wishes in this respect, and at the same time to give the public the most ample and best collection of *Scottish Song Melodies* yet extant, another Volume would still be necessary. Probably, at some future period, they may resume their labours, with the view of accomplishing this desirable object; and they have the most sanguine hopes of success, from the powerful co-operation and assistance they have been promised by Mr Smith and others of their best friends.

In this and the preceding Volumes will be found many little airs and fragments of song which have been collected with incredible industry in various parts of Scotland, and which are now, for the first time, given to the public in a shape less perishable than that of oral tradition.

With regard to their own opinion of the intrinsic merit of these genuine relics of ages long passed away, the Editors have nothing to add to what they have already expressed in the Preface to the First Volume. They flatter themselves, however, that many who cannot estimate the pains taken in recovering these pure effusions of nature, may yet relish the beautiful, simple, and unaffected pathos which pervades them. It would be unjust, were they in this place to omit mentioning how much they have been indebted to Mr Smith for his indefatigable exertions in collecting many of the airs and ballads in question; and they take the liberty of extracting a few sentences from one of his letters on the subject, which, more than any thing they themselves can say, will evince the share he has had in enriching the work, and the part he has uniformly taken in promoting its best interests.

“ With reference to many of the Jacobite songs I have occasionally sent you, I
“ formerly mentioned that the greater number was faithfully noted from the
“ singing and recitation of Alister M^cAlpine, a very old man who lived in the
“ neighbourhood of Kilbarchan. I am truly sorry to inform you, that death has
“ now deprived me of that almost exhaustless fund of song. Poor Alister died in
“ winter last. The retentiveness of his memory, for one of such advanced years,
“ was truly astonishing; and the enthusiasm and sincerity of feeling with which

“ he sung these old snatches in favour of the ‘ Rightful King,’ as he was wont to
 “ call the unfortunate Chevalier, seldom failed of awakening a sympathetic chord
 “ in the bosom of the hearer.—Several of the Highland melodies, which I believe
 “ have never been printed, were obtained from various sources;—some are the
 “ fruits of my own peregrinations through different parts of the Western High-
 “ lands;—and others have been sent to me by musical friends with whom I have
 “ been in habits of correspondence for some time past. Among those to whom I
 “ am indebted for some of the finest airs in the collection, I cannot help mention-
 “ ing Mr Alan Ker, jun. of Greenock, and Mr John Malcolm of Dunfermline.
 “ Both of these gentlemen have, by their industrious research and enthusiastic
 “ ardour, happily succeeded in rescuing many a perishable memorial of forgotten
 “ song.

“ Of the songs and melodies which will appear in the Fifth Volume, several
 “ were taken down literally from the singing, or crooning, of Janet Gillespie, an
 “ old woman yet living in the parish of Kilmalcolm. One of these I may parti-
 “ cularize, namely, ‘ The Covenanter’s Lament,’ as being, in my opinion, an ex-
 “ cellent song of its kind. The words to which the melody is allied do not seem
 “ of any antiquity, but they are as I received them:—the last stanza certainly
 “ contains a pretty sprinkling of real poetry:

‘ The martyrs’ hill’s forsaken,
 ‘ In simmer’s dusk sae calm,
 ‘ There’s nae gathering now, lassie,
 ‘ To sing the e’ening psalm;
 ‘ But the martyr’s grave will rise, lassie,
 ‘ Aboon the warrior’s cairn,
 ‘ An’ the martyr soun’ will sleep, lassie,
 ‘ Aneath the waving fern.’

“ I have many other pieces yet in my possession, which, if ever the work should
 “ embrace a Sixth Volume, I have no hesitation in saying, you will find as inter-
 “ esting as any yet given.”

Thus far have we ventured to account for the number of little airs interspersed
 through this collection, which have been gleaned from many various sources with
 the greatest fidelity, and which are now published, for the first time, in the fond
 hope of thereby contributing no inconsiderable addition to the melody of Cale-
 donia.

As to the standard airs in this collection, the Editors have invariably preferred
 the sets that appeared to them to be the most original and unmixed, and that in
 no instance have they ventured (*partly*) to compose them, as has been lately done
 by some, who have had the presumption to give their own garbled sets of well-
 known Scottish melodies, and thereby to rob the music of those strong traits of
 national character which constitute its principal charm.

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MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARLE.

Air, Low down in the broom.

My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twine wi' his gear, My

min-ny she's a scold-ing wife Hauds a' the house a-steer; But

let them do, or let them say, It's a' ane to me, For he's

low down, he's in the broom, that's waiting for me. Waiting on me my love, He's

waiting on me; For he's low down, he's in the broom, That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has she.
But let them, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguild
Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
And aye sinsyne, she cries "Beware
Of false deluding men."
But let them, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
And spier'd when I saw Pate;
And aye sinsyne the neighbours round,
They jeer me ear' and late.
But let them, &c.

THE BONNIE BREAST-KNOTS.

Hey the bon - ny, hey the bon - ny, O the bon - ny

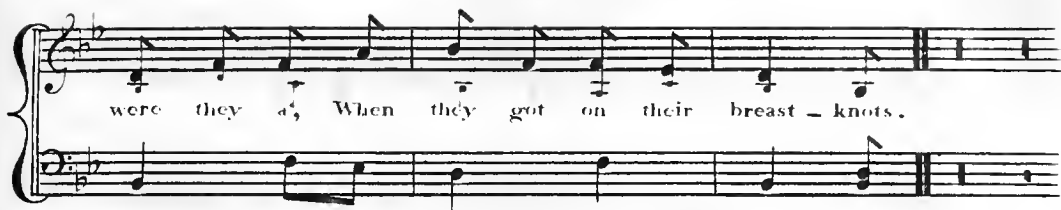
breast - knots; Tight and bon - ny were they a', When they got on their

breast - knots. There was a bri - dal in this town, And till't the

las - ses a' were bound; With man - kie fac - ings on their

gown, And some o' them had breast - knots. Hey the bon - ny,

how the bon - ny, O the bon - ny breast - knots; Tight and bon - ny



At nine o'clock the lads conveyen,
 Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
 Wi' glancing buckles in their sheen,
 And flowers upon their waistcoats.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
 And wish'd the lassie happy days,
 And muckle thought they o' her claise,
 And specially the breast-knots.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

Next, down their breakfast it was set,
 Some barley-lippies of milk-meat,
 It leiped them, it was sae het,
 As soon as they did taste o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,
 The piper lad he looked blate;
 Altho' they said, that he should eat,
 I trow, he lost the best o't.
 Hey the bonny; &c.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
 O'er creels, and deals and a' did coup,
 Cry'd for a spring to raise their houp,
 The bride she sought the breast-knot.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,
 At the bridegroom's they neist did land,
 Forth cam auld Madge wi' her split mawn,
 And bread and cheese a hist o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

She took a quarter and a third,
 And on the bride's head gae a gird,
 Till larks flew athort the yird,
 And parted round the rest o't.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

The bride then by the hand they took,
 Twice, thrice they led her round the crook;
 Some said, goodwife, we'd mat ye brook,
 And some great count they cast not.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

A' ran to kilns and barns in ranks,
 Some sat on deals, and some on planks,
 The piper lad stood on his shanks,
 And dirled up the breast-knot.
 Hey the bonny, &c.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

'Twas summer tide, the Cushat sang His am'rous roun-de-lay, An'

dews, like clus-ter'd dia-monds, hung On flow'r and leaf-y spray. The

cov-er-let of gloam-in' grey On ev'ry thing was seen, When

lads and las-ses took their way To Pol-wart on the green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
 And harmless revelry
 Of young hearts all in unison
 Wi' love's soft witcherie;
 Their ha' the open daisied lea, —
 While, frae the welkin sheen,
 The moon shone brightly in the glee
 At Polwart on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
 And cheeks o' rosy hue,
 And finer forms without compare
 Than pencil ever drew;
 But ane wi' een o' bonnie blue,
 A' hearts confest the queen
 And pride o' grace and beauty too,
 At Polwart on the green.

The miser hoards his gouden store,
 And kings dominion gain;
 While others in the battle's roar
 For honour's gewgaws strain.
 Avaunt, such pleasures! false and vain —
 Far dearer mine has been,
 Among the lowly rural train
 At Polwart on the green.

THERE WAS A LAD WAS BORN IN KYLE.

Air, Ó gin ye were dead Gudeman.

There was a lad was born in Kyle, But what-na day, or what-na

style, I doubt its hard-ly worth the while To be sae nice wi' Ro-bin. For

Ro-bin was a ro-vin boy, A ran-tin ro-vin, ran-tin ro-vin;

Ro-bin was a ro-vin boy; O ran-tin ro-vin Ro-bin.

Our monarch's hindmaist year, but ane
Was five and twenty days begun;
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.
For Robin, &c.

The gossip keekit in his lool;
Quo'scho, wha lieves will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.
For Robin, &c.

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a';
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."
For Robin, &c.

RED IS THE ROSE AND BONNIE, O.

Air, Broom blooms bonnie.

How sweet the rose blaws, it fades and it fa's; Red is the rose and

bon-nie O; It brings to my mind what my dear John-nie

was; So bloom'd, so cut off was my John-nie, O.

Now peace is return'd, but nae joy brings to me;

Red is the rose and bonnie, O;

For cold is his cheek, and clos'd is his e'e,

And nae mair beats the heart o' my Jahnnie, O.

Ah! why did he love me, and leave these sweet plains;

Red is the rose and bonnie, O:

Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigns,

But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie, O.

Not to me will their beauties e'er pleasure impart;

Red is the rose and bonnie, O:

For sunk is my spirits, and broken my heart;

Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie, O.

THE FLOWER OF LEVERN SIDE.

Ye sun-ny braes, that skirt the Clyde Wi' summer flow'rs sae braw, There's

ae sweet flow'r on Lev_ern side, That's fair_er than them a'. Yet

aye it droops its head in wae, Re-gard-less o' the sun_ny ray, And

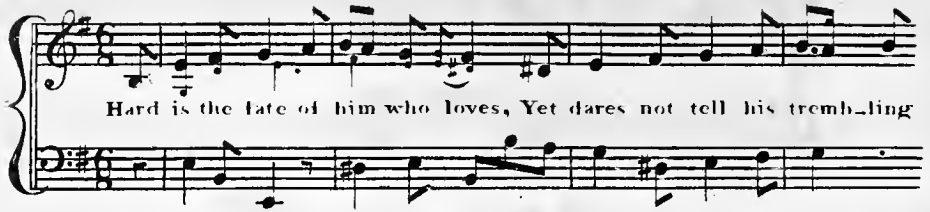
wastes its sweets, frae day to day, Be-side the lanc_ly shaw; Wi'

leaves a' steep'd in sorrow's dew, Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue, Wha

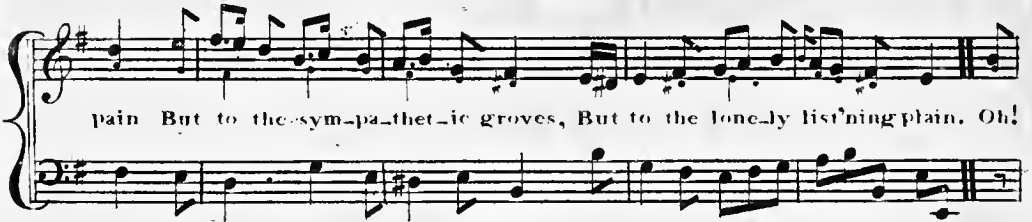
alt the sweet-est flow'r will pu', Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonnie flow'r on Lavern side,
 O gin thou'lt be but mine!
 I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
 Wi' love that ne'er shall tine.
 I'll take thee to my sheltering bow'r,
 And shield thee frae the beating show'r;
 Unharm'd by ought, thou'lt bloom secure
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw.
 Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
 That streaks the glowing western sky;
 But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
 And lane will be thy fa'.

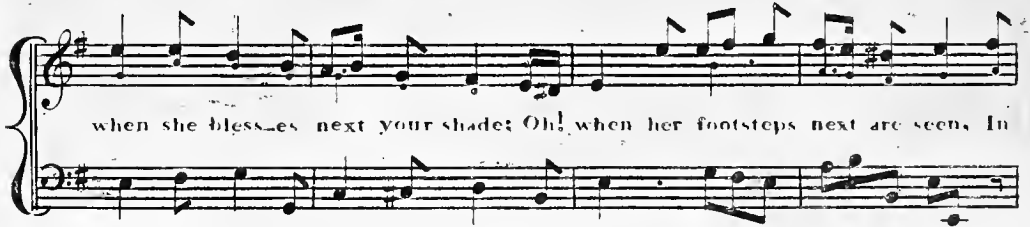
HARD IS THE FATE OF HIM WHO LOVES.



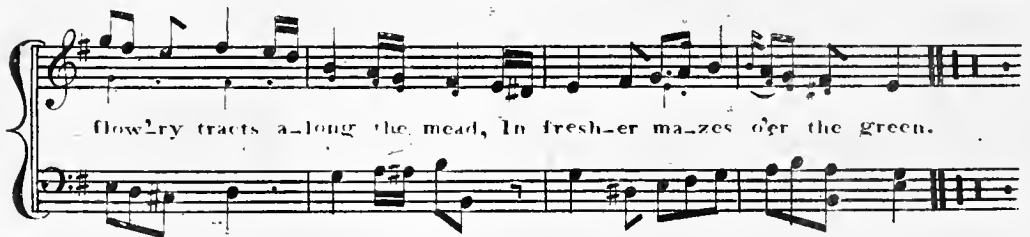
Hard is the fate of him who loves, Yet dares not tell his trem-b-ling



pain But to the-sym-pa-thet-ic groves, But to the lone-ly list'ning plain, Oh!



when she bless-es next your shade; Oh! when her footsteps next are seen, In



flow'ry tracts a-long the mead, In fresh-er ma-zes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies wait a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.
 Oh! tell her, what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
 Oh! tell her, that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care;
 Not purer her own wishes rise;
 Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.
 But if, at first, her virgin ear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear;
 True love and friendship are the same.

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.

Air, Bodhan an Kassain.

Farewell to Glen-shalloch, A farewell for ev-er! Farewell to my
 wee cot, That stands by the riv-er. The fall is loud sounding In voi-ces that
 va-ry, And the ec-hoes sur-round-ing La-ment with my Ma-ry.

I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a babe at her knee
 And a babe at her bosom:
 I heard her sweet voice
 In the depth of my slumber,
 And the song that she sung
 Was of sorrow and cumber.

"Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
 There is nought to alarm thee;
 The sons of the valley
 No power have to harm thee,
 I'll sing thee to rest
 In the balloch untrodden,
 With a coronach sad
 For the slain of Culloden.

"The brave were betrayed,
 And the tyrant is daring
 To trample and waste us,
 Unpitying, unsparing.
 Thy mother no voice has,
 No feeling that changes,
 No word, sign, or song,
 But the lesson of vengeance."

"I'll tell thee, my son,
 How our laurels are withering;
 I'll gird on thy sword
 When the Clansmen are gathering;
 I'll hid them go forth
 In the cause of true honor,
 And never return
 Till thy country hath won her.

"Our tow'r of devotion
 Is the home of the reaver;
 The pride of the ocean
 Is fallen for ever;
 The pine of the forest,
 That time could not weaken,
 Is trod in the dust,
 And its honours are shaken.

"Rise spirits of yore,
 Ever dauntless in danger,
 For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.
 O come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary!
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye."

BLUE BONNETS.

Air, Blue Bonnets over the border.

With Spirit.

March, March, Et-trick and Te-vi-or-dale! Why, my lads,
 din-na ye march for-ward in or-der? March, March, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
 all the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread
 Hut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry.
 Mount and make rea-dy then, Sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen & the
 2^d Verse.
 old Scot-ish bor-der. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of eight systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system is marked 'With Spirit.' and includes the lyrics 'March, March, Et-trick and Te-vi-or-dale! Why, my lads, din-na ye march for-ward in or-der? March, March, Eskdale and Liddesdale!'. The second system continues the lyrics 'all the blue bon-nets are o-ver the bor-der. Ma-ny a ban-ner spread'. The third system continues 'Hut-ters a-bove your head, Ma-ny a crest that is fa-mous in sto-ry.'. The fourth system continues 'Mount and make rea-dy then, Sons of the mountain glen, Fight for your Queen & the'. The fifth system is the start of the '2^d Verse' and includes the lyrics 'old Scot-ish bor-der. Come from the hills where your hir-sels are graz-ing;'. The sixth system continues 'Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the'. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

bea-con is blaz-ing; Come with the buck-ler, the lance, and the bow,

Trumpets are sounding, War steeds are bounding, Stand to your arms, and

march in good or-der; Eng-land shall ma-n-y a day Tell of the

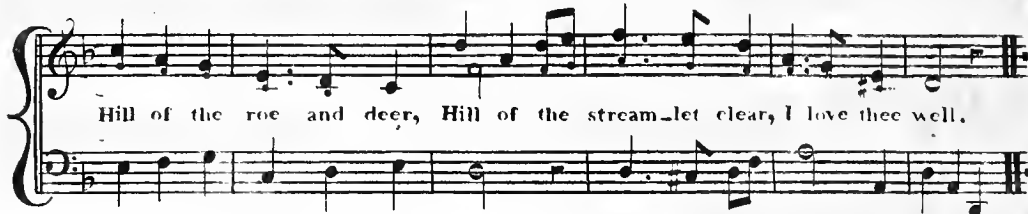
blood-y fray, When the blue bon-nets came o-ver the bor-der.

SAFTLY THE GENTLE BREEZE. Same Air.

Saftly the gentle breeze, steals thro' the leafy trees,
 Down rins the burnie winding sae clearly;
 The linnet sings on the tree, the lark soaring up sae lie,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,
 Broadly the setting sun his daily race has run,
 Gilding the lofty hills, blooming sae cheerie;
 Ilka field yellow seen, meadows sae lovely green.
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,

At the appointed hour I haste to the birken bow'r,
 Nature all gleaming, nature all cheerie;
 The eastern star appears, whilst spread the rosy briers,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie,
 Can there be aught sae sweet, as when true lovers meet,
 Meet at the trysting spot happy and cheerie;
 Love dances in her ec, truth and sincerity,
 When in the even' I meet wi' my dearie

THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.



When in my youthful prime,
Correi and crag to climb,
Or towering cliff sublime,
Was my delight.
Scaling the eagle's nest,
Wounding the raven's breast,
Skimming the mountain's crest,
Gladsome and light.

When, at the break of morn,
Proud o'er thy temples borne,
Kythed the red-deer's horn,
How my heart beat!
Then, when with stunn'd leap
Roll'd he adown the steep,
Never did hero reap
Conquest so great.

Then rose a bolder game,
Young Charlie Stuart came;
Cameron, that loyal name,
Foremost must be.
Hard then our warrior meed,
Glorious our warrior deed,
'Till we were doom'd to bleed
By treachery.

Then did the red blood stream,
Then was the broad sword's gleam
Quench'd in fair freedom's beam,
No more to shine;
Then was the morning's brow
Red with the fiery glow,
Fell hall and hamlet low,
All that were mine.

Then was our maiden young,
First eye in battle strong,
Fir'd at her Prince's wrong,
Forc'd to give way.
Broke was the golden cup,
Gone Caledonia's hope;
Faithful and true men drop
Fast in the clay.

Far in a hostile land,
Stretch'd on a foreign strand,
Oft has the tear-drop bland
Scorch'd as it fell.
Once was I spurn'd from thee,
Long have I mourn'd for thee,
Now I'm return'd to thee,
Hill of Lochiel.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTIA.

Air, The Thistle.

With
Energy.

Let the lily of France in lux_u_ri_ance wave, Let the

sham_rock of E_rin its beau_ty main_tain, Let the rose of fair

Eng_land still wait its per_fume, But the this_tle of Sco_tia will

dear_est re_main. To Sco_tia her this_tle, Her broad wav_ing

this_tle, The ev_er green this_tle, will dear_est re_main,

'Twas the badge that our fathers triumphantly wore,
When they followed their sovereigns to vanquish the Dane,
The emblem our Wallace in battle eye bore —
Then the thistle of Scotland must dearest remain,
To Scotia her thistle, &c.

It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale,
It blooms in the winter, in snow and in rain;
The type of her sons when rude seasons assail,
To Scotia her thistle will dearest remain,
To Scotia her thistle, &c.

A PAIR MITHERLESS WEAN.

Slow.

If ye ever re-joic'd in the sweets o' a hame; If ye
 still hae a mith-er to luv-er an' to bless, O pi-ty; kind
 stran-ger, a pair beg-gar wean, That has nae hame to seek, and is
 mith-er-less! O pi-ty, kind stran-ger, for ance, like
 thee, I was ane o' a hap-py fam-i-lic!

espres:

I' the mornin' we raise wi' the loud-hiltin' lark,
 When he dried his dewy wings in the young sun-beam;
 An', wi' hearts fu' o' love, sent our praise up to heaven,
 An' our prayers for what to Him best might seem;
 An' she that's awa— wi' ane uplified ee—
 Sought the blessin' o' the Lord on our industrie.

A' day-lang we toiled, but we never repined,—
 Our dear mither lo'ed us, our father aye was kind,
 An' our hearts, then a' pure, were as licht as the down
 O' the thistle, whan it frolics wi' the wayward wind:
 Whate'er Heaven sent, we were gladsome to see,—
 An' we ne'er thoct our day's daurk a drudgerie.

An' when gloamin' cam on, nicht's dark harbinger,
 O! then cam the hours o' our innocent mirth,
 When we gather'd wi' joy 'neath our cot's lowly roof —
 An' wi' faces a' smilin' encircled the hearth —
 An' beguild the e'en wi' tales o' the deeds that went to be,
 Or wi' sangs o' our kintra's auld minstrelsie.

An' O! it was sweet, when the nicht was gane,
 To raise high the holy Psalmodie,
 An' to read, in the beuk, o' the luvè o' our God,
 An' to kneel to him reverentlie;
 An' to bless his name, wha has sworn to be
 The puir man's God continuallie.

But, wae's my sad heart! thae bricht days are a' gane,
 An' a lang nicht o' sorrow an' sadness is nigh;
 For the finger o' death touch'd the face o' my mither,
 An' her well-spring o' life dribbled dry;
 An' she slippet awa, like the mists that ye see
 Stealin' upward to heaven sae bonnilie.

An' ere spring had spread its green owre her grave,
 An unco woman sat in her auld arm chair;
 His new wife, father ca'd her — an' he said she wad hae
 A mither's luvè for us — an' a kind mither's carè: —
 O how could she e'er be a mither to me,
 That spak' o' the dead sae scornlullie!

Fu' sune on our stools her ain bairns were a' planted
 Round the ingles, that erst burnt sae cheerilie;
 An' frae hame we were driven — and the door barr'd aganst us
 To drift through a wild warld, wearilie;
 An' O sad are the days that the wretched maun drie,
 Wha wander thro' the warld a' friendlesslie!

If ye ever rejoiced in the sweets o' a hame;
 If ye still hae a mither to luvè an' to bless;
 O pity, kind stranger, a puir beggar wean,
 That has nae hame to seek — and is mitherless!
 O pity, kind stranger, and frae heaven high,
 The God o' the puir will bless thy charitie!

THE BRAES OF MAR.

The standard, on the braes o' Mar, Is up and stream - ing
 rare - ly; The gath' - ring pipe, on Loch - na - gar, Is
 sound - ing lang and sair - ly. The High - land - men Frae
 hill and glen, In mar - tial hue, Wi' bon - net blue, Wi'
 bel - ted plaids, And bur - nish'd blades, Are com - ing late and ear - ly.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
 The Drummond and Glengary,
 Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
 Panmure, and gallant Harry.
 Macdonald's men,
 Clan-Ronald's men,
 Mackenzie's men,
 Macgillivray's men,
 Strathallan's men,
 The lowlan' men
 Of Callander and Airly.

Fy! Donald, up and let's awa,
 We canna langer parley,
 When Jamie's back is at the wa',
 The lad we lo'e sae dearly,
 We'll go — we'll go
 An' meet the foe,
 An' fling the plaid,
 An' swing the blade,
 An' forward dash,
 An' hack an' slash —
 An' Heg the German carlie.

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

The deil cam fidd - lin thro' the town, And danc'd a -

wa' wi' th' Ex - cise - man, And il - ka - wile cries, 'Auld Ma - houn, I

wish you luck o' the prize, man? The deil's a - wa, The

deil's a - wa, The deil's a - wa. wi' th' Ex - cise - man; He's danc'd a -

wa, he's danc'd a - wa, He's danc'd a - wa wi' th' Ex - cise - man.

We'll mak our mant and we'll brew our drink,
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the mickle black deil,
 That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman,
 The deil's awa, &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys man,
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land
 Was the deil's awa wi' the Exciseman,
 The deil's awa, &c.

TULLOCHGORUM.

With
Spirit.

"Come gie's a sang," Montgomery cried, "And lay your disputes all aside; What

nonsense 'tis for folk to chide, For what was done before them. Let

whig and to-ry all a-gree, Whig and to-ry, whig and to-ry,

Whig and to-ry all a-gree, To drop their whig-meg-mo-rum. Let

whig and to-ry all a-gree To spend the night wi' mirth and glee, And

cheer-ful sing, and dance wi' me, The reel o' Tul-loch-go-rum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite
 In conscience I abhorre him,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 And make a cheerfu' quorum,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel o' Tullochgorum.

There needsna be sae great a phraize
 Wi' droning dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o' em;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their yariorum;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear of want and double cess,
 And silly sauls themselves distress,
 Wi' keeping up decorum,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth nor wit,
 And canna rise, to shake a fit,
 At the reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And ealm and quiet be his end;
 Be a' that's gude before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties, a great store o' em;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him.
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhorre him;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Who'er he be, that winna dance
 The reel o' Tullochgorum!

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The bon-niest lad that e'er I saw, Bon-nie lad-die,

high-land lad-die, Wore a plaid and was fu' brow, Bon-nie highland lad-die.

On his head' a bon-net blue, Bon-nie lad-die, high-land lad-die; His

loy-al heart was firm and true, Bon-nie high-land lad-die.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' echos roar,
 Bonnie lawland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, lawland lassie,
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonnie lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
 Ere ought thy manly courage shake;
 Bonnie highland laddie.
 Go, for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, highland laddie,
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 Bonnie highland laddie.

Ae morn last owk, as I gaed out To flit a feather'd ewe and lamb, I

met, as skiffin owre the green, A jol-ly ran-tin High-land-man. His

shape was neat, wi' fea-ture, sweet, An' il-ka smile nry fa-vour want I

n'er had seen sae brow a lad, As this young ran-tin High-land-man.

He said, "my dear, ye're soon a steer,
 Cam ye to hear the lav'rock's sang?
 O wad ye gae along wi' me,
 An' wed a rantin Highlandman?
 In simmer days on flow'ry braes,
 When frisky is the ewe an' lamb,
 I'll row ye in my tartan plaid,
 Syne be yere rantin Highlandman.

"With heather bells that finely smells,
 I'll deck yere hair sae fair an' lang,
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent
 Wi' me, a rantin Highlandman.
 We'll big a cot an' buy a stock,
 Syne do the best that'er we can;
 Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
 To trust a rantin Highlandman."

His words, so smart, gade to my heart,
 And fain I wad a gien my han',
 Yet durstna, least my mither shou'd
 Dislike a rantin Highlandman;
 But I expect he will come back,
 Then, tho' my kin wad scauld an' ban',
 I'll o'er the hill, or where he will,
 Wi' my young rantin Highlandman.

cheer-fu' tu-pón the green tea, But ah, on the pil-low o'

sorrow ay leanin', Nae mornin', nae e'en-in', brings pleas-ure to me! O

wae-fu' the part-in', when, smilin' at dan-ger, Young Al-lan left

Scot-tia to meet wi' the foe! Cauld, cauld, now he lies in a

land a-mang stran-gers, Frae friends and frae Helen for ev-er a-way!

As the aik on the mountain resists the blast rairin,
 Sae did he the brunt o' the battle sustain,
 Till treach'ry arrested his courage sae darin,
 And laid him pale; lifeless, upon the drear plain!
 Cauld winter the flower divests o' its cleden,
 In summer again it blooms bonnie to see;
 But naething, alas! can hale my heart bleedin',
 Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me!

THE VETERANS.

Air, The Days of Langsyne.

Slow.

When war had broke in on the peace of auld men, And frae Chelsea to
 arms they were summon'd a-gain, Twa veterans, grown grey, wi' their muskets sair
 Guild, Wi' a sigh were re-lat-ting how hard they had toil'd. The drum it was
 beating, to fight they incline, But ay they look'd back to the days of langsyne.

Ed! Davie, man, weill thou remembers the time,
 When twa brisk young callands, and just in our prime,
 The prince led us, conquer'd, and shaw'd us the way,
 And mony a braw chield we turn'd cauld on that day,
 Still again I would venture this auld trunk of mine,
 Cou'd our General but lead, and we fight as langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
 Tho' our arms are worn weak yet our hearts are still true;
 We ca'd na for dangers by land, or by sea,
 For time is turn'd coward, and no you and me;
 And tho' at our fate we may sadly repine,
 Youth winna return, nor the strength of langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
 How thy Jane carress'd thee, and my Meg was kind;
 They shaw'd of our danger, tho' ever so hard,
 And we ca'd na for plunder when sic our reward;
 Even now they're resolv'd bath their hames to resign,
 And will share the hard fate they were us'd to langsyne.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

25

Air, Jockey's Farewell.

Jock-ey's ta'en the par-ting kiss, O'er the mountains he is gane;

And with him is a' my bliss, Nought but griefs with me re-main.

Spare my love, ye winds that blow, Splash-y sleets and beat-ing rain;

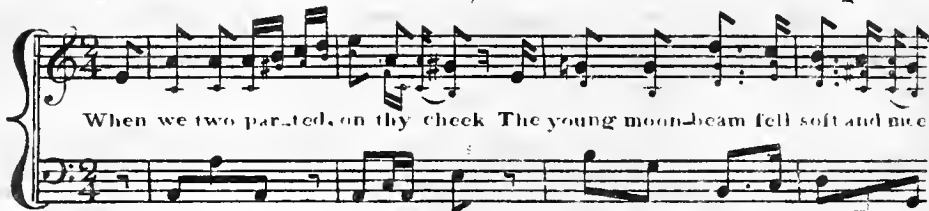
Spare my love, thou leath'ry snaw, Drift-ing o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be.
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

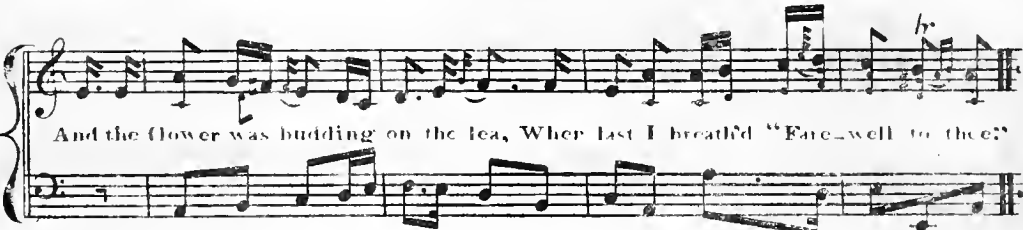
WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

Air, When Januar winds was blowing cold.

Slow.



When we two parted, on thy cheek The young moon-beam fell soft and muck.



And the flower was budding on the sea, When last I breath'd "Fare-well to thee:"

But thou wert number'd with the dead,
 Before that moon had wax'd and fled;
 And ere the flower had lost its bloom,
 The midnight devils were on thy tomb.


I saw thee not in that last hour
 Which gave thee to the victor's power,
 Nor heard the last recorded sigh
 That scap'd thee in thine agony.

When thou wert borne upon thy bier,
 I was not with the mourners near! —
 Where tears and dust wert strow'd o'er thee,
 Alas! that was no place for me!

The warmest heart that ever beat
 Lies cold beneath the winding-sheet!
 The fairest form earth ever knew,
 Is vanish'd like the morning dew!

*A MOMENT PAUSE, YE BRITISH FAIR.*²

Air, Tell me Jessy.



A moment pause, ye British fair, While pleasure's phantom ye pursue: And

² Written by a Lady, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, on seeing in a list of new music, "The Waterloo Waltz."

say, it spright-ly dance on air, Scit with the name of Wa-ter-loo?

Aw-ful was the vic-to-ry! Chas-ten'd should the tri-umph be:

Midst the lau-rels she has won, Brit-ain mourns for no-ny a son.

Veil'd in clouds the morning rose;
 Nature seem'd to mourn the day,
 Which consign'd before its close,
 Thousands to their kindred clay.
 How unfit for courtly ball,
 Or the giddy festival,
 Was the grim and ghastly view,
 Ere evening clos'd on Waterloo!

Chasing o'er the cuirassier,
 See the foaming charger flying!
 Trampling, in his wild career,
 All alike, the dead and dying!
 See the bullets through his side,
 Answer'd by the spouting tide!
 Helmet, horse, and rider too,
 Roll on bloody Waterloo!

See the Highland warrior rushing,
 Firm in danger, on the foe,
 Till the life-blood warmly gushing,
 Lays the plaided hero low!
 His native pipe's accustom'd sound,
 'Mid war's infernal concert drown'd,
 Cannot soothe his last adieu,
 Or wake his sleep on Waterloo!

Shall scenes like these the dance inspire,
 Or wake the enliv'ning notes of mirth?
 O! shiver'd be the recreant lyre,
 That gave the base idea birth!
 Other sounds, I ween were there,
 Other music rent the air,
 Other waltz the warriors knew,
 When they clos'd at Waterloo.

Forbear—till time with lenient hand
 Has sooth'd the pang of recent sorrow;
 And let the picture distant stand,
 The softening hue of years to borrow.
 When our race has past away,
 Hands unborn may wake the lay,
 And give to joy alone the views,
 Of Britain's fame at Waterloo.

MAY MORNING.

Air, Dumfries House. -

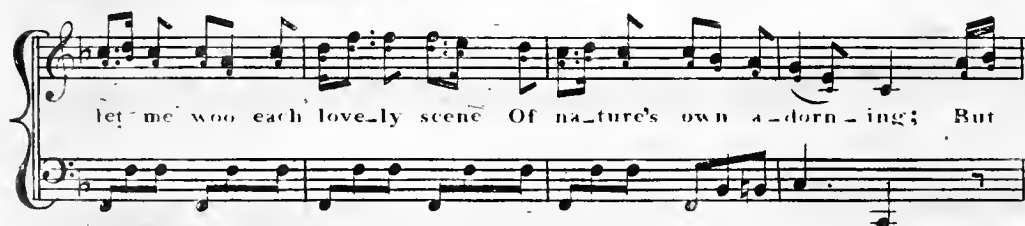
In
Moderate
Time.



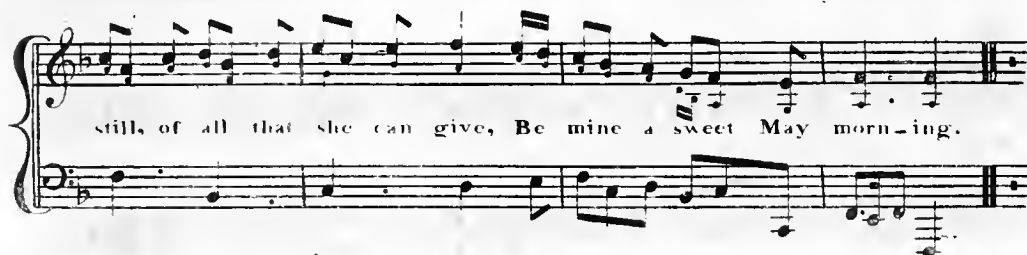
Thus let the varied seasons pass, Each day its pleasure bringing, From



win-ter's si-lent leaf-less shade Till sum-mer bows are ringing. Thus



let me woo each love-ly scene Of na-ture's own a-dorn-ing; But



still, of all that she can give, Be mine a sweet May morn-ing.

Sweetest of months, that now unlocks
The summer's balmy treasures,
And gives a never-ending charm
To life and all its pleasures.
I greet thee with delighted heart,
All other pleasures scorning,
And still, of all that earth can give,
Be mine a sweet May morning.

Now sweetly sings upon the ear
The murmurs of the fountain,
The lambskins sport upon the lea,
The fawns upon the mountain;
Nature throws, from the beechen tree,
Her robe of latest mournings,
and all is mirth, and merry glee,
Upon a sweet May morning.

SCENES OF WOE AND SCENES OF PLEASURE. 29

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that for-mer thoughts re-

new; Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Now a sad and last adieu.

Bonnie Doon, sae sweet at gloamin, Fare thee weel be-fore I gang;

Bonnie Doon, whare, ear-ly roam-ing, First I weav'd the rus-tic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where love, decoying,
 First enthral'd this heart o' mine,
 There the saltest sweets enjoying;
 Sweets that mem'ry n'er shall tinc.
 Friends so near my bosom ever,
 Ye ha'e render'd moments dear;
 But alas! when forc'd to sever,
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be.
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

THEY LIGHTED A TAPER.

Air, Dirge of Sir William Wallace.

Slow.

They lighted a ta-per at the dead hour of night, And chaunted their

ho-li-est hymn. But her brow and her bo-som were damp'd with af-

fright. Her eye was all cheer-less and dim. The La-dy of Ellerslie

wept for her Lord, And the death-watch beat in her lonely room! For the

cur-tains had shook of their own ac-cord, And the ra-ven

flapp'd at her win-dow board, To tell of her war-rior's doom.

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear,
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is near!
 For the night-mare rides in my strangl'd sleep—
 The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die!
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For William of Ellerslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin bell had rung,
 That the trumpet of death, on an English tower,
 Had the dirge of her champion sung!
 When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed!
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
 And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to the knight forlorn,
 When hosts of a thousand were scatter'd, like deer
 At the blast of the hunter's horn,
 When he strode o'er the wreck of each well fought field,
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land,
 His spear was not shiver'd on helmet or shield,
 And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield,
 Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
 For his much lov'd country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than William of Ellerslie!
 But the day of his glory shall never depart,
 His heart unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd!
 From the blood streaming altar his spirit shall start,
 Though the raven has fed on his mould'ring heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd.

BONNY PEGGY O.

Air, The Souter.

Slow.

O we aft hae met at e'en, bon - ny Peg - gy, O, On the

banks of Cart sae green, bon - ny Peg - gy, O; Where the

wa - ters smooth - ly - rin, Far a - neath the roar - in' linn, Far frae

bus - y strile and din, bon - ny Peg - gy, O.

When the lately crimson west, bonny Peggy, O,
 In her darker robe was drest, bonny Peggy, O,
 And a sky of azure blue,
 Deck'd with stars of golden hue,
 Rose majestic to the view, bonny Peggy, O.

When the sound of flute or horn, bonny Peggy, O,
 On the gale of evening borne, bonny Peggy, O;
 We have heard in echoes die,
 While the wave, that ripl'd by,
 Sung a soft and sweet reply, bonny Peggy, O.

Now, alas! these scenes are o'er, bonny Peggy, O;
 Now, alas! we meet no more, bonny Peggy, O;
 No loch! ne'er again, I ween,
 Will we meet at summer e'en,
 On the banks of Cart sae green, bonny Peggy, O.

THE BONNIE LASS OF WOODHOUSELEE. 33

Air, Hey the rantin' Murrays' ha'.

The sun blinks sweetly on yon shaw, But sweeter far on Woodhouselee, And

dear I like his set-ting beam, For sake o' ane sae dear to me. It

was na sim-mer's fai-ry scenes, In a' their charm-ing lux-u-ry, But

beau-ty's sel' that won my heart, The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

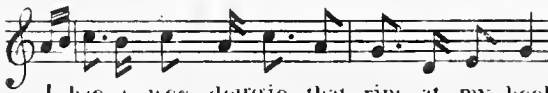
Sae winning was her witching smile,
 Sae piercing was her coal black e'e,
 She sairly wounded has my heart,
 That had na wist sic ills to dree:
 In vain I strave wi' beauty's charms,
 I could na keep my fancy free
 She gat my heart sae in her thrall,
 The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

The bonnie knowes sae yellow a',
 Where a't is heard the hum of bee,
 The meadow green and breezy hills,
 Where lambkins sport sae merrilie,
 May charm the weary wand'ring swain,
 When e'enin' sun dips in the sea,
 But a' my heart, baith e'en and morn,
 Is wi' the lass of Woodhouselee.

The flowers that kiss the wimpling burn,
 And dew-clad gowans on the lea,
 The water-lily on the lake,
 Are but sweet emblems a' of thee:
 And while in simmer smiles they bloom,
 Sae lovely, and sae fair to see,
 I'll woo their sweets e'en for thy sake,
 The bonnie lass of Woodhouselee.

O BONNIE LASSIE COME OVER THE BURN.

O bon-nie las-sie come o-ver the burn, And gin your sheep
wan-der I'll gie them a turn; And we'll be sae hap-py in
you-der green shade, Gin ye will come, daw-tie, and sit on my plaid.



I hae a wee doggie that rins at my heel,
And that little doggie I lo'e unco weel;
But I'll gie't, to my lassie, and mair gin I had,
H. she'll be my dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

Twa ewes and a lammie are a' my wee flock,
Yet I'd sell a lammie out o' my sma' stock,
And buy thee a head-lace, sae bonny and braid,
Gin ye wou'd come, dawtie, and sit on my plaid.

O DINNA THINK BONNIE LASSIE.

Brisk.

O din-na think, bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think,
bon-nie las-sie, I'm gaun to leave you; Din-na think, bon-nie las-sie,

I'm gaun to leave you; I'll tak' a stick in to my hand, and

Slow.

come a-gain an' see you. Far's the gate ye hae to gang,

dark's the night an' ee-rie; Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an'

ee-rie; Owre the muir, an' thro' the glen, Ghaists may-hap will fear ye, O

stay at hame, it's late at night, an' din-na gang an' leave me.

Brisk. It's but a night an' hál a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' hál a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' hál a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 When the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee.

Slow. Waves are rising o'er sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae an' dreary,
 An' gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.
 O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 For let the world gae as it will I'll come again and see you.

LASSIE, WI' THE LINT WHITE LOCKS.

Air, Rothiemurchus Rant.

Las-sie, wi' the lintwhite locks, Bon-nie las-sie, art-less las-sie;

Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? Wilt thou be my dear-ie, O? Now

na-ture leads the flow'ry lea, And a' is young and sweet like thee; O

wilt thou share its joys wi' me, And say thou'lt be my dear-ie, O?

Lassie wi', &c.

An' when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

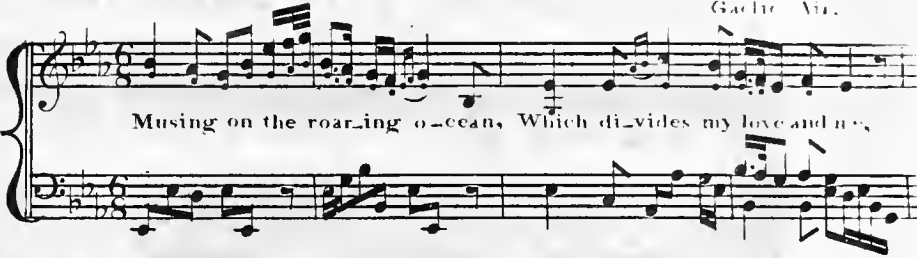
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow-waving fields we'll stray,
An' talk o' love, my dearie, O.

Lassie wi', &c.

May ne'er the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,
But joy reign in thy faithfu' breast,
To comfort thee, my dearie, O.

Gaelic Air.

Slow.




Musing on the roaring ocean, Which divides my love and me,



Wearied Heav'n, in warm devotion, For his weal where'er he be,



Hope and fear's alternate billow Yielding late to nature's laws,



Whispering spirits, round my pillow, Talk of him that's far a-way.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,

Ye who never shed a tear,

Care untroubled, joy surrounded,

Gaudy day to you is dear,

Gentle night, do thou befriend me;

Downy sleep, thy curtain draw;

Spirits, kind, again attend me,

Talk of him that's far a-way.

CAMERONIAN FRAGMENT.

Very Old.

Slow.

When the sun gaes o'er the hill at e'en, An' a' to rest are

gane, It's then that I see wae-fu' sit Be-side the Mar-tyr's stane,

It's then the tear comes in my ee,
As I sing the sweet psalm tune;
But there's nae to join the melodie,
But blythe angels aboon.

O! wae to thee, felt Claverhouse,
To thine, an' a' the lave!
Thou hast made me, a widow, sit
Beside a bluidy grave.

Thou's made my hame sae desolate,
An' 'twere na my bairnies three,
This sod wad sune be my resting place,
* * * * *

My three sweet bairns, my bonnie bairns,
Ye yet may live to see
Far better days in Scotland
Then is ordain'd for me.

I'll nurse thee for thy father's sake,
Wi' the saut tear in my ee,
An' sit beside his bluidy grave
* * * * *

CULLODEN

Jacobite.

The heath-cock craw'd o'er muir and dale, Red raise the sun, the sky was cloudy While

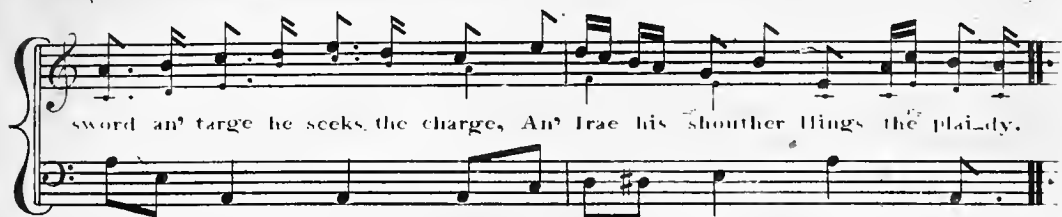


must ring far wi' distant yell, The north-ern bands march'd stern and steady.

Chorus.



O! Dun-can, Don-ald's rea-dy! O! Dun-can, Don-ald's rea-dy! Wi'



sword an' targe he seeks the charge, An' Irae his shouther flings the plaid-y.

Nae mair we chase the fleet-foot roe,
 O'er down an' dale, o'er mountain flyin';
 But rush like tempests on the foe,
 Thro' mingled groans the war-note cryin'.
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

A prince is come to claim his ain,
 A stem o' Stuart, frien'less Charlie;
 What Highlan' han' its blade wad hain'
 What Highlan' heart behint wou'd tarry?
 O! Duncan, Donald's ready! &c.

I see our hardy clans appear,
 The sun back frae their blades is beamin';
 The south'ren trump falls on my ear,
 Their banner'd lions proudly streamin'.
 Now, Donald; Duncan's ready!
 Now, Donald; Duncan's ready!
 Within his hand he grasps his brand;
 Fierce is the fray, the field is bloody!

But lang shall Scotland rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flyin';
 Culloden's hills were hills o' wae;
 Her laurels torn, her warriors dyin'.
 Duncan now nae mair is ready,
 Duncan now nae mair is ready!
 The brand is fa'en frae out his han',
 His bonnet blue lies stain'd an' bluidy!

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek;
 Lang may she wait for his returnin';
 The midnight dew's la' on her cheek;
 What han' shall dry her tears o' mourin'?
 Duncan now nae mair is ready, &c.

ALACE! I VYTE ZOUR TWA FAIR EYNE.

Air, The Twa faire Eyne.

Slow.

A-lace! I vyte your twa fair eyne For al the dule q^lk^s fald on
 mee; A-lace! I vyte your beau-tie sheen For all the wanhope I maun dree.

Anc I wes blythe as bird on reis.*

Nae lichter hert on erth did syng;

Now I am wed till miserys,

And thow the cause fra q^lk^s thay spring.

O! had ye neir lukit kynd on mee,

Wi' your twa faire hot treacherous eyne,

I neir had thoct of luvyn thee,

My passioun had hot wondir bene.

Thow wuld haif bin lyk ane of thay

Bright sternis q^lk^s shimmer in the skie,

That eyne may luik upon for aye

In gladness qh^l it glintit by.

But, old alace! your twa fair eyne

Thay glintit nocht lyk sternis on mee;

In suth thay wer as bright and sheen,

But sik could glance thay culd not gie.

O! waly now bi grene wud schay!

O! waly now bi banck and brae!

And waly bi the Abbay wa,

Whare I and my fause luvie did gae!

* means a bough or branch of a tree in old scotish.

YOUNG MAXWELL.

Air, Auld Maggy Sharp.

“O whare gang ye, thou silly auld carle? And what do ye carry there? In

gauld to the hill side, thou sod-ger-man, To shift my sheep their lair’.

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
 And a gude lang stride took he:
 “I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
 Will ye shaw the way to me?”

And he has gane wi’ the silly auld carle
 Adown by the greenwood side;
 “Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
 For here ye canna ride?”

He drew the reins o’ his bonny grey steed,
 And lightly down he sprang;
 O! the comeliest scarlet was his weir-coat,
 Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
 And his bonnet frae’ boon his bree,
 And wha’ was it but the young Maxwell!
 And his gude brown sword drew he.

“Thou killd my father, thou vile Southron,
 And thou killd my brethren three,
 Whilk brak the heart o’ my ae sister,
 I lovd as the light o’ my e’e.

“Draw out your sword, thou vile Southron,
 Red wat wi’ blude o’ my kin;
 That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
 Ere lifted its head to the sun.

“There’s ae sad stroke for my dear father,
 There’s twa for my brethren three;
 And there’s ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
 Wham I lovd as the light o’ my e’e.”

This ballad is founded on fact. A young Gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to ashes, his father killed in its defence, his only sister dying with grief for her father, and three brothers slain, he assumed the habit of an old shepherd, and, in one of his excursions, singled out one of the individual men who had ruined his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The Air, which is very ancient, has generally been sung to a foolish ballad beginning “Auld Maggy Sharp liv’d on the brae tap.”

TO A LILY-VET.

Air, MacGilchrist's Lament.

Chant no more thy roun-de-lay, Lovely minstrel of the grove;

Charm no more the hours a-way With thy art-less tale of love.

Chant no more thy roun-de-lay, Sad it steals up-on mine ear;

Leave, O leave thy leaf-y spray, Till the smil-ing morn ap-pear.

Light of heart, thou quit'st thy song
 As the welkin's shadows lour,
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,
 Humming to the twilight hour.
 Not like thee, I quit the scene
 To enjoy night's balmy dream;
 Nor like thee, I wake again,
 Smiling with the morning beam.

GLEN--NA--H'ALBYN.

Air, Cadil gu lo.

Slow On the air-y Ben-ne-vis The wind is a-wake; The

boat's on the shal-low, The ship on the lake. Ah! now in a

mo-ment my coun-try I leave; The next I am far a-way,

Far on the wave. Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Al-

byn, Oh! fare thee well, fare thee well, Glen-na-h'Al-byn.

I was proud of the power
 And the fame of my chief,
 And to raise them was ever
 The aim of my life;
 And now in his greatness
 He turns me away,
 When my strength is decayed,
 And my locks are worn grey.
 Oh! fare thee well, &c.

Farewell the grey stones
 Of my ancestors' graves,
 I go to have mine
 Of the foam of the waves;
 Or to die unlamented
 On Canada's shore,
 Where none of my fathers
 Were gather'd before,
 Oh! fare thee well, &c.

Glen-na-h' Albyn, or Glen-more-na-h' Albyn, the great glen of Caledonia, is a name applied to the valley which runs in a direction from north-east to south-west, the whole breadth of the kingdom, from the Moray Firth at Inverness to the sound of Mull below Fort-William; and which is almost filled with lakes.

MAC-DONALD'S GATHERING.

Gaelic Air.

Come along, my brave clans, There's nae friends sae staunch and true;

Come a long, my brave clans, There's nae lads sae lead as you.

Come a long, Clan-Do-nuil, Frae 'mang' your birks and heather braes;

Come with bold Mac-Al-is-ter, Wilder than his moun-tain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
 From Loch Morer to Argyle;
 Come from Castle Tuirim,
 Come from Moidart and the Isles.
 Macallan is the hero
 That will lead you to the field;
 Gather bold Siolallain,
 Sons of them that never yield.

Gather, gather, gather,
 Gather from Lochaber glens;
 Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you;
 Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Many sons of might you know;
 Lenochan's your brother,
 Auchterchitan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
 'Tis your Prince that needs your arm;
 Though Mac Connel leaves you,
 Dread no danger or alarm.
 Come from field and foray,
 Come from sickle and from plough;
 Come from cairn and correi,
 From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil;
 Come with haversack and cord;
 Come not late with meal and cake,
 But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
 Down into the lowlands,
 Plenty bides by dale and burn;
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Riches wait on your return.

O let us leave the town, my love, And lay us down by Yarrow's stream. Where

A-pril, gales a-down the vales, Give soft-ness to the shep-herd's dream; We'll

quit the noise of pub-lic life, The ci-ty's cry, the ci-ty's care, Where

sim-ple love doth sel-dom rove, But walks with spring on Yar-row fair.

The grove, thro' which we stray at morn,
 Will with its music make us glad;
 The yellow gleam of setting beam,
 Will still a softer influence shed:
 And ev'ning, too, will bring its charms,
 Such charms as soothe the lover's soul,
 The moon's mild ray will sweetly play
 On Yarrow's waters, as they roll.

We'll love with overflowing hearts,
 And wrap us in a golden dream,
 Tears of delight will dim the sight,
 And Yarrow will an Eden seem.
 Then let us leave the town my love,
 And lay ourselves by Yarrow's stream,
 Where April gales adown the vales
 Give softness to the lover's dream.

IT'S A' WAE WI' SCOTLAND.


Jacobite.

It's a' wae wi' Scot-land, An' life it is nae boon; It's
a' wae wi' Scot-land When they tread the this-tle down. The
sun sets sweet at e'en-ing On mo-n'y a war-rior's grave, But the
reav-ers' hoofs hae trodden Where the this-tle tap should wave.

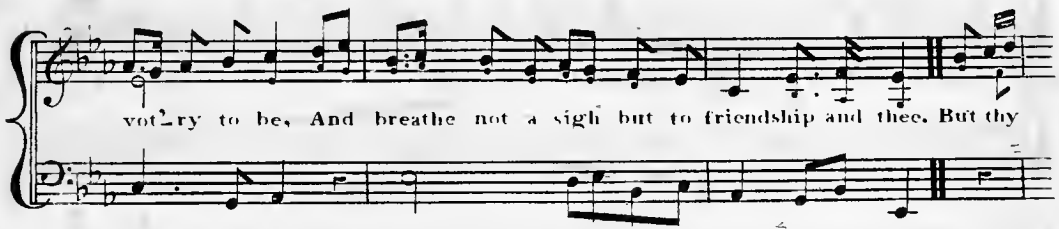
The sun sets sweet at e'ening;
But they are far awa,
Wha wad hae say'd the thistle's tap,
That now maun withering fa';
Yet the leal hearts o' Scotland,
Altho it may seem lang,
Will pray and hope that Heaven
May yet redress the wrang.

O CHERUB CONTENT.

O cher-ub con-tent, at thy moss cov-er'd shrine I'd all the gay



hopes of my ho-som re-sign! I'd part with am-bi-tion thy



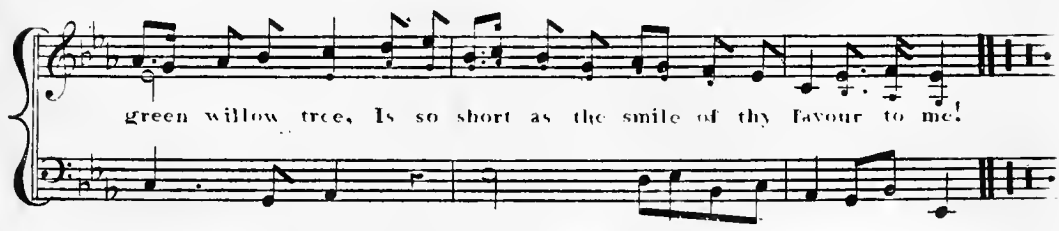
vo'try to be, And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee. But thy



pres-ence ap-pears from my wish-es to fly, Like the gold-col-our'd



cloud on the verge of the sky; No lus-tre that hangs on the



green willow tree, Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me!

In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care,
 That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
 The noon of my youth, slow-departing I see,
 But its years, as they pass, bring no tidings of thee!
 O cherub content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
 I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
 Could I call her my own, whom enraptur'd I see,
 I would breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

O LEEZE ME ON THE BONNIE LASS.

Air, Hodgart's Delight.

O leeze me on the bonnie lass, That I lo'e best of a'; O

leeze me on my Ma-ri-on, The pride o' Loch-er-shaw; O

weel I like my Ma-ri-on, For love blinks in her e'e, An'

she has vow'd a sol-enn vow, She lo'es na ane but me.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass clef staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are printed below the treble clef staff of each system.

The flowers grow bonnie on the bank,
 Where down the waters fa';
 The birds sing bonnie in the bower,
 Where red red roses blaw:
 An' there wi' blythe and lightsome heart,
 Whan day has clos'd his e'e,
 I wander wi' my Marion,
 Wha lo'es na ane but me.

Sie luve as mine an' Marion's,
 O may it never fa'!
 But blume aye like the fairest flower,
 That grows in Locher-shaw:
 My Marion I will ne'er forget,
 Until the day I die,
 For she has vow'd a solemn vow,
 She lo'es na ane but me.

O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sæ far a_wa; Un-

knowing what my way may thwart, My na-tive land sæ far a_wa. Thou,

that of a things Ma-ker art, That form'd this fair sæ far a_wa. Gin

bo-dy strength, then I'll ne'er start At this my way sæ far a_wa.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her sæ far awa;
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, Oh, she is sæ far awa.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel, but her's sæ far awa;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than her's, the fair sæ far awa.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

Very Old.

Slow

Hie up-on Hie-lands, and laigh up-on Tay, Bon-nie George

Camp-bell rode out on a day; He sad-dled, he brid-led, and

gal-lant rode he, And hame cam his guid horse, but nev-er cam he.

Out cam his mother dear, greeting lu' sair,
 And out cam his bonnie bryde riving her hair,
 "My meadow lies green, and my corn is unshorn,
 My barn is to build, and my baby's unborn?"

* * * * *
 * * * * *



THE HAZLEWOOD WITCH.

Air, Kellyburn Braes.

For mo-ny lang years I hae heard frae my Gran-nie, O!

brown-ies and bog-les by yon cas-tle wa', Of auld with-er'd hags, that were

nev-er thought can-nie, An' fair-ies that danc'd 'till they heard the cock crow, I

leugh at their tales; an' last owk i' the gloam-in', I dan-der'd a-

lane down the Haz-le-wood green; A-las! I was reck-less, an' rue sair my

room-in', For I met a young witch wi' twa bon-nie black een.

I thought o' the starns in a frosty night glancin',
 Whan a' the lift round them is cloudless an' blue;
 I looked again, an' my heart felt a dancing;
 Whan I wad hae spoken, she glamour'd my mou',
 O wae to her cantrips! for dumpish'd I wander;
 At kirk or at market there's nought to be seen;
 For she dances afore me wherever I dander,
 The Hazlewood witch wi' the bonny black een.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

Air, The Weaver's March.

Where Cart rins row-in to the sea, By mo-ny a flow'r and

spreading tree, There's lives a lad, the lad for me, He is a gal-lant Weav-er. O!

I had woo-ers aught or nine, They gied me rings and rib-bons fine, And

I was fear'd my heart would tync, And I gied it to the Weav-er.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band
 To gie the lad that has the lands,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And give it to the Weaver.
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
 While bees delight in opening flowers;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I love my gallant Weaver.

Slow.

From the climes of the sun, all war-worn and wea-ry, The

Highlander sped to his youthful a-bode; Fair vis-ions of home cheer'd the

des-ert so dreary, Tho' fierce was the noon beam, and steep was the road.

Till spent with the march, that still lengthen'd before him,
 He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
 The light shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er him,
 And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.

He sunk to repose where the red heaths are blended,
 One dream of his childhood his fancy past o'er;
 But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended,
 The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.

No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him
 Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill;
 Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,
 Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.

Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
 The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
 And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
 And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

Many years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch-tree on the solitary road of Lowran, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and the incident forms the subject of the above verses.

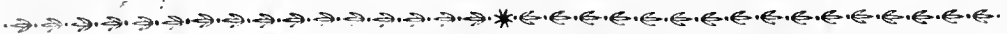
THE SIMMER GLOAMIN'.

Air, The Shepherd's Son.

The mid-ges dance a-boon the burn, The dews begin to fa; The
 pair-tricks down the rush-y howm Set up their e'en-ing ca'; Now
 loud and clear the black-bird's sang Rings thro' the briery shaw, While,
 fleet-ing gay, the swal-lows play A-round the cas-tle wa.'

Beneath the gowden gloamin sky
 The mavis mends his lay,
 The redbreast pours its sweetest strains
 To charm the ling'ring day;
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail
 Their little nestlings torn,
 The merry wren, frae den to den,
 Gaes jinkin thro' the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
 The foxglove shuts its bell,
 The honey-suckle and the birk
 Spread fragrance thro' the dell.
 Let others crowd the giddy court
 Of mirth and revelry,
 The simple joys that nature yields
 Are dearer far to me.



MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

From the Gaelic.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie; Come o'er the stream

Charlie, and dine with Mac-lean; And though you lie weary, we'll make your heart

cheer-y, And wel-come our Char-lie and his loy-al train. We'll

bring down the track deer, We'll bring down the black steer, The lamb from the

breck-an, and doe from the glen; The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our

Charlie, The cream from the both-y, and curd from the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
 And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
 That stream in the star-light, when kings do not ken;
 And deep be your need of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
 If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandman
 Shall range on the heather, with bonnet and feather,
 Strong arms and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.

MAGGY LAUDER.

Lively



Wha wad-na be in love, Wi' bon-nie Mag-gy Lau-der? A
pi-per met her gaun to Fife, And spier'd what wa'st they c'd her, Right
scorn-ful-ly she an-swer'd him, "Be-gone ye hal-lan-sha-ker! Jogg
on your gate, ye blad-der-skate, My name is Mag-gy Lau-der?"

"Maggy," quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie birds,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
"Weel done," quoth he; "play up," quoth she:
"Weel bob'd," quoth Rob the Ranter;
"Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer."

"Piper," quoth Meg; "hae ye your bags;
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you;
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Git ye'll blaw up your chanter?"

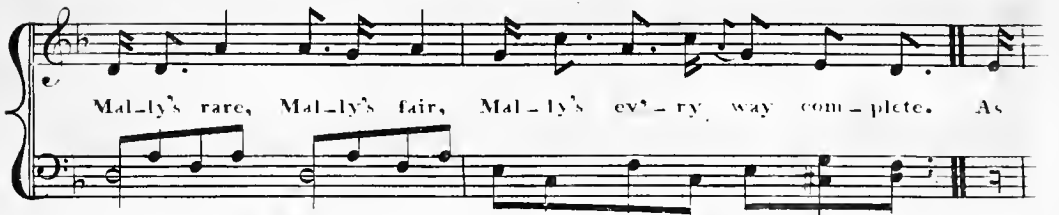
"Weel hae you play'd your part," quoth Meg;
"Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nae in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simpson;
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anst'er fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder?"

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

57




O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, Mally's mo-dest and discreet,



Mally's rare, Mally's fair, Mally's ev-ry way com-plete. As



I was walk-ing up the street, A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet; But



O the road was ve-ry hard, For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
And 'twere mair fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Old Set.

O where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? O

where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? He

dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my

heart I love my laddie well. He dwells in merry Scotland, where the

blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my heart I love my laddie well.

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND. Modern Set.

O where, and O where does your Hieland laddie dwell? O

where, and O where does your Hie-land lad-die dwell? He

dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue-bells sweetly smell, And all in my

heart I love my lad-die well. He dwells in mer-ry Scot-land, where the

blue-bells sweet-ly smell, And all in my heart I love my laddie well.

O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
 O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?
 A scarlet coat and bannet blue, with bonnie yellow hair,
 And nane in the world can with my love compare.

O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
 O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?
 He's gone to fight for George our king, and left me all alone,
 For noble and brave's my loyal Hielandman.

O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
 O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?
 When e'er the war is over he'll return to me with fame,
 With the heather in his bannet, my gallant Hielandman.

HER HAIR WAS LIKE THE CROMLA MIST.

Air, Morna.

Her hair was like the Cromla mist, When evening sun beams

from the west, Bright was the eye of Mor-na. When

beau-ty wept the war-rior's fall, Then lone and dark was

Fin-gal's hall, Sad was the love-ly Mor-na.

O lovely were the blue-ey'd maids,	Sad was the hoary minstrel's song,
That sung peace to the warrior's shade,	That died the rustling heath among,
But none so fair as Morna.	Where sat the lovely Morna.
Her hallow'd tears bedew'd the brake,	It slumber'd on the placid wave,
That wav'd beside dark Orma's lake,	It echo'd thro' the warrior's cave,
Where wander'd lovely Morna.	And sigh'd again to Morna.

The hero's plumes were lowly laid;
 In Fingal's hall each blue-ey'd maid
 Sung peace and rest to Morna.
 The harp's wild strain was past and gone,
 No more it whisper'd to the moan
 Of lovely dying Morna.

Slowly

Oh! wha will dry the dreeping tear, She sheds her lane, she
 sheds her lane? Or wha the bon-nie lass will cheer; Of
 Liv-ing-stone, of Liv-ing-stone? The crown was half on,
 Char-lie's head, Ae glad-some day, ae glad-some day; The lads that
 should gie joy to him, Are in the clay, are in the clay.

Her wadden gown was wyl'd and made,

It ne'er was on, it ne'er was on;

Culloden field, his lowly bed,

She thought upon, she thought upon.

The bloom has faded frae her cheek

In youthfu' prime, in youthfu' prime;

And sorrows' with'ring hand has done

The deed o' time, the deed o' time.

RED GLEAMS THE SUN.

Air, Niel Gow.



Red gleams the sun on you hill tap, The dew sits on the gow-an; Deep
murmurs thro' her glens the Spey, A-round Kin-ra-ra row-an. Where
art thou, fair-est, kind-est lass? A-las! wert thou but near me, Thy
gen-tle soul, thy melt-ing eye, Would ev-er 'ev-er cheer me.

The lavrock sings among the clouds,
The lambs they sport so cheery,
And I sit weeping by the birk,
O where art thou, my dearie?
Aft may I meet the morning dew,
Lang greet till I be weary,
Thou canna, winna, gentle maid,
Thou canna be my dearie.

MINNA'S FAREWELL TO CLEVELAND.

Zetland Melody.



Go Cleveland, from thy

Min-na go, Where deeds of glo-ry lead to lame! The hand of death ne'er

par-ted two With faint-er hope to meet a-gain. 'Tis thine from Zet-land's

coast to roam, To bid each moun-tain scene a-dieu, And soon, I feel, the

time will come, When I, a-las! shall leave them too.

'Tis not mid revelry and joy,
 That Minna claims a thought from thee;
 'Tis not mid wine-cups sparkling high,
 That I would bid thee pledge to me!
 But oh! mid war or tempest's roar,
 When o'er the surge thy bark is borne,
 Think on the maid on Zetland's shore,
 Whose prayers are mingling with the storm.

And oh! if earthly joy can cheer
 A heart fast wending to the grave,
 'Twill be thy much-lov'd name to hear
 Enroll'd among the good and brave:
 To hear a nation swell the praise
 Of him, whose deeds of valour drew
 The cheer that daring outlaws raised,
 And plaudits from the shouting crew.

BONNIE RAN THE BURNIE DOWN.

Chorus.

Air, Cawdor Fair.

Bon-nie ran the burn-ie down, Wan-drin and win-din;

Sweet-ly sang the birds a-boun, Care nev-er min-din! The

gen-tle sim-mer wind Was their nur-sie salt and kind, And it

rock-et them, and rock-et them, All in their bow'rs sae hie. End with the Choꝝ

The mossy rock was there,
And the water lily fair,

And the little trout wad sport about,
All in the sunny beam.
Bonnie ran, &c.

Tho' summer days be lang .
And sweet the birdies, sang,
The wintry night and chilling blight
Keep aye their cerie roun-
Bonnie ran, &c.

And then the burn's like a sea
Roarin and reamin;
Nae wee bit sangster's on the tree,
But wild birds screamin.
Bonnie ran, &c.

And my sweet sunny morn
Was like the ripplin burn.
Or simmer breeze among the trees,
And linties liltin blythe.
Oh! that the past I might forget,
Wandrin and weepin;
Oh! that aneath the hillock green
Sound I were sleepin!

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

65

Air, The brier bush. 2^d Set.

We'll meet be-side the dus-ky glen, on yon burn side, Where the

bush-es form a coz-ie den, on yon burn side; Tho' the

broom-y knowes be green, Yet there we may be seen; But we'll

meet—we'll meet at e'en, down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birkin bow'r, on yon burn side,
 Sac sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side;
 There the roses bloom sac fair,
 There securely sports the hare,
 There we'll pledge our love sincere, down by yon burn side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side;
 Those fairy-scenes are no for you, by yon burn side;
 There fancy smooths her theme,
 By the sweetly murmur'ing streams,
 And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the planting taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon burn side,
 And gloamin draws her foggy shroud, o'er yon burn side;
 Far frae the noisy scene,
 I'll through the fields a-lang;
 There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean, down by yon burn side.

SONG OF SELMA.

Second Voice.

Plaintive

It is night, I am a-lone, for-lorn on the hill of storms! The

It is night, I am a-lone, for-lorn on the hill of storms! The

wind is heard in the mountain, the torrent shrieks down the rocks! No

wind is heard in the mountain, the torrent shrieks down the rocks! No

hut re-ceive me from the rain, for-lorn on the hill of winds! Rise,

hut re-ceive me from the rain, for-lorn on the hill of winds! Rise,

moon, from be-hind thy clouds! Stars of the night ap-pear! Lend me

moon, from be-hind thy clouds! Stars of the night ap-pear! Lend me

light to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase; His

light to the place where my love rests from the toil of the chase; His

bow near him un-strung, His dogs panting a-round him, But here I must sit a-

bow near him un-strung, His dogs panting a-round him, But here I must sit a-

lone by the rock of the mos-sy stream; The stream and the wind roar, nor

lone by the rock of the mos-sy stream; The stream and the wind roar, nor

can I hear the voice of my love, the voice of my love.

can I hear the voice of my love, the voice of my love.

THE CARDIN O'T.

I coft a stane o' has - lock woo, To mak a web to

John - nie o't; For John - nie is my on - ly jo, I

lo'e him best o' on - y yet, The car - din o't, the spin - nin

o't, The war - pin o't, the win - nin o't; When il - ka ell cost

me a groat, The tay - lor staw the lyn - in o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be held aboon,
 Yet I hae seen him, on a day,
 The pride o' a' the parishen.
 The cardin o't, &c.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Slowly.

My Peg-gy's face, my Peg-gy's form, The frost of her-mit

age might warm; My Peg-gy's worth, my Peg-gy's mind, Might

charm the first of hu-man kind. I love my Peg-gy's an-gel air, Her

face so tru-ly heav'n-ly fair, Her na-tive grace so

void of art, But I a-dore my Peg-gy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they 'all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms;
These, these are all immortal charms.

PUT THE GOWN UPON THE BISHOP.

Very Old.

Put the gown u-pon the bish-op, That's his mil-ler-

-due o' knave-ship; Jen-ny Ged-des was the gos-sip, Put the

gown u-pon the bish-op, Put the gown u-pon the bish-op.

WHEN THE DAYS THEY ARE LANG.

When the days they are lang, an' the fields they grow green, Fal

lal lal lal, la fa la ra; At Lam-ling-ton ev'-ry

year may be seen, Fal lal lal lal, la fa la ra; A

fouth o' lairds an' la-dies too, Wi' lads an' lass-ies nae that few; An'

oh! the sport is rare to view, Fal lal lal lal, la fa la ra.

There's mony a filly come in on the score, Fal lal, &c.
 Wi' galloping graith, clad ahint an' afore, Fal lal, &c.
 Our ancient wager for to win,
 The prize nae less than forty pun';
 To see them is the best o' fun, Fal lal, &c.

The rout the town officers held at command, Fal lal, &c.
 And baillies wi' halberts weel scour'd in their hands, Fal lal, &c.
 To clear the course, the cause was gude,
 An' guide the rabble, wild an' rude,
 For ilka ane on tip-tae stood, Fal lal, &c.

Now Kirkfield frae braw Lesmahago came, Fal lal, &c.
 Our siller nae doubt, for to tak wi' him hame, Fal lal, &c.
 But tho' he cam wi' noise an' din,
 The beast was unco laith to rin;
 In short the lad was ahin, Fal lal, &c.

An' Glentowin's horse he was sairly out-worn, Fal lal, &c.
 That mornin' he gat a haill firlet o' corn, Fal lal, &c.
 His gröom kept him but carelessly,
 Tho' had he led him soberly
 'Twas thought he wad hae won the gree, Fal lal, &c.

But Kingledore's mare she brak all at the first, Fal lal, &c.
 Sax paces an' mair afore a' the rest, Fal lal, &c.
 She was sae supple an' sae stout,
 She led the lave a' round about,
 An' cam in first — as she gade out, Fal lal, &c.

Now Glentowin's horse he could do nae mair, Fal lal, &c.
 An' Kirkfield's o'er heavy to hae ony share, Fal lal, &c.
 Sae Kingledore's brown bonny mare
 Set all wi' a' our dainty gear,
 An' caper'd crousy thro' the fair, Fal lal, &c.

THE FLOWER OF AMOCHRIE.

Air, Days of Yore.

“O cam ye friend a₋cross the hill? Or cam ye friend out
 o'er the lea? Or, saw ye, in the wood - y vale, The
 love - ly flower o' A₋moch₋rie?” “I came not 'cross the heathy hill, Nor
 came I o'er the flow' - ry lea; How could I know, in
 yon green vale, The love - ly flower o' A - moch - rie?”

“Saw ye Aurora at the dawn,
 Or cloudless moon o'er waveless sea?
 Oh! then you'd know, upon the lawn,
 The lovely flower o' Amochrie,
 Her cheeks the ruddy morning vie,
 Her neck, the snaw sae fair to see,
 Her e'en, the blue o' winter sky,
 The lovely flower o' Amochrie.”

THE BORDER WIDOW'S LAMENT.

My love built me a bonnie bow'r, And clad it a wi' lily flow'r; A'

brower bow'r ye n'er did see, Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle day,
 He spied his sport and went away,
 And brought the king at dead of night,
 Who brake my bow'r, and slew my knight!

He slew my knight, to me sae dear!
 He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear!
 My servants all for life did flee,
 And left me in extremitie!

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
 I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
 I watch'd his body night and day;
 No living creature came that way!

I took his body on my back,
 And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
 I digg'd a grave and laid him in,
 And hap'd him with the sod sae green!

But think na ye my heart was sair,
 When I laid the mould on his yellow hair!
 O think na ye my heart was wae,
 When I turn'd about awa to gae!

Nae living man I'll love again,
 Since that my lovely knight is slain!
 Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair
 I'll chain my heart for evermair!

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I came down the Can-o'-gate, The Can-o'-gate, the
 Can-o'-gate; As I came down the Can-o'-gate, I heard a las-sie sing, "O
 mer-ry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row;
 Mer-ry may the keel row, The ship that my love's in.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin.

O merry may the keel row, &c.

ROB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-son's bon-net, Ye'll
 a' hae heard tell o' Rob Rory-son's bon-net; 'Twas no for it-sel, 'twas the

head that was in it, Gard a' bo-dies talk o' Rob Rory-son's hon-net.

This hon-net, that thee-k it his won-der-fu' head, Was his shel-ter in

wi-ter, in sum-mer his shade, And at kirk, or, at mar-ket, or

bri-dals, I ween, A braw gaw-tier hon-net there ne-ver was-seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle black-boyd,
 It was slouch'd just a kenning on either hand side;
 Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue,
 It had something o' baith as a body may trow.
 But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I kaw,
 Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava;
 Tho' the hail parish talk'd o' Rob Roryson's honnet,
 'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
 Tho' in life a' the warld beside it were fools;
 Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
 Nane kend but himsel, sae there's nane that will miss't.
 But there's some still in life, wha eternally blame,
 Wha on buts and on ifs rear their fabric o' fame;
 To all such I inscribe this most beautiful sonnet,
 To crown them the heirs o' Rob Roryson's bonnet.

AMID LOCH CATRINE'S SCENERY WILD.

Air, The Boatman.

A-mid Loch Ca-trine's scene-ry wild Is seen my lass-ie's dwell-ing, Where

cav-ern'd rocks, on moun-tains pil'd, Howl to the sea-breeze swell-ing. She's

pu-rer than the snaw that fa's On moun-tain's sum-mit ai-ry; The

sweet-est moun-tain-flow'r that blows Is not so fair as Ma-ry.

'Tis sweet when woodland echo rings,
 Where purling streams meander;
 But sweeter when my Mary sings,
 As thro' the glens we wander.
 The wild deer on the mountain side,
 The fabl'd Elf or Fairy,
 Or skiff that skims the crystal tide,
 Moves not more light than Mary.

From lowland plains I've wander'd far,
 In endless search of pleasure,
 Till, guided by some friendly star,
 I found this lovely treasure.
 Altho' my native home has charms,
 Among these hills I'll tarry;
 And while life's blood my bosom warms,
 I'll love my dearest Mary.

YE BONNIE HAUGHS.

Air, - The Scottish Exile's Lament.

Slow and
with Feeling

Ye bonnie haughs and heather braes, Whare I hae past youth's

blythest days, An' id-le dream o' bliss ye be, That gars me sigh for my ain countrie,

O hauld we rade thro' Stirlin toun, Wi' pis_tol sword and mus_que_toon, And

banner braid display'd had we, Like brave men hald_ing com_pa_nie.

We left our luvcs, we left our hames,
We left our bairns and winsome dames,
And we drew our swords richt manfully
To back the king o' our ain countrie.
But Carlile yetts are wat wi blude,
Micht matches richt, and dooms the gude;
And gentle blude o' ilk degree
Has stained the hearths o' my ain countrie.

And dwyning in this fremit land,
Does feckless mak baith heart and hand,
And gars thir tears drap frae my e'e,
That nêr sal la' in my ain countrie.
O Carron brig is auld and worn,
Whare I and my forbears were born;
But bonnie is that brig to see
By ane flemit frae his ain countrie.

And gladly to the listening ear
Is borne the waters cruning clear,
Making a moan and melodic
That weds the heart to its ain countrie.
O, gin I were a wee wee bird,
To light adown at Randiefuird,
And in Kirk o' Mure to close my e'e,
And fald my wings in my ain countrie!

FAREWELL, O SWEET HOPE.

Gaelic Air.

Fare_well, O sweet hope! I have wept thee in sad_ness, Thy
 bright star il_lum_in'd life's gloo_miest day; It rose on my soul like an
 an_gel of glad_ness, And smild the dark clouds of mis_fo_rtune a_way

In youth every prospect by pleasure was bounded,
 And joy was the portion that destiny gave;
 'Twas pure as the lake by the mountains surrounded,
 And warm as the sun-beam that danc'd on its wave.

Thy visions were transient as mists of the morning;
 They shone on my sight like the rainbow of eve;
 And the first tear of sorrow proclaim'd the sad warning,
 Those visions were sent to betray and deceive.

Peace, mild as the dew-drop descending at even,
 Protected my bosom from sorrow and care;
 But return'd to her throne in the mansion of heaven,
 When each object was stamp'd by the hand of despair.

O'er the flowers of happiness, wither'd and blighted,
 Fond memory lingers, and mourns their decay;
 For the blossoms thy warmth and thy splendour delighted,
 Expir'd in the hour that beheld thy last ray.

NOW, MARY, NOW THE STRUGGLES O'ER.

Gaelic Air.

Now, Ma_ry, now the strug_gle's o'er, The war of pride and

love, And Ma_ry, now we meet no more, Un_less we meet a_bove.

Too well thou know'st how much I lov'd!
 Thou knew'st my hopes — how fair!
 But all those hopes are blighted now,
 They point but to despair.

Thus doom'd to ceaseless, hopeless love,
 I haste to India's shore;
 For here how can I longer stay,
 And call thee mine no more!

Now, Mary, now the struggle's o'er,
 And tho' I still must love,
 Yet, Mary, here we meet no more,
 O, may we meet above!

THE HIGHLAND BALLOON.

Hee ba_low, my sweet wee Donald, Picture o' the great Clanronald;

Thoult be chief o' a' the clan, If thou art spared to be a man,

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
 An' thou live thou'll lift a naigie,
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlyle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou funder;
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

THE CALEDONIAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

Air, Farewell to Scoria.

With
Feelings!

-I have said, fare-thee-well be-fore, As I look'd, with mine eyelid

wet, Up-on scenes where my heart had a store, And those

plants of the spi-rit were set, That we can-not up-root, or for-

get. And I've felt as the dark moun-tain's brow, Had it

written, in let-ters of jet, "E-ter-ni-ty se-vers us now!"

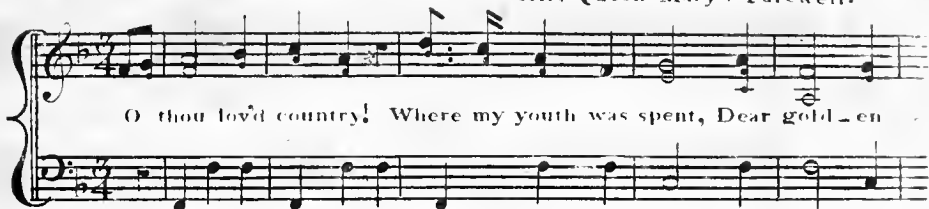
And I feel as a desolate one,
 Fair land while I gaze upon thee!—
 No more shall that "sweet setting sun"
 Plumine those vallies for me!
 Yet bright may your blossoming be,
 And soft be the gush of your streams!
 O! still in my slumbers will ye
 Be the land of my loveliest dreams.

The remembrance of thee will not wear,
 Like the mist on thy mountains, away:
 Or, as temples, that grandeur will rear,
 To glitter and glance for a day.
 But as towers are embedded for aye,
 It shall stand on the top of my heart,
 And o'er my fond fancy hold sway,
 While memory her joys shall impart.

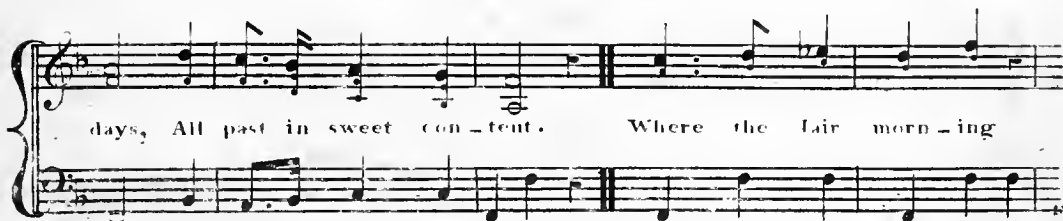
QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

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Air, Queen Mary's Farewell.



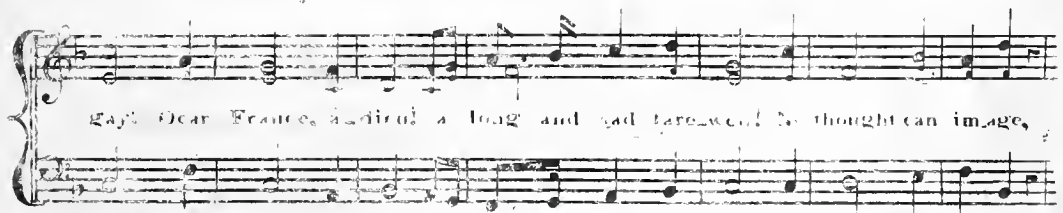
O thou lov'd country! Where my youth was spent, Dear gold-en



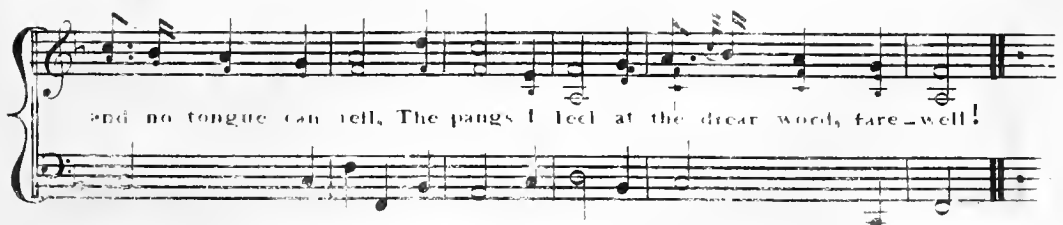
days, All past in sweet con-tent. Where the fair morn-ing



of my cloud-ed day Shone mild-ly bright, and tem-per-ate-ly



gay! Dear France, a-dieu! a long and sad fare-well! No thought can image,



and no tongue can tell, The pangs I feel at the dear words, fare-well!

The ship that waits me from thy friendly shore,
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My soul is thine, that spark of heav'nly flame,
The better portion of my mingled frame,
Is wholly thine: that part I give to thee,
That, in the temple of thy memory,
The other ever may enshrined be.

HAE YE SEEN, AT DAWN OF MORNING.

Air, Crowdy. 1st Set.

Slowly.

Hae ye seen, at dawn o' morning, When the flow'rs were ballid wi' dew?

Hae ye seen the lav' rock springing Frae the gowans vir-gin hue?

Sweet's the rose, mild blush-ing flow-er, Sweet the il-ly's mo-dest form,

Sweet the woodbine-mantled bow-er, Sweet the frag-rant bloom-ing thorn

By the storm the rose is blasted,

Rain sweeps the lily frae the vale,

The fragrance of the brier lies wasted

On the wings of autumn's gate.

Seasons ever are a-changing,

Buds to flowers, then flowers decay,

Autumn, summer's glory mourning,

Winter sweeps their pride away.

O! THE YEARS!

Air, Crowdy. 2d Set.

Slow.

O! the years when young crea-tions Peo-pled ev'ry hour that flew,

When the spi-rit knew temp-ta-tions But by love's il-lu-sive hue,

These were days of peace and plea-sure, Which we ne'er shall prove a-gain;

All the fu-ture we can mea-sure On-ly by its sum of pain,

Fare thee well, thou hours of fae-ry; Fare thee well, cre-a-tions gay;

All your vi-sions, bright and air-y, Took them wings and flew a-way.

'STU MO RŪN.*

Plaintive

Red, red is the path to glo-ry! See yon banners floating high!

O, my Geor-dy, death's be-fore ye! Turn and hear my bounding sigh

Joy of my heart, Geor-dy, hear me! Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn:

*'Thou art my love.'

Turn and see thy tartan plaid,
Rising o'er my breaking head,
O my bonny highland laddie,
Wae was it, with thee to part,
Joy of my heart, Geordy again!
Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

†'My own!'

But thou bleeds— O bleeds thou, beauty?
Swims thy eye in woe and pain?
Child of honour! child of duty!
Shall we never meet again?
Joy of my heart, Geordy again!
Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

Yes, my darling, on thy pillow,
Soon thy head shall easy lie;
Soon, upon the bounding billow,
Shall thy war-worn standard fly,
Joy of my heart, Geordy again!
Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

Then, again thy tartan plaid,
Then, my bosom free from pain,
Shall receive my Highland laddie:
Never shall we part again.

E

Joy of my heart, Geordy again!

Joy of my heart, 'Stu mo Rūn!

Lady G. Gordon, picked up this beautiful Air in the Highlands, the verses were written by Dr. Cooper at her desire, on the Marquis of Huntly when in Holland.

MAID OF ALDERNEY.

Air, Kinloch of Kinloch.

O stop na, bonnie bird, that strain, Frae hopeless love itself it flows; Sweet

bird, O war-ble it a-gain, Thou'st touch'd the string of a' my woes! O

lull me with it to re-pose, I'll dream of her who's far a-way, And

fan-cy, as my eye-lids close, Will meet the maid of Al-der-ney.

Couldst thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thoud'st leave thy native grove,
And fly, to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity, and to love,
The bonny maid of Alderney.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep;
Thy song sad recollections bring;
O! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom bring
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of Alderney.

Then, bonny bird, wi' mony a tear,
I'll mourn beneath this hoary thorn;
And thou wilt find me sitting here,
Ere thou canst hail the dawn o' morn.
Then, high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'lt chaunt a sang o' love and wae,
And soothe me, weeping at the scorn
O the sweet maid of Alderney.

And when around my wearied head,
Soft pillow'd where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
And close for aye my tearfu' eye.
Perch'd on some bonny branch on high,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my spirit passing by
To meet the maid of Alderney.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Air, Drumossie Muir.

Second Voice, ad lib:

The love_ly lass of In-ver_ness, Nae joy nae plea_sure can she

The love_ly lass of In-ver_ness, Nae joy nae plea_sure can she

see; For e'en and morn she cries, a_las! And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.

see; For e'en and morn she cries, a_las! And ay the saut tear blins her e'e.

Drum_ossie muir, Drum_ossie day, A wae_lu' day it was to

Drum_ossie muir, Drum_ossie day, A wae_fu' day it was to

me For there I lost my Fa_ther dear, My Fa_ther dear and Brethren three.

me For there I lost my Fa_ther dear, My Fa_ther dear and Brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!
 Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "It was a' for our right-fu' king We left fair Scot-land's strand; It was a' for our right-fu' king We e'er saw I-rish land, my dear, We e'er saw I-rish land." The music ends with a double bar line.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain:
 My love and native land fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
 Upon the Irish shores,
 And gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With, adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the war returns,
 The sailor frae the main,
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
 I think on him, that's far awa
 The lee-lang' night, and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang' night, and weep.

THE HIGHLANDERS' FAREWELL.

O where shall I gae seek my bread? Or where shall I gae wan-der? O

where shall I gae hide my head? For here I'll hide nae lan-ger. The

seas, may row, the winds may blow, And swathe me round in dan-ger; My

na-tive land, I must fore-go, And roam a lone-ly stran-ger.

The glen, that was my father's own,
 Must be by his forsaken;
 The house, that was my father's home,
 Is levell'd with the bracken.
 Ocho! ocho! our glory's o'er,
 Stole by a mean deceiver!
 Our hands are on the broad claymore,
 But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
 Thy people have disown'd thee,
 Have hunted, and have driv'n thee hence,
 With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
 Tho' hard beset, when I forget
 Thy fate, young helpless rover,
 This broken heart shall cease to beat,
 And all its griefs be over.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
 Land of the Gael no longer!
 A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
 In guile and treachery stronger.
 The brave and just fall in the dust,
 On ruins' brink they quiver,
 Heaven's pitying e'e is clos'd on thee,
 Adieu! adieu for ever.

THE SMUGGLER.

Air, The lads o' Lendalvit.

"The boat rides south o' Ail-sa craig In the doup-in' o' the

light; There's thret-ty men at Len-dal-fit To mak her bur-den light.

There's thretty naigs in Hazel-holm,
 Wi' the halter on their head,
 Will cadg'd this night, ayont yon hight,
 If wind and water speed.

Ey, reek ye out the pat an' spit,
 For the roast, but an' the boil,
 For wave-worn wight it is nae meet,
 Spare feeding and sair toil.

O Mungo, ye've a cozie bield,
 Wi' a butt ay an' a ben;
 Can ye no live a lawfu' life,
 An' ligg wi' lawfu' men?

Gae blaw your win aneath your pat,
 It's blawn awa on me,
 For, bag an' bark, shall be my wark
 Untill the day I die.

Maun I haud by our hamecart goods
 An' foreign gear sae fine?
 Maun I drink at the water wans,
 An' France sae rife o' wine?

O weel I like to see thee, Kate,
 Wi' the bairnie on thy knee;
 But my heart is now wi' yon gallant crew,
 That push through the angry sea.

The jauping weet, the stented sheet,
 The south-west stiffler gowl,
 On a moonless night, if the timmer's tight,
 Are the joys o' a Smuggler's 'soul'?

O CHECK MY LOVE, THE FALLING TEAR.

Air, Jock o' Hazledean.

O check, my love, the fall-ing tear Which dims thy bonnie ee; The

world may frown, and friends prove false, But I'll be true to thee.

check, my love, the ris-ing sigh, Which gent-ly swells thy heart; Hope

whis-pers soon we'll meet a-gain, And ne-ver, ne-ver part.

When far awa, that falling tear
 Shall aft remember'd be,
 The rising sigh which swells thy heart
 Shall ne'er be lost on me.
 Then check, my love, the falling tear
 Which dims thy bonnie ee;
 The world may frown, and friends prove false,
 But I'll be true to thee.

FAR FROM THE GIDDY COURT OF MIRTH.

Air, M^{rs} Hamilton of Wishaw.

Far from the gid-dy court of mirth, Where sick'ning follies reign, By

Lev_ern's stream I wan_der forth To hail each sil_van scene. All

hail, ye dear ro_man_tic shades! Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades! Here

oft the mus_ing po_et treads: In na_ture's rich_es great, The

country contrasts with the town, Makes nature's beau_ties all his own, And,

borne on fan_cy's wings, looks down On emp_ty pride and state.

By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
 Or sober evening gray,
 I'll often quit the drowsy town
 By Lavern banks to stray;
 Or from the upland's mossy brow
 Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
 Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
 A sweetly varied scene!
 Give riches to the miser's care,
 Let folly shine in fashion's glare,
 Give me the wealth of peace and health,
 With all their happy train.

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

As I came o'er the cair-ne-y mount, And down a-mang the

bloom-ing heath-er, Kind-ly stood the milk-ing shiel, To shel-ter

frae the stor-my wea-ther. O my bon-nie High-land lad, My

winsome, weel-far'd High-land lad-die; Wha wad mind the

wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tar-tan plaid-ie?

Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent,
 And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating;
 But he won my heart's consent
 To be his ain at the neist meeting.
 O my bonnie Highland lad,
 My winsome, weelfar'd Highland laddie;
 Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

Now bank an' brae are clath'd in green, An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly

spring, By Girvan's fairy haunted stream The bir-dies flit on wanton wing. To

Cassillis banks when e'en-ing fa's, There wi' my Ma-ry let me flee, There

catch her il-ka glance o' love, The bon-nie blink o' Ma-ry's e'e.

The child who boasts o' world's walth

Is aften laird o' meikle care;

But, Mary, she is a' mine ain,

And fortune canna gie me mair!

Then let me range by Cassillis banks,

Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,

And catch her ilka glance o' love,

The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e

THE PRIMROSE IS BONNIE IN SPRING.

Air, The Banks of Eswal.

Slowly.

The primrose is bonnie in spring, An' the rose it is sweet in June; It's

bon-nie, whare leaves are green, I' the sun-ny af-ter-noon. It's

bon-nie when the sun gaes down, An' glints on the broom-y knowe; It's

bon-nie to see the clouds. Sae red wi' the daz-ling lowe.

When the night is a' sae calm,
 An' comes the sweet twilight gloom,
 Oh! it cheers my heart to meet
 My lassie among the broom.
 When the birds, in bush an' brake,
 Do quit their blythe e'enin sang,
 Oh! what an hour to sit
 Thae gay gowden links amang.

THRO' CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

Air, Cruikston Castle.

Thro' Cruikston cas-tle's lone-ly wa's The win-try-wind howls

wild and drear-y; Tho' mirk the cheerless e'en-ing fa's, Yet I hae

wou'd to meet my Ma-ry. Yes, Ma-ry, tho' the winds shou'd rave Wi'

jeal-ous spite to keep me frae thee. The dark-est storm-y

Espress:

night I'd brave, For ae sweet se-cret mo-ment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep
 Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure,
 But I will ford the whirling deep
 That roars between me and my treasure.
 Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
 Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
 Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
 And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
 But when the lonesome way is past,
 I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
 Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
 With a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
 The wildest dreary night I'd brave
 For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

THE INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morn-ing breeze Like a bonfire frae, the
 sea; It's fair to see the burnie kiss The lip o' the flow'ry lea; An'
 fine it is on green hill side, When hums the hin-ny bee; But
 rar-er, fair-er, tin-er far, Is the in-gle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
 The birds may fill the tree,
 And haughs hae a' the scented ware
 That simmer's growth can gie;
 But the canty hearth, where cronies meet,
 An' the darling o' our e'e,
 That maks to us a warld complete;
 O the ingle side's for me.

THE FLOWER O' LOCHER.

Air, M^r. J. Burns' Fancy.

O, las-sie, ye maun lo'e me weel, Dearly ye maun lo'e me;

Wi' a heart that's true and leal, I ev-er-mair maun woo ye. O,

las-sie, 'tis your bon-nie sel, It's no for gear nor tock-er, I've

would you in the flow'ry dell, And on the banks o' Loch-er.

It's whare the lambkins sport and play
 Sae merry a' the simmer;
 It's whare the birds sing a' the day
 Upon the leaty timmer;
 Wi' you, my love, I like to gae,
 A leal, leal heart to offer,
 My fancy nêr frae you can stray,
 Nor bonnie banks o' Locher.

O, lassie, yêre sae fair to see,
 I aye maun lo'e ye dearly,
 Your cheek's the rose upon the tree,
 Among the dew sae pearly.
 A monarch's crown and a' I'd gi'e,
 And miser's gowden colter,
 For ae blink o' Elizab's ee
 Upon the banks o' Locher.

WHAT DE YE THINK I SUD DO.

I am a young mán, and I live wi' my min - nie, A

gude ho - nest luc - ky, I trow; But when - ev - er I

speak o' tak - in a wife, She ay flies up in a

lowe. And what do you think I sud do, gude folks? O!

wha do ye think I sud try? For if she dies, there's

nac - bo - dy lie - vin To mind the fowls and the kye.

There's red headed Jenny that lies at our side,
 At shearin she aye dings them o';
 But her vera sight mither canna abide,
 And her a wild hissie does ca'
 And what do ye think, &c.

There's M^c M^c Drunky a guid widow woman,
 For wine makin she has the gree;
 At kirnin her daughtler is surely uncommon,
 And either wad answer for me.
 And what do ye think, &c.

My mither yestreen she pouther'd my head,
 Till it was as white as the snaw;
 She tuik her auld mutch and stuffed my gravet,
 And pat in my breast prin and a:
 An' what do ye think I'm to do, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think I'm to do?
 I'm gaun to the east to a braw weddin' least
 To meet the M^c Hullys, I trow.

Now gang awa Jamie, now gang to the bridal,
 Ye ken yere to be the best man,
 And Betty M^c Hully she's the best maid,
 Speak up to her now like a man.
 And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think o' me now?
 I ken vera weel, it's a' for the siller
 That mither wad hae me to woo.

I gaed to the bridal, and Betty was there,
 And wow! but she was buskit braw,
 Wi' ribbons, and lace, a' set round her face,
 And necklaces twa or three raw.
 And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks?
 O! what do ye think I sud try?
 For really I'm vext, and sairly perplext,
 When I think o' the fowls and the kye.

To please my mither, and speak up till her,
 Lang I thought afore I wad try;
 At length I spiered, if ever she heard
 That we had twa dizen o' kye?
 And what do ye think o' me, now, gude folks?
 O! keep me frae Betty sae I.
 Wi' a' toss o' her head, she answered indeed,
 Wha cares for you, or your kye.

THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET-GLENGARY.

Air, Flowers are Fair.

The sun is set-ting on sweet Glen-ga-ry, The flow'rs are

fair, and the leaves are green; O bon-nie las-sie, ye maun be my

dear-ie, And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Down yon glen ye never will weary,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheery,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Bonnie lassie, on bank sae brierie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

In-yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

Ye canna be sad, ye canna be cerie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

The water is wimpling by fu' clearly,

The flowers are fair, and the leaves are green;

On ye sell ever be my dearie,

And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

THE WANDERER.

Air, Logan Burn.

Slowly.

The wand'ring ex-ile, doom'd to roam, Still cherishes the thought of
 home, Not all the toils that round him stand, Can wean him from his native land.
 In ev'ry pleasure, ev'ry care, Still mem'ry points and lin-gers there, And
 for-tune's las-ci-na-t'ing hand, En-dears him to his na-tive land.

Whilst whirlwinds blow and tempests rise,
 And thunders shake the troubled skies,
 His feet are on a foreign strand,
 His heart is in his native land.
 Whilst all is calm and peaceful seen,
 And nought disturbs the blue serene,
 He cannot yield to joys command,
 An exile from his native land.

But when, the storms of fortune past,
 The wish'd-for haven gain'd at last,
 With what delight his waving hand
 Enraptur'd hails his native land.
 Here tarry all his soul holds dear,
 And all his fancy loves is here,
 There are his friends his childhood play'd
 And this his lov'd, his native land.

CAULD BLAWS THE WIN'.

Air, The forsaken mither:

Slow

Could blaws the win', the sough-in' win-try win', And the

wan lea' is ta'-in' frae the tree; But cauld-cr any babe is thy

cruc' father's heart, Wha brak a' his plight-ed vows to me.

Sleep soun', my babe, my bonnie bonnie babe,
 An' blythe may thou lift thy waukenin' e'e;
 But never again can this waeft' bosom ken
 The peace that kind Heaven may gie to thee.

Oh! I maun thole the bitter, bitter scorn,
 O' them wha ance kindly smil'd on me;
 An' I maun lea' my hame and parents dear,
 To wander the world in misery.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

With
Spirit.

Does haughty Gaul in_vasion threat? Then let the loons be_ware, Sir; There's

wood-en walls u-pon our seas, And vol-un-teers on shore, Sir. The

Nith shall rin to Cor-sin-con, The Crif-fel sink in Sol-way, Ere

we per-mit a for-aign foe On Brit-ish ground to ral-ly. We'll

n'er per-mit a for-aign foe On Brit-ish ground to ral-ly.

O let us not, like snarling curs,
 In wrangling be divided,
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it;
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Among oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted
 For never but, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't;
 Our father's blude the kettle bought!
 And wha wad dare to spoil it?
 By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
 By Heavens, &c.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-sworn brother,
 Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
 May they be tied together,
 Who will not sing, 'God save the king!'
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But while we sing, 'God save the king,'
 We'll n'er forget the people,
 But while we sing, &c.

THE COVENANTERS LAMENT.

Air, The Martyr's Grave.

There's nae cove-nant now, Lassie, There's nae covenant now; The-

sol-lemn league and cove-nant Are a' brok-en through. There's

nae Ren-wick now, Las-sie, There's nae good Car-gill, Nor

ho-ly sab-bath preach-ing Up-on the Mar-tyrs hill.

It's naething but a sword, Lassie,
 A bluidy bluidy ane,
 Waving owre puir Scotland
 For her rebellious sin.
 Scotland's a' wrang, Lassie,
 Scotland's a' wrang;
 It's neither to the hill nor glen,
 Lassie we dare gang.

The martyrs' hill's forsaken,
 In simmer's dusk sae calm,
 There's nae gathering now, Lassie,
 To sing the e'ning psalm,
 But the martyrs' grave will rise, Lassie,
 Aboon' the warrior's cairn,
 An' the martyr soun' will sleep, Lassie,
 Aneath the waving fern.

Slow.

O Ma-ry, ye's be clad in silk, -And dia-monds in your hair, Gin

ye'll con-sent to be my bride, Nor think on Ar-thur mair. Oh!

wha wad wear a silk-en gown, Wi' tears blind-ing their ee? Be-

fore I'll break my true love's heart, I'll lay me down and die.

For I have pledg'd my virgin troth
 Brave Arthur's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind, whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
 I'll lay me down and die.

So, trust me, when I swear to thee
 By a' that is on high,
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye could-na buy;
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth
 I'll lay me down and die.

MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love, she's but a lassie yet, My love she's but a lassie yet; We'll
 let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half sae saucy yet. I
 rue the day I sought her, O, I rue the day I sought her, O, Wha
 gets her need-na say he's woo'd But he may say he's bought her, O.

WAS EVER HEART SAE FAIRLY T'A'EN.

Same Air.

Was ever heart sae fairly t'a'en,
 By woman's wiles unwary, O,
 And sae enthal'd as mine, by ane
 Sae fair and sae camst'ric, O?

O dule the wae fu' drinkin' o't!
 And the night I fell a thinkin' o't!
 When first a glossy dark blue-ée
 Thrill'd through me wi' the blinkin' o't.

I kenna if it's lack o' luve,
 Or want o' wit i' the lassie yet;
 Whate'er it be, the day we'll see
 She'll no be just sae saucy yet.



SCOTISH MINSTREL

A SELECTION

from the

VOCAL MELODIES OF SCOTLAND

ANCIENT & MODERN

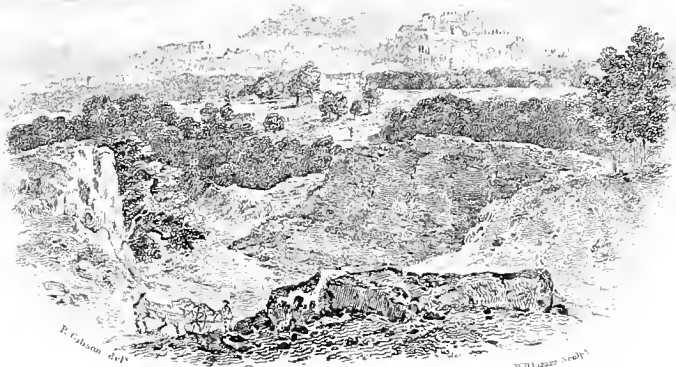
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PIANO FORTE

— BY —

R. A. SMITH.

VOL. 6



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Price 8 5

EDINBURGH

*Published & Sold by ROB^t PURDIE at his Music & Musical Instrument
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ADVERTISEMENT TO VOLUME SIXTH.

THE Editors of the SCOTISH MINSTREL intimated, in an Advertisement prefixed to the Fifth Volume, that their collected materials were far from being exhausted, and, at the same time, announced their intention to add another Volume to the Work. This they have now accomplished, and they flatter themselves, that, in point of interest and in value, it will lose nothing by a comparison with those which have preceded it. They have no longer to contend with many of the disadvantages which they experienced at the commencement of their labours; the distance of Mr Smith from Edinburgh, for instance, which rendered the necessary communication with him at once difficult and troublesome, having been obviated since his continued residence on the spot. Had they in like manner enjoyed the same advantage throughout the whole of the previous Volumes, they are confident they would not now have occasion to apologize for some occasional, although trivial, errors which had escaped their notice during the course of the publication. Should they, however, be called upon, at any after period, to send forth an improved edition of the Scottish Minstrel, they trust they will be enabled not merely to free it from being liable to such a charge, but, in many other respects, to render it still more deserving of the favourable regard which it has so liberally experienced, and to put it in competition with any existing Collection of the Melodies of Scotland.

As it seems as natural for Editors to say something for themselves, when about to take leave of the Public, as it is customary to bespeak its favour, they will avail themselves of this opportunity to say a few words in behalf of *their* favourite MINSTREL. Like all his brethren, he is delighted with the *layes* of former times,—of which, among other *ferly things*,

“ Some be of war and some of wo,
Some of joy and mirth also,
And some of treachery and of guile,
And old adventures that *fell the while*,
And many there are of *fuyrie*,
But most of love forsooth there be.”*

* See the introductory lines to the curious old legend, entitled *Lai le Freine*, composed by *Marie de France*, about the year 1240, of which there is an English translation of nearly a coeval date, familiar to the lovers of old metrical romance.

But fond as the Minstrel is of *auld sangs*, and ballads, and lilt, and rants of every description, he is, in an especial manner, partial to the legends of his native land, which are dear to every Scottish heart. In this Volume, the Reader will perceive, that *he* has been again gleaning from the same mountain-wilds, and musing “at the grey-stone of the martyr:”

“ Sequestered haunts! so still, so fair,
That holy faith might worship there—
The shaggy gerse and brown heath wave
O'er many a nameless warrior's grave.”

Yet, though the lyre of the Minstrel has often “thrilled the deepest notes of woe,” when singing of a broken covenant, and the cruel persecution of his fathers, not less ardent has been his admiration of the firm and devoted conduct of the supporters of *hereditary right*, or his sympathy with loyalty in misfortune and exile. If, at times, *he* has been led astray by his feelings, whilst listening to the heart-stirring *pibroch*, and catching the wild notes of *the Gathering*, he can only reply, in the words of the “Shepherd of the Forest,”

“ Somehow my heart, with its covenant-tie,
Was knit to the Hielands, I cou'dna tell why.”

Of these very interesting remains the Minstrel has been fortunate in being able to preserve many which otherwise might have been suffered to perish. *He* has been equally assiduous in searching after fragments which relate to either the one party or the other,—whether they be such as concern those who, in the times of the fiery persecution, displayed as much resignation under suffering as boldness in the hour of danger, or of those who, nearer our own days, actuated by feelings which no generous heart will condemn, evinced the like heroic firmness and resolution, although called forth in a cause less fortunate and less holy, but over which integrity of principle, unshaken loyalty, and attachment to a hopeless cause in the midst of adversity, have contributed to shed so much lustre.

In concluding their labours, the Editors feel it as a duty binding on them, in a public manner to express the obligations they are under to the various contributors who have taken an interest in the publication. To many of them they are prevented from acknowledging the favours they have conferred, in consequence of their being ignorant of the quarters from whence they came, whilst others of their friends have thought fit to impose on them injunctions to silence. In such cases they can merely express, in general terms, how much they are indebted to their kindness; and if, in any instance, they have not availed themselves of such con-

tributions, they are not the less grateful for their gratuitous assistance.* In particular, the Editors would have felt happy in being permitted to enumerate the many original and beautiful verses that adorn their pages, for which they are indebted to the author of the much-admired song, "The Land of the Leal" (vol. 3),—but they fear to wound a delicacy which shrinks from all observation. Such reserve, however, they apprehend, does not apply in every instance; and they beg to return their best acknowledgments to the Ettrick Shepherd for his kind services, in

* We cannot forbear noticing *one lilt*, sent us anonymously, for the old tune of "Brose and Butter," as, whatever may be thought of the song, the melody is, we believe, nearly as great a favourite with some of our friends as it was with Charles II.; and we are sure our readers will readily excuse our insertion of an anecdote which has been brought to our remembrance, wishing, as we do, that, when they are in any difficulties, they may know how to use the power of musical association to as good purpose as the laird of Cockpen.

CHARLES II. AND THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.*

During the time of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorship, the principal residence of Charles II. was at the court of his sister in Holland. The laird of Cockpen, a staunch adherent to the House of Stuart, followed the prince thither, and attached himself to Charles' household. Cockpen, from his skill and proficiency in music, very much contributed to divert his royal master, by the impressive manner in which he played the favourite airs of his native country; but none pleased Charles so well as the tune of "Brose and Butter." So partial was he to this air, that with "Brose and Butter" sounding in his ears he was lulled asleep at night, and with "Brose and Butter" awaked from his morning slumber. At the Restoration, Cockpen returned to Scotland, where he found that, in consequence of his attachment to the royal cause, his estate had been attainted. Many were the applications he made to have it put again in his possession, but all to no purpose. He at length went to London, but was coldly received by the courtiers, put off with fair promises, and in all his attempts to gain an audience of the king, he was baffled and thwarted. Having formed an intimacy, as a musician, with the organist of the kings' chapel, he solicited, and obtained, as a special favour, permission to perform on the organ before his majesty, at the royal chapel. Cockpen exerted his talents to the utmost, thinking to attract the attention of Charles, but all his efforts were unavailing. On the conclusion of the service, instead of a common voluntary, in a fit of despair he struck up "Brose and Butter," which no sooner caught the ear of the king than he flew to the organ-gallery. The regular organist perceiving the vivid flashes of Charles' eye, was seized with such a panic, that he fell on his knees and protested his innocence. "It was not me, please your majesty, it was not me!"—"You! you!" exclaimed the enraptured monarch, as he hastily passed him,—"*You* never could play any thing like it in your life."—Then addressing his old associate in exile,—"*Odds fish*, Cockpen! I thought you would have made me dance."—"I could have danced to 'Brose and Butter' once with a light heart too," replied the performer,—"*but* my adherence to your majesty's interest has bereft me of the lands of Cockpen."—"You *shall* dance," said Charles,—"*you shall* dance, and be laird of Cockpen yet."—Accordingly the laird was immediately put in possession of his inheritance.

* Baron Cockburn's hereditary property.

having furnished them with many of the wild flowers gathered from the hills and valleys of his pastoral district,—and they assure him, that they prize his thymy sweets more highly than the cultured plants of a regular parterre. To several of Mr Smith's personal friends the *Minstrel* is likewise under no inconsiderable obligations; and the Editors have much pleasure in offering their best thanks to Mr Motherwell of Paisley, for the permission he has so obligingly granted them, of publishing several choice pieces from his scarce and valuable MSS., amongst which they beg particularly to notice the fine Jacobite song, "Ye bonnie Haughs" (page 77, vol. 5), and the interesting ballad of the Mermayden (page 80 of the present Volume), with their original melodies. They have also to present thanks to Mr Robert Allan of Kilbarchan, who favoured them with many excellent original songs, as well as old fragments recovered by him from among the peasantry in the West of Scotland; and, in like manner, to Mr Daniel Weir of Greenock, and Mr William Chalmers of Paisley, from both of whom they have received several songs of considerable merit.

The Editors must now take leave of the *SCOTISH MINSTREL*, having used their best endeavours to render the volumes worthy of a place in the library, as well as to appear in the drawing-room. In attempting to form an extensive collection of the national airs of their country, the task has been a source to them of no inconsiderable degree of pleasure; and they have the satisfaction of considering, that the principles upon which they have uniformly proceeded, and in conformity with which the work was originally projected, are such as entitle them, at least, to the approbation of those who join a regard to morality and virtuous enjoyment with the desire to encourage the exertions of native genius.

EDINBURGH, JANUARY 1824.

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1
NAE GENTEE DAMES, THO' E'ER SAE FAIR.

Air, The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie.

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ev-er be my mu-sic's

care; Their titles a' are emp-ty show, Gie me my Highland lassie, O. With-

in the glen sae bush-y O, A-boon the plain sae rush-y O, I

set me down wi' right good will, To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallyes mine,
 You palace, and yon gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
 I know her heart will never change;
 For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
 My faithful Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
 And I maun cross the raging sea;
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
 For her I'll trace a distant shore,
 That Indian wealth may lustre throw
 Around my Highland lassie, O.
 Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
 By sacred truth and honor's band!
 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
 I'm thine my highland lassie, O.
 Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O,
 Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O;
 To other lands I now must go
 To sing my Highland lassie, O.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

It is na, Jean, thy bo-nie face, Nor shape that I ad-

mire, Al-tho' thy beau-ty and thy grace Might weel a-wauk de-sire.

Something 'in il-ka part o' thee, To praise, to love, I find, But

dear as is thy form to me, Still dear-er is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee;
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

EPPIE MACNAB.

O mind ye nae, mind ye nae, Ep-pie Mac-nab, It's no sae lang-

syne yet, O Ep-pic Mac-nab, Sin' yere een they shone bright, And yere

heart it lap light, Gin ye'd seen but the sha-dow o' blythe Jock Rab. But

wea-ry now, wea-ry now's wae Jock Rab; O wea-ry now,

wea-ry now's wae Jock Rab; My joy and my pride I lo'ed

aye like a bride, She's fause and for-sa-ken her ain Jock Rab.

O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!
 O wae worth the lordling, my Eppie Macnab!
 His fancy ye'll tyne,
 Ye maun nae mair be mine,
 And the world's a waste to your ain Jock Rab.
 O weary now, &c.

An' ye saw your wee bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,
 Your mitherless bairnies now, Eppie Macnab,
 They greet, and think shame,
 Gin they hear but your name,
 And they wring the heart's blude frae your ain Jock Rab.
 O weary now, &c.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

Jacobite.

Lively.

On a bank of flowers ae simmer's day, Whare lads and lass,es meet,

Whare weary rue it never grew, And the thyme was pass-ing sweet. Tam

fill'd his glass, and pledg'd his lass, And Charlie's health a-round did pass; Hur-

ra, hur-ra, they cried, and ev'ry ane replied, We'll fight for our law-fu' king.

New-fangled lads, in their black cockaids,

Cast a gloom, like the darkness o' night,

True-hearted lads, wi' their white cockaids,

Cheer up like the morning light!

Then fill your glass, and pledge your lass,

That Charlie's health around may pass;

Hurra, hurra, they cried, and ev'ry ane replied,

We'll fight for our lawfu' king.

THE WIDOW'S LULLABY.

Slow

Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee, Rest, lovely babe, on mother's knee, And

cry nae to fill wi' wae The heart that on-ly beats for thee. Thou

hast, my babe, nae fa-ther now, To care for thee when I am gone; And

I ha'e ne'er a friend sae true, As would my bonnie ba-by own.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

Oh! ance, and I could little think
 A lot sae hard would e'er be thine,
 As thus a mother's tears to drink!
 For, baby, thou hast drunk o' mine.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O smile, my babe; for sic a smile
 Thy lather aye put on to me;
 O smile, my babe; and look the while,
 For thou look'st wi' thy father's e'e.

Rest, lovely babe, &c.

O that this widow'd heart would beat
 'Till thou in years badst upward grown!
 That I might learn thy future fate,
 Nor leave thee in the world alone.

FAREWELL TO FUNERY.

The wind is fair, the day is fine, And swift-ly swift-ly runs the
time; I see the boat, I know her sign, That waits me far from Fun-ery.

A thousand, thousand tender ties,
Unite my country and my sighs;
My heart within me almost dies,
To think of leaving Funery.

Oft with infant steps I've roll'd,
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listen'd, while the shepherds told
An ancient tale of Funery.

Oft have I sat at close of day,
Where Ossian sung his martial lay,
And view'd the sun's last setting ray,
Wandering on Dununery.

Alt-na-Caillach, gentle stream!
That murmurs softly by the green;
What happy, joyous days, I've seen
Beside the stream of Funery.

And must I leave those happy scenes!
Oh! see them spread the swelling sail;
Adieu! a while, my native plains,
I must depart from Funery.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

Air, Maxwells' Strathspey.

The noble Maxwells, and their powers, Are coming o'er the border, And

they'll gae big Ter-ra-gles, towers And set them a' in or-der. And

they de-clare, Ter-ra-gles fair, For their a-bode they chuse it; There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's light-er at the news o't. And

they de-clare, Ter-ra-gles fair, For their a-bode they chuse it; There's

no a heart in a' the land, But's light-er at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
 And angry tempests gather;
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow,
 So dawning day has brought relief,
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

I'LL DRINK A HEALTH TO CHARLIE.

Air, John Blunt.

Lively

I'll drink a health to Char- lie, O, I'll drink a health to

Charlie, An' a' the lads wi' white cockauds, That are a-wa' wi' Charlie.

The day is come for Charlie, O,
 The day is come for Charlie;
 He's taen the field, an' a' maun yield
 To Scotland and to Charlie.

Here's heart an' han' for Charlie, O,
 Here's heart an' han' for Charlie;
 There's no a whig, tho' e'er sae big,
 Will draw fornent prince Charlie.

Cope's run awa frae Charlie, O,
 Cope's run awa frae Charlie;
 He's run awa by morning's daw,
 He durst na' meet prince Charlie.

My blessing be on Charlie, O,
 My blessing be on Charlie,
 An' may nae loon e'er wear the crown
 That but belongs to Charlie.

I'll drink a health to Charlie, O,
 I'll drink a health to Charlie,
 An' a' the lads wi' white cockauds,
 That are awa wi' Charlie.

THE UNCO GRAVE.

9

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

Bonnie Clouden, as ye wan-der, Hills, an' heughs, an' muirs a -

mang, Il-ka knowe an' green me-an-der, Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang!

Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather, Howms whare rows the gowden wave; Blissfu'

scenes! fare-weel for ev-er! I maun seek an un-co grave.

Sair I pled, tho' late, unfriendly,
 Stang'd my heart wi' waes and dules,
 That some faithfu' hand might kindly
 Lay't among my native mools,
 Cronies dear, wha late an' early,
 Ay to soothe my sorrows strave,
 Think on ane wha lo'es you dearly,
 Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa frae Scotia's mountains,
 Far frae a' that's dear to dwell,
 Maks my een twa gushin' fountains,
 Dings a dirk in my puir saul,
 Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
 Howms whare rows the gowden wave,
 Blissfu' scenes, fareweel for ever,
 I maun seek an unco grave!

THE MAY OF THE GLEN.

Old.

There was a May wou'd in yon glen, With a heigh ho, the green hollan

tree, And she had woo-ers nine or ten, And the broom it bloom'd saehonnie

* * * * *

But him she lo'ed did prove untrue,
 With a heigh ho, the green hollan tree,
 Whilk caus'd the May fu' sair to rue,
 And the broom nae mair bloom'd bonnie.

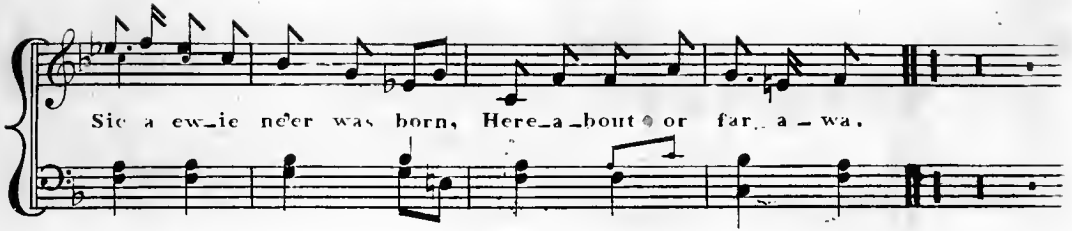
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THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O were I able to re-hearse, My ew-ie's praise in proper verse, I'd

sound it out as loud and fierce, As ev-er pi-per's drone cou'd blaw. My

ew-ie wi' the crook-ed horn, Weel de-serv'd baith garse and corn.



I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel;
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by among them a'
The ewie, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her;
Ane she lay a owk, an' langer,
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But teas'd about the barnyard wa'.
The ewie, &c.

A better, nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man could weel hae wist;
For, silly thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair than thirty head to ca'.
The ewie, &c.

The neest I gae to Jean, and now
The bairn's sae braw, has lauld sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
For fear the fumart might devour her,
Or some mishanter had come o'er her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.
The ewie, &c.

Yet monday last, for a' my keeping,
I canna speak it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.
The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down beneath a buss o' thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa!
The ewie, &c.

But an I had the loon that did it,
I hae sworn as weel as said it,
Tho' a' the world should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thraw.
The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn
As this, since ever I was born,
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Puir silly ewie, stown awa.
The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wadna been, by mony fault,
Sae sair a heart to ane o's a'.
The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frac her and her's sae aften shorn;
The loss of her we could hae borne,
Had fair strae death tane her awa.
The ewie, &c.

But, silly thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't awa.
The ewie, &c.

O, a' ye hards beneath Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn,
Our ewie, wi' the crooked horn,
Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'
The ewie, &c.

TAM GLEN.

Lively

My heart is a breaking dear tittie! Some counsel un-to me come

len? To anger them a' is a pi-ty, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a law' fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a ten;
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Gude day to you, brute," he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen.

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They batter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen.

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
 O, wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen, at the valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
 For thrice I drew aye without failing,
 And thrice it was written Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken,
 His likeness cam up the house staukin,
 And the very grey brecks o' Tam Glen.

Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry,
 I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

ORAN-AN-AOIG, or THE SONG OF DEATH.

13

Gaelic Air.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies! Now gay with the

broad setting sun; Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! Our

race of ex - is - tence is run. Thou grim king of - ter - rors! Thou

life's gloomy foe! Go frighten the coward and slave, Go teach them to

tremble, fell tyrant, but know, No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name!
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his lame.
 In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands
 Our king and our country to save;
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

MY LOVE, COME LET US WANDER.

Gaelic Air.

Cheerful

My Love come let us wan-der, Where Ra-ven's streams* me-

an-der, And where, in sim-ple gran-deur, The dai-sy decks the plain.

Peace and joy our hours will measure; Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!

Then how sweet, and then how cheer-ic, Ra-ven's braes will be, my dear-ic.

The silver moon is beaming,
 On Clyde her light is streaming,
 And, while the world is dreaming,
 We'll talk of love, my dear.
 None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
 Where thine image loves to blossom,
 And no storm will ever sever
 That dear flower, or part us ever.

*Raven's stream, in the neighbourhood of Greenock.

THE BLACK HAIR'D LADDIE.

Air, An gilleadh dùth ciar dùth.

A-lack, my sad heart! how it throbs wi' its sor-row; I'

ne'er can a-wa wi' the thoughts o' to-mor-row; My fa-ther he

bar-gain'd to part wi' his Flo-ra, My black-hair'd-dear lad-die, O

tak me a-wa! My black-hair'd-dear lad-die, O tak me a-wa!

I flee frae the grey-headed laird an' my father,
 I flee to my shepherd, wha trips owre the heather;
 We aye were lu' glad when at e'en we'd lorgather;
 My black-hair'd-dear laddie, O tak me awa.
 My black-hair'd, &c.

The story is tauld, an' her father's confounded;
 The ha' wi' his rage an' rampagin' resounded;
 The horn, an' the shout's spreadin' clamour, far sounded,
 To tell wha the shepherd had carried awa.
 To tell, &c.

Owre hill, stream, an' valley, through bramble an' brecken,
 They flew till the fugitives were overtaken;
 They've torn them asinder, their tender hearts breakin';
 The black-hair'd-poor shepherd they drave him awa.
 The black-hair'd, &c.

The shepherd he look'd in a sad sort o' languish,
 An' Flora, owre-come, in a heart breakin' anguish,
 Exclaim'd "frosty-headed laird ne'er shall extinguish
 My love for the laddie they've driven awa"
 My love, &c.

Then Flora, my life's saul, refrain thy sad sorrow,
 Nor heed ye the purposed plan o' tomorrow,
 The dotard is doited, the shepherds-dear Flora,
 Ere morning's grey dawnin' will hae thee awa.
 Ere morning's, &c.

The alterations in the words of this copy by the Author D. Tough.

ALTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Al-ton, among thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll

sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring

stream; Flow gent-ly, sweet Al-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
 Ye wild-whistling blackbirds, in yon thorny den;
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming lorbear;
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lolly, sweet Alton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Fair mark'd with the courses of clear-winding rills;
 There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
 There oft, as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Alton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Alton, among thy green braes;
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Alton, disturb not her dream.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Air, The Mariners Dirge.

Slow.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu! Your toils, and
 pains, and dangers are no more; The tempest now shall howl un-
 heard by you, While ocean smites in vain the trem-bling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,
 In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
 Untelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
 And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
 Unheard, shall form the long embattled line;
 Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
 Shall tumble, when the hostile squadrons join.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrowed tear,
 Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell,
 Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
 Who sadly listen to the passing bell!

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
 Like those who perish in their country's cause!
 What though no epic muse in living lays,
 Records your dreadful daring with applause!

Yet shall remembrance from Oblivion's veil
 Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,
 And soft Compassion, at your tragic tale,
 In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

Air, The Rover.

With
Spirit.

The Ro-ver o' Loch-ry-an, he's gane Wi' his mer-ry men sae

brave; Their hearts are o' the steel, an' a bet-ter keel N'er

bow'd owre the back o' a wave, It's no when the Loch lies

dead in its trough, When nae-thing dis-turbs it a-va; But the

rack, an' the ride o' the rest-less tide, Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw.

2^d Verse.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl Owre the breast o' the

sil-er sea, That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best, An' the

Ro-ver that's dear to me. But when that the clud lays its

cheeks to the flud, An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore; When the

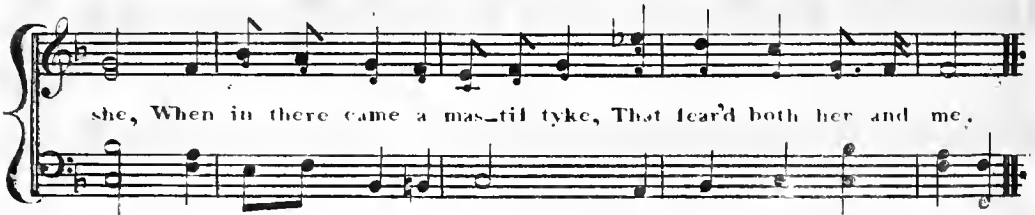
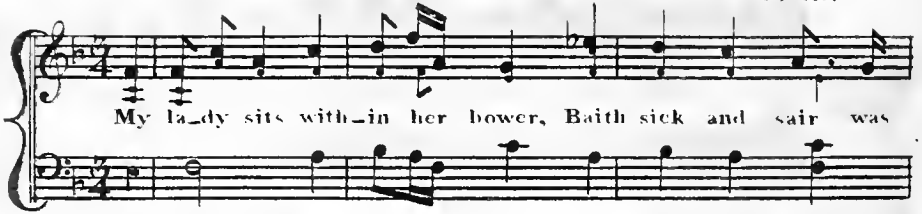
win' sings high, an' the sea-whaups cry As they rise frae the whitening roar.

It's then that I look to the thickening rook,
 An' watch by the midnight tide;
 I ken the wind brings my rover hame,
 An' the sea that he glories to ride.
 O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
 Wi' the helm-heft in his hand,
 An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue"
 As his e'es' upon Galloway's land—

"Unstent an' slack each reef and tack,
 Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
 An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.
 When landsmen sleep, or wake an' creep,
 In the tempest's angry moan,
 We dash thro' the drift, an' sing to the lilt
 O' the wave, that heaves us on!"

*MY LADY SITS WITHIN HER BOWER.**

Old Air.



A bloody battle soon began
Between this dog and me;
When I then fled below the bed,
And thought he'd worried me.

O had I here my master dear!
A gallant young squire is he;
He would soon pepper your black sides,
And rid the house of thee.

O Nero is thy name I said,
And weel nam'd may ye be,
Or ye'd ne'er hae bitten my lady's finger,
Or foughten sae sore wi' me.

O, Betty, call to me my page,
Make haste and gar him flee,
That he may force this surly tyke
Out owre the Earn to flee.

O hold your peace, you little pug,
For what use can ye be,
But to lie in a lady's lap,
Or catch a mouse or flee.

The little page he came, he ran,
A great big besom had he,
And soon he forc'd this surly tyke
Out owre the Earn to flee.

I know I am of little stature,
And far far less than thee;
But had I strength to my goodwill
A dead dog ye should be.

Come all ye mickle mastif tykes,
A warning take by me!
Ne'er meddle wi' little gentle dogs
That's born of high degree.

My father was an Earl's dog,
My mother a Knight's was she,
And it ill becomes a mastif tyke,
To bite or snarl at me.

For I hae liv'd in this castle
These seven years and near three.
But such misfortunes ne'er befel
Since Prim they called me.

*This song, with its melody, was written from the singing of M^{rs} Maxwell Senl of Brediland.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Air, General Robertson of Lawar.

Moderately
Slow.

And must I leave my native Isle; Fair friendship's eye, affection's smile; The
mountain sport, the angler's wile, The birch and weeping willow. The
highland glen, the healthy gale, The gloaming glee, the evening tale; And
must I leave my native vale, And brave the boisterous billow.

How sweet to climb the mountain high,
While dawning gilds the eastern sky;
Or in the shade at noon to lie
Upon the fell so airy.
And, when the sun is sinking low,
Thro' woodland walks to wander slow;
Or kindly in my plaid to rowe
My gentle rosy Mary.

My native Isle! I love thee well;
I love thee more than I can tell;
Accept my last, my sad farewell!
In thee I may not tarry.
What makes my bosom heave so high?
What makes the dew-drop gild mine eye?
Alas! that dew would quickly dry,
It 'twere not for my Mary.

O youth! thou season light and gay,
How soon thy pleasures melt away!
Like dream dispell'd by dawning day,
Or waking wild vagary.
The thrush shall quit the woodland dale,
The lav'rock cease the dawn to hail,
Ere I forget my native vale,
Or my sweet lovely Mary.

SAW YE NE'ER A LANE'LY LASSIE.

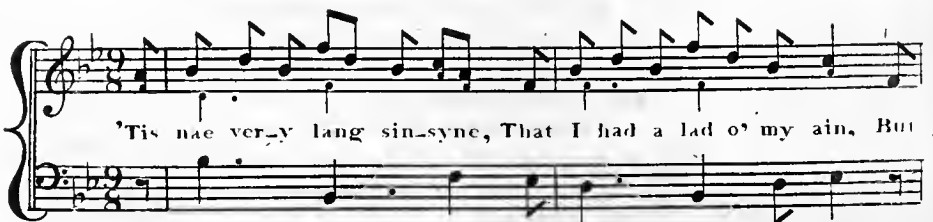


Saw ye ne'er a lane'ly las-sie, Thinkin, gin she were a wife, The
sun o' joy wad ne'er gae down, But warm and cheer her a' her life.

Saw ye ne'er a wea-ry wi-fy, Think-in, gin she were a lass,
She wad aye be blythe and hear-ty, Light-ly as the day wad pass.

Wives and lasses, young and aged,
Think na on each ither's fate;
Ilka ane it has its crosses;
Mortal joy was ne'er complete.
Ilka ane it has its blessings;
Peevish diinna pass them bye;
Seek them out like bonny berries,
Tho' among the thorns they lie.

'TIS NAE VERY LANG SIN-SYNE.



'Tis nae very lang sin-syne, That I had a lad o' my ain, But

now he's a-wa to an-ith-er, And left me a' my lane. The

lass he is court-ing has sil-ler, An' I hae nane at a'; It's

nought but the love o' the tocher, That's taen my laddie a-wa.

But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Untill that I meet wi' a lad
 Wha has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't mysell,
 That shou'd nae say't, tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife
 Hell n'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell,
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back
 But sic as I spin mysell;
 And when I am clad in my kourtsey,
 I think mysell as hraw
 As Susie, wi' a' her pearling,
 That's tane my laddie awa'

But I wish they were buckled together,
 And may they live happy for life;
 Tho' Willie does slight me, and's lett me,
 The chield he deserves a good wife.
 But O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
 As blyth as I weel can be;
 For ane that's, sae keen o' the siller
 Will never agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
 The wee thing I hae I'll mak use o',
 And nae ane about me shall want.
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when to hand and to gie;
 For whinging and cringing for siller
 Will never agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An' he wha has that has enough;
 The master is seldom sae happy
 As Robin, that drives the plough.
 But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
 To mak me his partner for life;
 If the chield has the sense to be happy,
 Hell fa' on his feet for a wife.

PAISLEY LASSES.

Air, Ayrshire Lasses.

Lively.

O hae ye seen our lass_es yet, Our lasses trig and bonnie, O, Sae
 blythe, sae neat, sae smiling sweet, They're nev_er match'd by o_ny, O. The
 heart sae free, the piercing e'e, The smile that a' sur_pass_es, O; The
 nymphs a_roun' maun a' look down Com_par'd wi' Pais_ley Lass_es, O.

When Love had fix'd his throne on earth,
 — Midst beauty's fond caresses, O,
 His hours below mov'd dull and slow
 Unless 'mang Paisley Lasses, O.
 The witching face, in ev'ry place,
 Like ghaists, our peace harasses, O;
 But still we chace the lovely race
 O' bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

I see the belle, wi' silk and lace,
 Wi' scornfu' e'e she passes, O;
 But studied grace maun aye gie place
 To bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.
 Then, while in friendship's social ha'
 We push aroun' the glasses, O,
 Let's drink to them that charm us a';
 The bonnie Paisley Lasses, O.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

Air, Scots Recluse.

When I up_on thy bo_som lean, And fond_ly clasp thee a' my
 ain, I glo_ry in the sa_cred ties That made us ane, wha ance were twain. A
 mu_tual flame in_spires us baith, The ten_der look, the mel_ting kiss; Ev'n
 years shall ne'er de_stroy our love, But on_ly gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;
 I ken thy wish is me to please;
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze.
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;
 And aye when weary cares arise
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drap a tear.
 Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;
 United still her heart and mine,
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATIE.

Air, Edinburgh Kate.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming down the street, my jo? My

mis_tress in her tar_tan screen, Fu' bun_ny, braw, and sweet, my jo. "My

dear," quoth I, "thanks to the night, That nev_er wish'd a lov_er ill, Since

ye're out o' your mith_er's sight, Let's tak a walk up to the hill?"

"O Katie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town awhile?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gaun to smile:
 The mavis, lintie, and the lark,
 The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green shaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad your mind?"

"Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends down this morning draught o' dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk your brow:
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upon the velvet log?"

"There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, saft, and flowery den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bower.
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove,
 There sit, secure from ev'ry harm,
 And breathe our constant vows o' love?"

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Air, My mither's aye glowrin o'er me.

Lively.

My mith-er's aye glowr-in o'er me, Tho' she did the same be-

fore me; I can-na get leave to look to my love, Or else she is

like to de-voir me. Right fain wad I tak yere of-fer, Sweet

Sir, but I'll tinc my toch-er; Then, San-dy, yell Iret, And

wyte yere poor Kate, When-e'er ye keek in your toom col-fer.

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of siller, and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 Tō twin wi' his gear,
 And sae we had need to be tenty.
 Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion;
 Brag weel o yere land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

TWAS ON A CAULD, CAULD WINTRY MORN.

Air, Clavers' Visit.

Slow.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The first system begins with the lyrics: "'Twas on a cauld, cauld wintry morn, When heaps o' driltin' snaw Lay roun' our hour-och, and raise up A-against our hal-lan wa'." The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

My father sat wi' a thought' e'e,
 His years fourscore and twa;
 But he had sworn to the covenant,
 The solemn league, and a'.

"Lassie?" quo' he, "your brethren three
 Are in the camp, whare nane
 But wha lor the haly covenant
 Their solemn aith hae ta'en?"

"Lassie?" quo' he, "their travail's sair,
 An' we sit lowne an' calm;
 Bring down, bring down the haly beuk,
 We'll sing the mornin' psalm?"

An' we sang the mornin' psalm, until
 The tears drapt frae our e'e;
 My father pray'd for the camp o' God,
 I for my brethren three.

My father raise, wi' a wistfu' e'e,
 An' look'd o'er dale an' down,
 "Lassie?" quo' he, "the cruel gledd
 Unto our nest hath flown?"

* * * * *

Clavers, an' a' his wicked men,
 Our bouroch pran'd it roun';
 Wi' awlu' aiths they drew their swords,
 * * * * *

"My father, could na thy grey hairs
 Their bluidy hands restrain?
 Na, na, their hearts too harden'd were,
 * * * * *

But their is ane in heaven aboon,
 That sic ill deeds can see.
 * * * * *

The memory of Claverhouse is universally detested in Scotland, from the cruelties he inflicted on the persecuted Presbyterians.

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

Air, The Lass among the Breckan.

Among the birks, sae blythe an' gay I met my Julia lameward gaun, The

lin-ties chauntit on the spray, The lam-mies loup-it on the lawn; On

il-ka swaird the hay was mawn; The braes wi' gowans buskit brow; An'

gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn Out o'er the hills o' Gal-lo-wa.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance wing'd along the lee,
When down we sat, the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee:
My Julia's arms encircled me;
Then sweetly glade the hours awa,
Till dawning coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa.

"It isna owsen, sheep, an' kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted e'e wad hae, quo' I,
"This world's drumlie gloom to cheer;
But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers, wha rowe this earthen ha';
An' O sae blythe through life I'll steer
Amang the hills o' Gallowa.

"When gloamin' daunders up the hill,
An' our gudeman ca's hame the cows,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That through the rashes dimpled rows;
Or tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
An' sing the streams, the straths, an' howes,
The hills an' dales, o' Gallowa.

"An' when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,
Her flow'ry wilds an' wimplin' rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains.
Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns.
Where heather blooms an' moor-cocks crawl.
O dig my grave, an' lay my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa!"

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

Lively.

Altho' his back be at the wa', An-oth-er was the fau't-or; Al-

tho' his back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa-ter. He

gat the skaith, he gat the scorn, I lo'e him still the bet-ter; Tho'

in a muir I hide for-orn, I'll drink his health in wa-ter; Al-

tho' his back be at the wa', Yet here's his health in wa-ter.

NOW WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

Air, Forneth House.

Now winter, wi' his cloud-y brow, Is far ayont yon mountains, And

spring beholds her a-zure sky Re-Hec-ted in the foun-tains, Now

on the bud-ding, slae-thorn bank She spreads her ear-ly blossom, And

woos the mir-ly-breast-ed birds To nes-tle in her bo-som; But

late-ly a' was clad wi' snaw, Sae dark-some dull an' drear-y, Now

lave-rocks sing to hail the spring, An' na-ture all is cheer-y.

Then let us leave the town, my love,
 An' seek our country dwelling,
 Where waving woods, and spreading How'rs
 On ev'ry side are smiling.
 We'll tread again the daisied green,
 Where first your beauty mov'd me;
 We'll trace again the woodland scene,
 Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me:
 We soon will view the roses blaw,
 In a' the charms o' fancy;
 For doubly dear these pleasures a',
 When shar'd with you, my Nancy.

OCTOBER WINDS WI' BITING BREATH.

Air, O my Love's bonnie.

Moderately
Slow.

Oc-to-ber winds, wi' bit-ing breath, Now nip the leaves that's

yel-low tad-ling; Nae gow-ans glint up-on the green, A-las! they're

co'er'd wi' win-ter's clead-ing. As thro' the woods I mus-ing gang, Nae

bird-ies cheer me frae the bush-es, Save lit-tle Ro-bin's

lane-ly sang, Wild warb-ling where the bur-nie gush-es.

The sun is jogging down the brae,
 Dimly through the mist he's shining;
 And cranreugh hoar creeps o'er the grass,
 As day resigns his throne to e'ning.
 Oft let me walk at twilight grey,
 To view the face of dying nature,
 Till spring again, wi' mantle green,
 Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

MARY'S SMILES.

Air, Return my heart again.

Sweet are the fair maids that adorn The pleasant banks of Clutha's
stream, Sweet as the smile of infant morn, Fair as the day's unclouded beam.

Yet still their glowing charms I view'd, An' aye my heart frae love was free, 'Till
Ma-ry's smiles, an' win-ning wyles, At length has won that heart frae me.

The rosy cheek may charm an hour,
But short's the pleasure it can gie;
For beauty fades like ony flower,
Or palls upo' the lover's e'e.
But virtue smiles aye sweet an' young,
Her beauties neither fade nor flee;
Thus Mary's charms my breast aye warms,
An' keeps the heart she's won frae me.

O! what is wealth, an' what is fame?
Like beauty they may fade away;
An' what is friendship but a dream,
A vision aft that leads astray?
Sae then let fortune smile or frown,
Friends prove unkind, or faithfu' be,
Still Mary's smiles, an' winning wyles,
Will cheer the heart she's won frae me.

I'LL O'ER THE MUIR TO MAGGY O.

Brisk.

I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O, I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O, When

done wi' wark, tho' e'er sac dark, I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O. When the

sun sinks down the western sky, When daun'rin' hameward comes the kye, When the

vail of e'en be-dims the eye, I'll o'er the muir to Mag-gy, O.

I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O,
 I'll o'er the muir to Maggy, O;
 I'll pass the den, and thro' the glen,
 Sync o'er the muir to Maggy, O.
 When day is past I tak my kent,
 And lie me o'er the heather bent;
 I feel sic joy, and blythe content,
 While o'er the muir wi' Maggy, O.

CULLODEN, or LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.

Air, Fingal's Lament.

Slowly.

Cul-loden, on thy swarthy brow Spring no wild flow'rs nor verdure

air; Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow, More than the freezing wintry air;

For once thou drank'st the he-ro's blood, And war's un-hal-low'd footsteps bore; Thy

deeds, un-ho-ly, na-ture view'd, Then fled and curs'd thee ev-er-more.

From Beauty's wild and woodland glens, How proudly Lovat's banners soar!	To his blue hills, that rose in view, As o'er the deep his galley bore,
How fierce the plaided Highland clans Rush onward with the broad claymore!	He often look'd, and cried, "Adieu! I'll never see Lochaber more!
Those hearts that high with honour heaves, The volleying thunder there laid low!	Though now thy wounds I cannot heal, My dear, my injur'd native land!
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves, When wintry winds begin to blow!	In other climes thy foe shall feel The weight of Cam'ron's deadly brand.

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel! The braided plume's torn from thy brow!	"Land of proud hearts and mountains grey! Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung!
What must thy haughty spirit feel, When skulking like the mountain roe!	Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day, That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bow'rs, On April eve, their loves and joys,	Where once they rul'd, and roam'd at will, Free as their own dark mountain game,
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest tow'rs To foreign lands an exile flies.	Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel A longing for their fathers' fame.

"Shades of the mighty and the brave!
Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell!
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell.
But generous hearts will weep your fate,
When far has roll'd the tide of time;
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme."

MARY.

Highland Air.

Slow

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst, At the wa-gang o' the swallow, When the

win's grow cauld, when the burns grow bauld, And the wuds are hingin' yellow.

But, O! its dowier, far, to see The wa-gang o' her the heart gangs wi', The

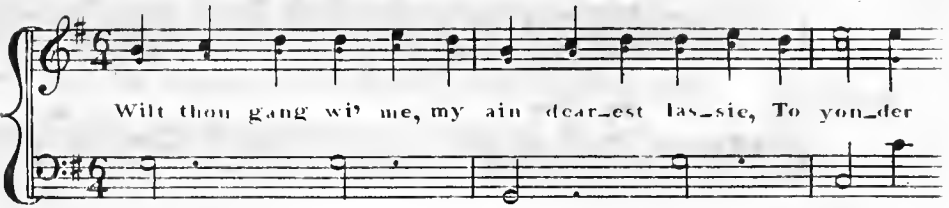
deadset o' a shining e'e, That darkens the weary warl on thee!

There was mickle love atween us twa —
 O! twa could ne'er be fonder;
 An' the thing on yird was never made
 That could hae gart us sunder.
 But the way o' Heaven's aboon a' ken —
 An' we maun bear what it likes to sen —
 It's comfort tho' to weary men,
 That the warst o' this warl's waes maun en'.

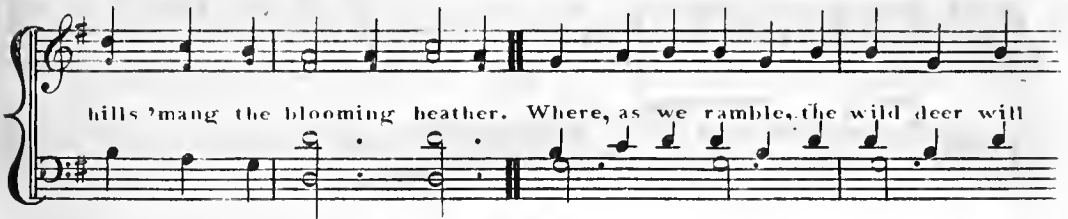
There's mony things that come an' gae —
 Just kent and just forgotten, —
 An' the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,
 Gin anither year lie rotten.
 But the last look o' that lovely e'e —
 An' the dying grip she gae to me —
 They're settled like eternity —
 O, Mary! that I were wi' thee!

WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

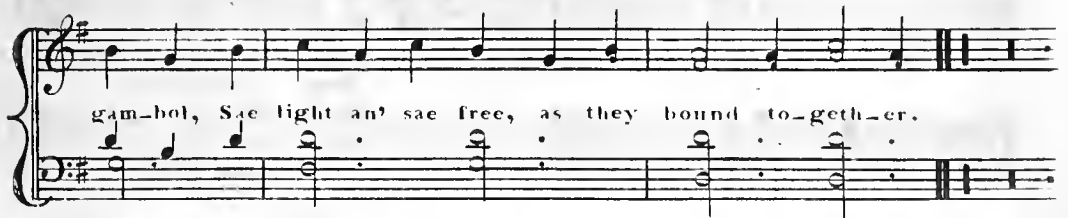
Air, Barm., Barm.

Mod: 

Wilt thou gang wi' me, my ain dear-est las-sie, To yon-der



hills 'mang the blooming heather. Where, as we ramble, the wild deer will



gam-hol, Sae light an' sae free, as they bound to-geth-er.

Bright beams the sun in the glow o' the morning,
As soltly murmurs the clear wimplin fountain;
The featherie breckan the green wood is deckin';
O, sweet is the shade on the side o' the mountain.

The warm purple haze comes up the strath glowing,
Leaving the dew sparkling clear on ilk blossom;
The Lark warbles cheerie, nae tear maks it eerie,
As gaily it spreads to the breeze its fair bosom.

The bonnie wee gowan adorns the green loanin';
The sweet yellow primrose blooms fair i' the valley;
A' roun' us looks smiling; but naething sae wiling,
As the blythe look o' my ain bonny Aillie.

Now surly winter's fled o'er the black ocean,
Come, my dear lassie, tak share o' my plaidie;
The heather-bells blooming, the breeze sweet perfuming,
Will cheer, as ye sit, by your ain Hielan laddie!

LOCH-NA-GARR.

A-way, ye gay land-scapes, ye gar-dens of ros-es, In

you let the min-ions of lux-ury rove; Re-store me the

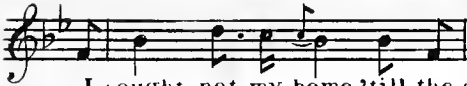
rocks where the snow-flake re-pos-es, If still they are sac-red to

free-dom and love. Yet, Ca-le-do-nia, dear are thy moun-tains,

Round their white sum-mits tho' e-le-ments war, Tho' ca-ta-racts foam 'stead of

Lento. *Adagio.*
smooth-flowing fountains, I sigh for the val-ley of dark Loch-na-garr.

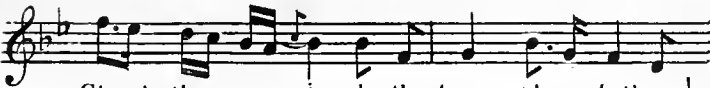
Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
 My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
 On chieftains departed my memory ponder'd,
 As daily I stray'd thro' the pine-cover'd glade.



I sought not my home 'till the day's dying glory
 Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
 For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story
 Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch-na-garr.



Shades of the dead, have I not heard your voices
 Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?
 Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale,
 Round Loch-na-garr while the stormy mist gathers,
 Winter presides in his cold icy ear;



Clouds there en_cir_cle the forms of my fathers!
 They dwell mid the tempests of dark Loch-na-garr.

Ill starr'd, tho' brave, did no vision foreboding
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?
 Ah! were ye then destined to die at Culloden,
 Tho' victory crown'd not your fall with applause?
 Still were ye happy in death's earthy slumbers;
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Brae-mar;
 The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud numbers,
 Your deeds to the echoes of wild Loch-na-garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch-na-garr, since I left you!
 Years must elapse ere I see you again;
 Tho' nature of verdure and flowers ha' her'dt you,
 Yet still thou art dearer than Albion's plain,
 England, thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has rovd on the mountains afar!
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep-frowning glories of dark Loch-na-garr!

O GIE MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.

Air, Brose and Butter.

Chorus.

Lively.

O gie my love brose, brose, O gie my love brose and butter; O

gie my love brose, brose, Yes-treen he wan-ted his supper. There's

some got parritch an' milk, And some got sowans and succar, And

some got ta-toes an' s'lt, But he got naething for supper. Repeat the Cho

For Charlie he drew the braid sword,
 For Charlie he lost house and haddin',
 For Charlie he fought on the sward,
 For Charlie he bled at Culloden.
 O gie my love brose, brose, &c.

The chief that was true to his Prince
 May yet ha'e a hame and a steadin',
 But the whigums that had little mense,
 Will dree the weird o' their reidin.
 O gie my love brose, brose, &c.

WHEN SILENT TIME Wİ' LIGHTLY FOOT.

Air, The Traveller's Return.

When si-lent time, wi' light-ly foot, Had trode on thirty years, My
 na-tive land I sought a-gain, Wi' mo-ny hopes and fears: - "Wha
 kens gin the dear friends I left Will still con-tin-ue mine; Or
 gin I e'er a-gain shall meet The joys I left lang-syne?"

As I drew near my ancient pile,
 My heart beat a' the way,
 Hk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
 Of some dear former day;
 Those days that follow'd me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine,
 Which made me think the joys at hand
 Were naething to lang syne.

Myiv'd tow'rs now met my een,
 Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
 Nae friend stept forth wi' open arms,
 Nae weel-ken'd face I saw;
 Till Donald totter'd to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime,
 And grat to see the lad come back,
 He bore about lang syne.

A new-sprung race o' motley kind,
 Would now their welcome pay;
 Wha shudder'd at my gothic wa's,
 And wish'd my groves away;
 "Cut, cut," they cry'd, "yon gloomy trees,
 Lay low yon mournfu' pine!"
 "Ah no! your fathers' names grow there—
 Memorials o' lang syne."

THE MAUTMAN COMES ON MONONDAY.

Air, The Maltman.

Lively.

The mautman comes on mononday, He craves wondrous sair, "Come
 dame gie me my sillar, Or maut ye'se get nae mair; For maut ye'se get nae mair, Gin
 a' your deuks sud die; Gif I dinna get my sillar, Ye'se get nae mair frae me?"

"Gude man, O dinna be vaunty,
 The time's no far, I trow,
 That we'll be blyth an' canty,
 An' we'll get maut enew;
 For Charlie he's on the sea,
 An' soon will be on shore,
 An' there's some may fear an' dree,
 For we'll get maut galore.

BATTLE OF LOUDONHILL.

Fought in 1679.

Ye'll marvel when I tell ye o' The noble Burly and his train, When
 last they march'd up thro' the land, Wi' sax-and-twenty westland men. Than

they I ne'er o' braver heard, For they had a' baith wit and skill, And

that I think they prov'd right weel, As they gaed owre by London-Hill.

We'll prosper a' the gospel lads,
That are unto the west countrie,
Ay wicked Clavers to demean,
And aye an ill dead may he die.
For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
And that baith soon and hostile,
But they wha live till simmer cum,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Clavers then,
Wi' hastie wit, and wicked skill,
"Gie fire on yon westlan men,
I think it is my sovereign's will?"
But up bespake his Cornet then,
"Its be wi' nae consent o' me,
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
And mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane o' a' yon men,
But wha is worthy ither three,
There is nae ane among them a'
That in his cause will stap to die.
And as for Burly, him I know,
He's ane o' honor, birth, and fame,
Gie him a sword unto his hand,
He'll fight thysel and ither ten?"

Then up cam Burly bauld and stout,
Wi' little train o' westland men,
Wha, mair than either ance or twice,
In Edinburgh confin'd had been.
They hae been up to London sent,
And yet they're a' cum safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow toun.

Up spak wicked Clavers then,
I wat his heart it raise lu' hie,
And he has cryed that a' may hear,
"Man, ye hae sair deceived me!
I never kend the like afore,
Na never since I cam trae hame,
That ye sae cowardly here should prove,
And yet cum o' a noble Graeme?"

But up bespake his Cornet then,
"Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysel' shall be the foremost man,
That will gie fire on Loudon Hill.
At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me,
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mair as weel as me?"

Then up he drew in battle rank,
I wat he had a bonny train;
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye, he lost twenty o' his men.
Then back he cam the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenlie;
He gae command among his men,
And sent them back and bade them flee.

WHEN GLOAMIN SPREADS HER MANTLE GREY.

Air, Gordon Castle.

When gloamin spreads her mantle grey, And salt the dews o' e'enin ta, I
 wend my so-li-ta-ry way, By Auch-inames' auld cas-tle wa;* 'Twas
 there I spent life's youth-fu' day; But ah! how soon that day has past; Like
 flow'rs that bloom but to de-cay, And with-er in the chil-ling blast.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The second system includes a fermata over the final note of the vocal line. The third system includes a fermata over the final note of the vocal line. The fourth system includes a fermata over the final note of the vocal line and a double bar line.

O happy days! what joy was mine,
 While straying o'er thy beauteous wild,
 Or on yon sedgy bank reclined,
 When morning dawn'd serenely mild.
 The charm has fled! fond fancy's dream
 And youth's fantastic days are o'er,
 Shot-like the meteor's transient gleam,
 That just appears, and is no more.

*The Barony of Auchinames lies on the south side of the village of Kilbar-
 chan, in the County of Renfrew. The Crawford family, some of whom are well
 known in the history of Scotland, still hold the superiority. The old Castle,
 the walls of which were about nine feet in thickness, stood for many years a
 fine ruin; but it has lately been demolished for the purpose of building fences,
 and a farm-house, which now stands upon its site. It was on one of the in-
 mates, Nelly, that Robert Semple of Beltrees wrote the beautiful Scots song
 "She rose and let me in."

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.

Air, "Ho cha neil mulad oirn;" or The Emigrant's adieu

Fare thee weel, my na-tive cot, Both-y o' the bir-ken tree!

Sair the heart, and hard the lot, O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

My good grandsire's hand thee rear'd, Then thy wicker work was full;

Mo-ny a Campbell's glen he clear'd, Hit the buck, and hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
 Mair lies hid than crusted stanes;
 In thy bien and weirdly nook
 Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
 Thou wast aye the kinsman's hame,
 Routh and welcome was his fare;
 But if serf or Saxon came,
 He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
 Kendna how the sword to wield;
 Never heart of thine had dread
 Of the foray or the field:
 Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
 Son of thine lay down to die;
 Every lad within thee bred
 Died beneath heaven's open ee.

Charlie Stuart he cam here,
 For our king, as right became;
 Wha could shun the Bruce's heir?
 Wha could tyne our royal name?
 Firm to stand, and free to fa',
 Forth we march'd right valiantlie,
 Gane is Scotland's king and law!
 Woe to the Highlands and to me!

Freeman, yet I'll scorn to fret,
 Here nae langer I maun stay;
 But, when I my hame forget,
 May my heart forget to play!
 Fare thee weel, my father's cot,
 Bothy o' the birken tree!
 Sair the heart, and hard the lot,
 O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

Gaelic Air.

Slow.

Musical score for 'Fly We to Some Desert Isle'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Slow'.

Fly we to some de_sart Isle, There we'll pass our days together,
 Shun the world's de_lu_sive smile, Wand'ring ten_ants of the heath_er.
 Shelter'd in some lone_ly glen, Far re_mov'd from mor_tal ken, For_
 get the sel_fish ways of men, Nor feel a wish be_yond each oth_er.

Tho' my friends deride me still,
 Jamie, I'll disown thee never;
 Let them scorn me as they will,
 I'll be thine — and thine for ever!
 What are a' my kin to me,
 A' their pride of pedigree?
 What were life, if wanting thee?
 And what were death, if we maun sever?

 QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCH-LEVEN CASTLE.

Highland Boat Air.

Musical score for 'Queen Mary's Escape from Loch-Leven Castle'. It consists of a single system of music with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

Put off, put off, and row with speed, For now is the

time and the hour of need! To oars, to oars, and trim the bark, Nor

Scot-land's Queen be a war-der's mark! Yon light, that plays round the

cas-tle's mot, Is on-ly the war-der's ran-dom shot; Put off, put-off, and

row with speed, For now is the time and the hour of need!

Those pond'rous keys shall the kelpies keep,
 And lodge in their caverns dark and deep;
 Nor shall Loch-Leven's towers or hall,
 Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall;
 Or be the haunt of traitors, sold,
 While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold;
 Then steersman, steersman, on with speed,
 For now is the time and the hour of need!

Hark! the alarm bell hath rung,
 And the warder's voice hath treason sung!
 The echoes to the falconets' roar,
 Chime sweetly to the dashing oar:
 Let tower, and hall, and battlements gleam,
 We steer by the light of the taper's beam;
 For Scotland and Mary, on with speed,
 Now, now is the time and the hour of need!

O WHAT CAN MAK MY ANNIE SIGH.

Air, O where wad bonnie Annie lye.

Mod:

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are as follows:

O! what can mak my An-nie sigh? O! what can mak my An-nie cry? Why
 does the big tear dim thine eye, My life, my love, my dea-rie? What
 tho' I sail a-cross the sea! What tho' I bid fare-well to thee! With-
 in my breast thou still shall be, My life, my love, my dear-ie.

“But when thou’rt far out-ōer the sea,
 A fairer face, and pawkie cē,
 May steal that love ye’ve pledged to me,
 An’ thou forget thy dearie?”
 ‘O never doubt, my Annie fair,
 O never doubt my truth sincere;
 I’ll never fill that breast wi’ care,
 My life, my love, my dearie.”

“When lightnings dart frae every cloud,
 And pealing thunders roar aloud,
 And rushing pours the rainy flood,
 Thy Annie will be eerie?”
 ‘When tempests rend the darkning sky,
 When rolling billows burst and fly,
 When death an’ horror meet ilk eye,
 I’ll think upon my dearie.”

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Modern Set.

Here a-wa, there a-wa, wandering Willie. Here a-wa, there a-wa,
 haud a-wa hame; Come to my bo-som, my ain on-ly dea-rie, Tell me, thou
 bring'st me my Wil-lie the same. Winter winds blew loud an' cauld at our part-ing,
 Fears for my Wil-lie brought tears in my e'e; Wel-come now sim-mer, and
 wel-come my Wil-lie, The sim-mer, to na-ture, my Wil-lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers!
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes; row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But, oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring mains
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

MY BARK IS NOW UPON THE WAVE.

Air, O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet.

My bark is now up-on the wave That bears me from thy dwelling; I
reckless hear the loud winds rave, And see the white foam swell-ing; Tho'
Fate has forc'd me from thy arms, My truth shall ne-ver va-ry; I'll
think-on thee and all the charms, O' bon-nie green Glen-ga-ry.

Let Lowland maids, in silken sheen,
Outshine the blooming Flora,
Give me, in tartan plaid, at e'en,
My bonnie Highland Nora:
For her I've climb'd the mountain's height,
And roam'd the summits airy,
For aye her smile could cheer the night
In bonnie green Glengary.

THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

Air, Highland Lamentation.

Sub-dued by mis-ortunes, and bow'd down with pain, I sought on the

bo-som of peace to re-cline; I hied to the home of my

fa-thers a-gain, But the home of my fathers no lon-ger was mine!

The look that spoke gladness and welcome was g'one; The blaze that shone

bright in the hall was no more: A stran-ger was there, with a

bo-som of stone, And cold was his eye as I en-ter'd his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
 The fallen to crush, and the humble to spurn;
 But I staid not his scorn, - from his mansion I fled,
 And my beating heart vow'd never more to return.
 When home shall receive me, one home yet I know,
 O'er its gloomy recess see the pine branches wave;
 'Tis the tomb of my fathers! - The world is my foe,
 And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the tomb of my fathers, the grey-moistend walls
 Declining to earth, speak, emphatic, decay;
 The gate off its hinges, and half-opening, calls
 "Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay?"
 Alas! thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
 How little this meeting once augur'd my breast!
 From a wanderer accept, oh, my fathers! this tear;
 Receive him, the last of your race, to your rest!

THE WAITS.

Slowly

Wha's this, wi' voice o' music sweet, Sae early wakes the weary wight? O

weel I ken them by their sough, The wand'ring Minstrels o' the night.

O weel ken I their bonnie lilt, Their sweetest notes o' me-lo-dy, Fu'

all they've thrill'd out thro' my soul, And gart the tear fill il-ka ee.

O, sweetest minstrels! weel your pipe,	Your fremit lilt I downa bide,
A tender soothin' note to blaw;	They never yield a charm for me;
Syne souf the "Broom o' Cnwdenknowes,"	Unlike our ain, by nature made,
Or "Roslin Castle's" ruined wa.	Unlike the salt delight theygie;
They bring to mind the happy days,	For weel I ween they warm the breast,
Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jenny dear,	Though sair oppressed wi' poortith cauld;
Ah! now ye touch the very note,	An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,
That gars me sigh, and drap a tear.	He tines the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrels! halt a wee,
 Anither lilt afore ye gang;
 An' syne I'll close my waukrite ee,
 Enraptured wi' your bonny sang.
 They're gane! the moon begins to dawn;
 They're weary paidlin through the weat;
 They're gane! but on my ravished ear,
 The dying sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.

THE AGED CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

Gaelic Air.

Chorus.

Slow.

It's wae wi' me when the sun gaes down! It's wae wi' me when the

sun gaes down! They burnt my ha' on a bonnie simmer een, And it's

wae wi' me when the sun gaes down! Where is my clan? and where is my

kin, When I was thret-ty years and twa? I look owre frith, and I

look owre faul; But my clan and kin are a' a-wa.

It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin,
That drew their swords at Charlie's ca?
Frac the southland came a deadlie blast,
And my clan and kin are a' awa.

It's wae wi' me, &c.

Where is my clan? and where is my kin?
And, Cumberland, whare is my bonnie ha?
O wae be aye upon thee and thine!
My clan and kin are a' awa.

A STately SHIP IS ON THE SEA.

Jacobite.

Lively.

A state-ly ship is on the sea, Wi' the bon-niest lad-die in

Chris-ten-die. The lad-die is gude, the lad-die is fair, To Scot-land's

crow_n he is the heir, An' he's wel-come, tie bon-nie lad-die.

There's no a lady but likes him weel; He's a sapling rare o' royaltie,
 There's no a heart but he can steal; The purest stem in Christendie,
 He may na speak but a word or twa, An' Scotland's heart is aye the same,
 An' the bravest clan will up an' draw An' to his ha' an' ancient hame
 To fight for the bonnie laddie. She'll welcome the bonnie laddie.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

Air, Gallowa Tam.

Lively.

'Tis hin-na ye heard man o' Bar-roch-an Jean? And hin-na ye

heard man o' Bar-roch-an Jean? How death and star-va-tion can

o'er the hale na-tion, She wrought sic mis-chief wi' her twa pawky e'en?

F

The lads and the lass-es were dy-ing in diz-ens, The tane kill'd wi'

love, and the tith-er wi' spleen; The' plough-ing, the saw-ing, the

shear-ing, the maw-ing; A' wark was for-got-ten for Bar-roch-an Jean.

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
 Sic coming and ganging there never was seen;
 The comers were cheery, the gangers were bleary,
 Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
 The earlins at home were a' ginning and grainin,
 The bairns were a' greetin frae morning till e'en;
 They gat nought for crowdy but ruts boil'd to sowdie,
 For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declared, it was past their describin;
 The ministers said, 'twas a judgment for sin;
 But they lookit sae blac, and their hearts were sae wae,
 I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
 The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,
 Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;
 A' around the peat-stacks, and against the dyke-backs,
 E'en the winds were a' sighin, sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
 Kirk-yards o' their swaird were a' howkit fu' clean;
 Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
 Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.
 But mony braw thanks to the laird o' Glen-brodie,
 The grass owre their grafts is now honny and green,
 He staw the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
 And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky e'en.

YE'RE WELCUM YOUNG PRINCE.

Air—Charlie's Welcome

With
Energy.

Ye're welcum, young Prince, to the land of your fa-thers; Ye're
welcum, richt welcum, to il-ka leal Scot; We'll stand by ye sick-er in
bat-rl's het bick-er; We'll cleave to your cause aye, and share in' your lot.

Sing, waly! ye whigs, wha devour Charlie's bigging;
The Hiellands are up, and the Lawlands are steering;
And hetty, I ween, they'll be at ye bedeem,
Wi' fire, gun, and braid sword, some sma' things a-speering.

Blaw up our bagpipes, the slogan o' terror!
Schaw to the blue skies the banner o' Charlie;
Guid faith, wi' our claymores we'll pay them some auld scores,
And ea' for acquittance some morning fu' early.

—————*—————

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

Air, Malcolm of the Glen.

Slow
and with
Feeling.

Was ever old warrior of suff'ring so wea-ry? Was ever the
wild beast so bay'd in his den? The south-ron blood-hounds lie in

kennel so near me, That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen. My

sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me! No child to pro-

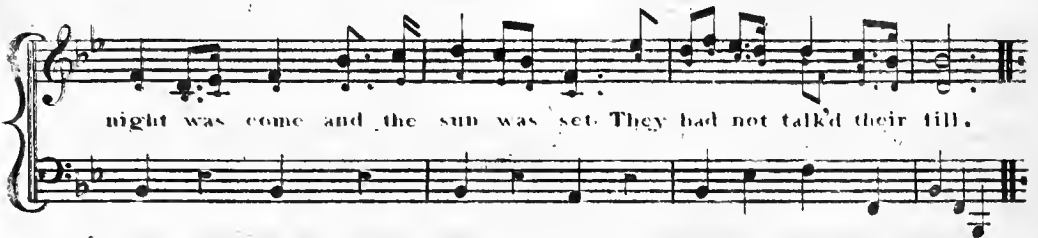
tect me, where once there were ten! My chief they have slain, and of

stay they've her-est me, And woe to the grey hairs of Cal-lum-a-glen!

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
 The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view!
 The moon has stood still on the verge of the even;
 To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew!
 For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
 It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen!
 The pride of my country is fallen for ever!
 Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow!
 The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea!
 O, is there no day-spring for Scotland? no morrow
 Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
 Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,
 Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken;
 The day is abiding of stern retribution
 On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen!

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.



Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
 Fair Annet took it ill;
 Ah! I will never wed a wife
 Against my ain friends' will.

Gif ye will never wed a wife,
 A wife will ne'er wed ye.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mother,
 And kneel'd down on his knee.

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to me;
 O sall I tak the nut-browne maid,
 And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet she's gat nane,
 And the little bewtie fair Annet has,
 O it will soon be gane.

And he has to his brither gang:
 Now, brither, rede ye me,
 Ah! sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet be?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
 The nut-browne bride has kye;
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And east fair Annet by.

Her oxen may die i' the house, billy,
 And her kye into the byre.
 And I sall hae naething to mysell
 But a fat ladge by the fire.

And he has till his sister gane:
 Now, sister, rede ye me,
 O sall I marrie the nut-browne-bride,
 And set fair Annet free?

Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the browne bride alane,
 Lest ye should sigh, and say, alas!
 What is this we brought hame?

No, I will tak my mither's counsel,
 And marrie me out o' hand,
 And I will tak the nut-browne bride,
 Fair Annet may leave the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father,
 Twa hours or it were day,
 And he is gane into the bower
 Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise, up fair Annet, he says,
 Put on your silken sheen;
 Let us gae to S^t. Marie's kirk,
 And see that rich wedden.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
 And dress to me my hair;
 Whare e'er ye laid a plait before,
 See ye lay ten times mair.

My maids gae to my dressing-room,
 And dress to me my smock,
 The one half is o' the holland fine,
 The other o' needle work.

The horse fair Annet rode upon,
 He amblit like the wind,
 Wi' siller he was shod before,
 Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells
 Were a' tied till his mane,
 Wi' ae tift o' the norland wind
 They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knights
 Rade by fair Annet's side,
 And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
 As gin she had bin a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirk,
 She sat on Marie's stean;
 The cleading that lair Annet had on
 It skinkled in their een.

And when she cam into the kirke,
 She skimmer'd like the sun;
 The belt that was aboute her waist
 Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
 And her een they were sae clear,
 Lord Thomas he clear forgot the bride,
 When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
 He gae it kisses three,
 And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
 Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
 She spak wi' meikle spite,
 And whair gat ye that rose-water
 That does mak ye sae white?

That rose-water was made for me —
 Was made for me my lane,
 And I did get that rose-water
 Whare ye wull neir get nane.

The bride she drew a long bodkin
 Frae out her gay head gear,
 And strake fair Annet to the heart,
 That word spak never mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
 And marvelit what mote he;
 But when he saw her dear heart's blude,
 A' wood wroth waxed he.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
 That was sae sharp and meet,
 And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feet.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
 Now stay, my dear, he cried,
 Then strake the dagger until his heart,
 And fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk wa,
 Fair Annet within the quiere,
 And o' the tane their grew a birk,
 The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad fain be neare,
 And by this ye may ken right weil,
 They wer twa lovers deare.

KANE TO THE KING.

Air, Brigus mhic ruaridh.

Hark the horn! up i' the morn, Bonnie lad, come to the march to-morrow;

Down the glen, Grant and his men, They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Down by Knock-has-pie, down by Gil-les-pie, Mo-ny a red runt nods the horn,

Wa-ken not Cal-lum, Rouky, nor Allan; They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Round the rock, down by the knock,
 Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
 Brodie, and Balloch, and Ballindalloch,
 They shall pay kane to the king belyve.
 Let bark and brevin blaze o'er Strathaven,
 When the red hullok is over the hourn;
 Then shall the maiden dread, low n her pillow laid,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen, true Highlandmen,
 Ronald, and Donald, and rantin Roy,
 Gather and drive, spare not Glentrive,
 But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
 Appin can carry through, so can Glengary too,
 And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn;
 But Keppoch and Duinain too, they must be look'd unto,
 Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer, out of his lair,
 Keep his red nose to the west away;
 Mark for the seven, or sword of heaven;
 And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
 When the brown cock crows day upon the mottled brac,
 Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn
 That tells both to wood and clench, over all Badenoch,
 Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

OH HON O RI.

61

Gaelic Air.

Oh hon a ri! there's some-thing wao-tin'; Oh hon a ri! I'm

wearie; - Nae young, blythe, an' bon-nie lad Comes o'er the knowe to chear me.

When the day wears a-way, Sad I look a-down the val-ley;

Il-ka soun', wi' a stoun', Sets my-heart a thril-lin.

When I see the plover rising,
 Or the curlew wheeling,
 Then I trow some bonnie lad
 Is coming to my sheeling.
 Why should I sit an' sigh,
 While the green wood blooms sae bonnie?
 Laverocks sing, flowrets spring,
 A' but me are cheery.

My wee cot is blest and happy;
 Oh 'tis neat an' cleanly!
 Sweet the briar that blooms beside it;
 Kind the heart that's lanely.
 Come away, come away,
 - Herd, or hind, or boatman laddie,
 I hae cow, kid, and ewe,
 Gowd and gear, to gain ye.

THE CORBIE AND THE CRAW.

The Corbie wi' his rou-py throat, Cried frae the leaf-less

tree, "Come o'er the loch, come o'er the loch, Come o'er the loch to me?"

The Crow put up his sooty head,
And look'd owre the nest whare he lay,
And gied a flaff wi' his rousty wings,
And cried 'whare te? whare te?'

Corbie. "Te pike a dead man that's lying
Ahint yon meikle stane?"

Crow. 'Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?
If no, we may let him alane?

Corbie. "He cam frae merry England, to steal
The sheep, and kill the deer?"

Crow. 'I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman
Is aye the best o' cheer?

Corbie. "O we may breakfast on his breast,
And on his back may dine;
For the Jave a' fled to their ain countrie,
And they've ne'er been back sinsyne?"

ROCK AND A WEE PICKLE TOW.

Old Set.
There was an auld wife had a wee pic-kle tow, And she wad gae

try the spin-ning o't; But lou-tin' her down, her rock took a low, And

that was an ill be-gin-ning o't. The auld luc-ky flyt-ed at sic a like

rate, But a' she could do it wad hae its ain-gate; at-last she sat

down on't, and bit-ter-ly grat, For e'er hav-ing tried the spin-ning o't.

I hae been a wife these three-score o' years,
 And never did try the spinning o't;
 But how I was sarked, foul fa' them that spiers,
 To mind me o' the beginning o't.
 The women are now a days turned sae braw,
 That ilk ane maun hae a sark, some maun hae twa;
 But better the world was when feint ane ava
 To hinder the first beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that ever advis'd me to spin!
 It minds me o' the beginnig o't;
 I wad might have ended as I had begun
 And never have try'd the spinning o't.
 But she's a wise wife wha kens her ain waird,
 I thought anes a day it wad never be spier'd,
 How let you the low tack the rock by the beard,
 When you gaed to try the spinning o't.

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,
 To think on the ill beginning o't!
 I took't in my head to make me a wab,
 And this was the first beginning o't.
 But had I nine daughters as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
 That they wad trac spinning still keep their hands free,
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But if they, in spite of my counsel, wad run
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,
 Let them find a loun seat light up by the sun,
 Syne venture on the beginning o't:
 For wha's done as I've done, alake and avow!
 To busk up a rock at the check of a low;
 They'll say that I had little wit in my pow;
 The meikle deil tak the spinning o't!

JULIA'S GRAVE.

Ye brier-y fields, where ro-ses blaw! Ye flow-ry fells, an'

sun-ny braes! Whase scrog-gie bo-soms fos-ter'd a' The plea-sures

o' my youth-fu' days. A-mang your leaf-y sim-mer claes, And

blush-in' blooms, the ze-phyr lies, Syne wings a-wa, and wan-ton

plays A-round the grave—A-round the grave whare Ju-lia lies.

Nae mair your bonnie birken bowers,
 Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay,
 Can cheer the weary winged hours
 As up the glen I joyless stray:
 For a' my hopes hae flown away,
 And, when they reach'd their native skies,
 Left me, amid the world o' wae,
 To weet the grave whare Julia lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,
 It is na maiden charms consistin',
 An' hurried to an early tomb,
 That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;
 But sparkling wit, and sense refin'd,
 And spotless truth without disguise,
 Makes me with sighs enrich the wind
 That fans the grave whare Julia lies.

BESSY AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

Air, Stirling Vate.

O leeze me on my spinning wheel, And leeze me on my rock and reel, Frae

tap to tae that cleeds me bein, And haps me fiel' and warm at e'en. I'll

sit me down, and sing and spin, While laigh descends the simmer sun, Blest-

wi' con_tent, and milk and meal, O leeze me on my spin_ning wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my thee-kit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite.
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly on the biel'
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the dolefu' tale;
The lintwhite in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik among the claver grey,
The paitrick whirring o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' roun my shield,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride o' a' the great!
Amid their flairing idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

Could aught of song de-clare my pains, Could artful numbers move thee,
 The muse should tell in labour'd strains, O Ma-ry, how I love thee! They
 who but feign a woun-ded heart, May teach the lyre to lan-guish; But
 what a_vails the pride of arts When wastes the soul with an_guish.

Then let the sudden bursting sighs
 The heart-felt pang discover;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 O read th' imploring lover!
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising,
 Beyond what fancy e'er refine
 The voice of nature prizing.

LIFE'S A FAUGHT.

Air, The Glancing of her Apron.

That life's a faught there is nae doubt, A steep and slippy brae, And

wis-dom's sel, wi' a' its rules, Will af-ten find it sae. The

tru-est heart that e'er was made, May find a dead-ly fae, And

brok-en aiths, and faith-less vows, Gie lov-ers mick-le wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,
It frights a body sair,
And gars them think they neer will meet
Delight or pleasure mair.
But tho' the heart be e'er sae sad,
And prest wi' joyless care,
Hope lightly steps in-at the last,
To fley awa' despair.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,
And boast o' what they hae;
Compar'd wi' truth and honesty,
They are-na worth a strae.
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,
Whate'er the world may say,
And laughs, and turns its shafts to scorn,
That ithers would dismay.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,
And fret baith late and air,
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,
And whiles a mite to spare:
A leal true heart's a gift frae heav'n,
A gift that is maist rare;
It is a treasure o' itsel',
And lightens ilka care.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,
And drive ilk care awa';
Contentment is a dainty feast,
Altho' in hamely ha';
It gies a charm to ilka thing,
And mak's it look fu' braw,
The spendthrift, and the miser herd,
It soars aboon them a'.

But there's ae thing among the lave,
To keep the heart in tune,
And but for that the weary spleen
Wad plague us late and soon;
A bonnie lass, a cauty wife,
For sic is nature's law;
Without that charmer o' our lives,
There's scarce a charm ava.

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

Music by R. A. Smith.

With
Feeling.

Can ye lo'e, my dear lassie, The hills wild and free, Where the

song of the shepherd Gars a' ring wi' glee? Or the steep rocky glens, Where the

With animation.

wild falcons bide? Then on wi' the tar-tan, An' fy let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er war in riggs?
Or the bonnie lowne knowes,
Where the sweet Robin biggs?
Or the sang o' the Lintie,
When wooing his bride?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride!

Can ye lo'e the burn, lassie,
That loup amang lians?
Or the bonnie green holms,
Where it cannily rins?
Wi' a cantie bit housie,
Sae snug by its side?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride!

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'NEATH THE WAVE THY LOVER SLEEPS.

Gaelic Air.

'Neath the wave thy lo-ver sleeps, And cold, cold is his pillow;

O'er his bed no mai-den weeps, Where rolls the white billow. And

though the winds have sunk to rest U\_pon the O\_cean's troubled breast, Yet

2<sup>d</sup> Verse.  
still, oh! still there's left be\_hind A rest-less storm in El-len's mind. Her

heart is on you dark\_ning wave, Where all she lov'd is ly\_ing, And

where, a\_round her Wil-liam's grave, The sea-bird is cry\_ing. And

oft on Ju-ri's lone-ly shore, Where sur-ges beat and bil-lows roar, She

sat—but grief has nipt her bloom, And there they made young Ellen's tomb.

## HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

Gaelic Air.

How lang and dreary is the night, When I am frae my dearie, I

rest-less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae wea-ry; I

rest-less lie frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er sae wea-ry.

When I think on the lightsome days  
I spent wi' thee, my dearie;  
And now what seas between us roar,  
How can I be but eerie,  
And now what seas, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,  
The joyless day how dreary!  
It was nae sae ye glinted by,  
When I was wi' my dearie.  
It was nae sae, &c.

## O STRIKE YOUR HARP, MY MARY.

Air, Cameron's welcome hame.

Lively.

O strike your harp, my Ma-ry, Its loudest live-liest key, And

F



Join the sound-ing Cor-rei In its wild me-lo-die. For  
 burn, and breeze, and bil-low, Their sang are a' the same, And  
 ev'-ry wav-ing wil-low Sounds, "Cam-er-on's wel-come hame.

O list ye thrush, my Mary,  
 That warbles on the pine!  
 Its strain so light and airy,  
 Accords in joy with thine:  
 The lark that soars to heaven,  
 The sea-bird on the faem,  
 Are singing from morn 'till even,  
 Brave Cameron's welcome hame.

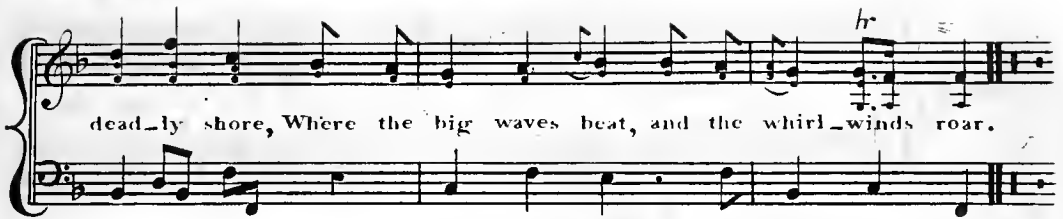
D'ye mind, my ain dear Mary,  
 When we hid in the tree,  
 And saw our Auchnacary,  
 All flaming fearfully?  
 The fire was red, red glaring,  
 And ruelu' was the pine  
 And aye ye cried despairing,  
 My father's ha's are gane!

I said, my ain wee Mary,  
 D'ye see ye cloud sae dun,  
 That sails aboon the carry,  
 And hides the weary sun?  
 Behind ye cloud sae dreary,  
 Beyond and far within,  
 There's ane, my dear wee Mary,  
 That views this deadly sin.

He sees this ruelu' reavery,  
 The rage of dastard knave;  
 He saw our deeds of bravery,  
 And he'll reward the brave.  
 Though a' we had was given  
 For loyalty and faith,  
 I still had hopes that heaven  
 Would right the heroes' scaith.

The day is dawned in heaven,  
 For which we a' thought lang;  
 The good, the just, is given  
 To right our nation's wrang;  
 My ain dear Auchnacary,  
 I hae thought lang for thee,  
 O sing to your harp, my Mary,  
 And sound its bonniest key.





The Mermaid sits on the sea-girt rock,  
 And smiling she woos the tempest's shock;  
 The breakers heave, and the surge it sweeps,  
 And with dreeping locks her watch she keeps:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

She braids her hair with wreck and with weed,  
 And bids the mariners' bark to speed,  
 As high it is tost, or dips in the wave,  
 She beckons them to her sea-weed cave:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her cave was ne'er lighted by moonlight beam,  
 Nor cheer'd by the morning's rudy leam;  
 Her light is the monsters' eyes which glare,  
 And the dead man's lamp that's lighted there:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The darkening mist is around her hung,  
 And the dead sea-bell hath the kelpies rung;  
 'Tis hollow and wild, 'tis a sound so sad,  
 As would wake the dead from their oozy bed:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

Her evening chime is that deep-ton'd bell,  
 That rings the struggling mariners' knell,  
 And sounds in their ears so loud and long,  
 Like the lullaby of a deathless song:  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

The lightnings flash from the ebon cloud,  
 And the clunder's peal is deep and loud;  
 Nor an earthly voice, nor an earthly sound  
 Is heard, but the spirits that sing around;  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

On the brow of the wave to the vault of heaven,  
 The bark is tost, it is onward driven!  
 By the dim dead-lights to the wide sea keep,  
 It is death it is wreck ere the Mermaid sleep!  
 Away, away from the deadly shore,  
 Where the big waves beat, and the whirlwinds roar.

## IN FAR DISTANT CLIMES.

Air, Good morrow fair Mistress.

With Feeling.

In far distant climes, when the tear gushes o'er For home, love, and  
friendship that charm us no more; Oh! what on the exile's dark  
sorrows can shine, Like the rap-ture that glows at the songs of lang-syne.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'With Feeling.' The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the lyrics. The third system concludes the lyrics. The music is in a 6/8 time signature.

The music of Scotia is sweet midst the scene;  
But, ah! could you hear it when seas roll between;  
'Tis then, and then only, the soul can divine —  
The music that dwells in the songs of langsyne.

The spirit, when torn from earth's objects of love,  
Loses all its regrets in the chorus above;  
So in exile we cannot but cease to repine,  
When it hallows with extacy songs of langsyne.

## THE QUEEN O' THE LOTHIANS.

The Queen o' the Lothians cam cruisin to Fife, Fal de ral, lai de ral,  
lai-ro, To see gin a woo-er wad tak her for life, Sing hey fal lai,

The musical score consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is marked 'F'. The lyrics are written below the notes. The second system continues the lyrics. The music is in a 6/8 time signature.



She had na been lang at the brow o' the hill, — Fal, &c.  
Till Jockie cam down for to visit Lochnell, — Sing hey, &c.

He took the aunt to the neuk o' the ha', — Fal, &c.  
Whare naebody heard, and whare naebody saw, — Sing hey, &c.

Madam, he says, I've thought on your advice — Fal, &c.  
I wad marry your niece, but I'm fley'd she'll be nice, — Sing hey, &c.

Jockie, she says, the wark's done to your hand, — Fal, &c.  
I've spoke to my niece, and she's at your command, — Sing hey, &c.

But troth, Madam, I canna woo, — Fal, &c.  
For aft I hae tried it, and aye I fa' thro', — Sing hey, &c.

But, O dear Madam, and ye wad begin, — Fal, &c.  
For I'm as fley'd to do it, as it were a sin, — Sing hey, &c.

Jenny cam in, and Jockie ran out, — Fal, &c.  
Madam, she says, what hae ye been about, — Sing hey, &c.

Jenny, she says, I've been workin for you, — Fal, &c.  
For what do ye think, Jockie's come here to woo, — Sing hey, &c.

Now Jenny tak care, and dash na the lad, — Fal, &c.  
For offers like him are na ay to be had, — Sing hey, &c.

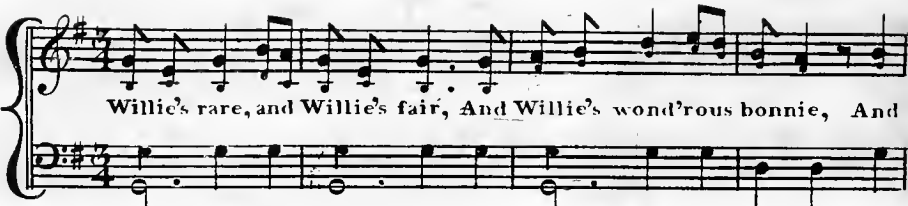
Madam, I'll tak the advice o' the wise, — Fal, &c.  
I ken the lad's worth, and I own he's a prize, — Sing hey, &c.

Then she cries butt the house, Jockie come here, — Fal, &c.  
Ye've naething to do but the question to spier, — Sing hey, &c.

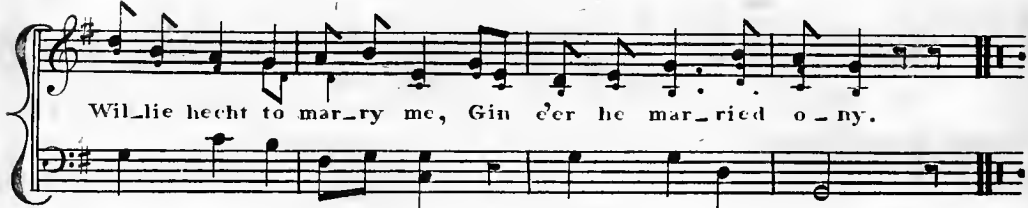
The question was spier'd, and the bargain was struck, — Fal, &c.  
The neebors cam in, and wish'd them gude luck, — Sing hey, &c.

## WILLIE'S RARE.


Old melody.\*



Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, And Willie's wond'rous bonnie, And



Willie hecht to mar-ry me, Gin'er he mar-ried o-ny.



Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,  
The night I'll make it narrow;  
For a' the live-lang winter's night  
I lie twin'd o' my marrow.

O! cam you by yon water side?  
Pu'd you the rose or lily?  
Or, cam you by yon meadow green?  
Or, saw you my sweet Willie?

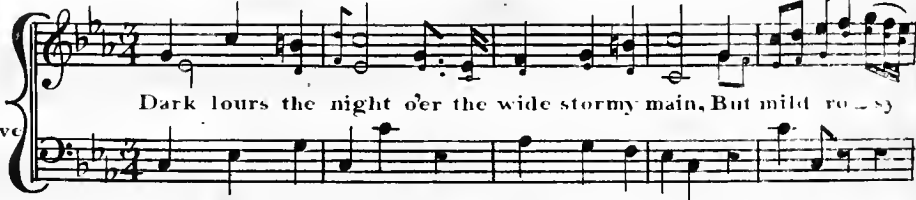
She sought him east, she sought him west,  
She sought him braid and narrow,  
And in the clifing o' a craig,  
She fand him drown'd in Yarrow.

\* Written from the singing of Mr Wm Chalmers, Paisley.

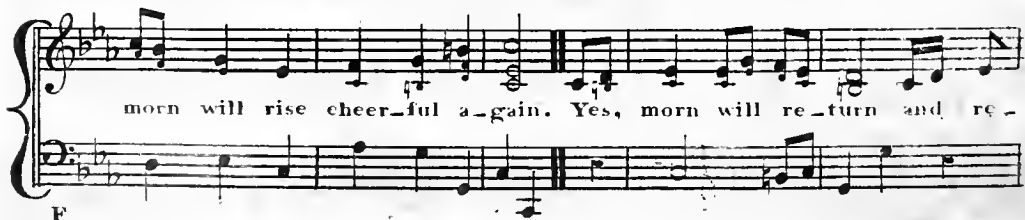
## CONNEL AND FLORA.

Gaelic Air.

Slow and Expressive



Dark hours the night o'er the wide stormy main, But mild ro-sy



morn will rise cheer-ful a-gain. Yes, morn will re-turn and re-

F

vis\_it our shore, But Con\_nel re\_turns to his Flo\_ra no more.

2<sup>d</sup> Verse.

Ye light fleeting spi\_rits, that glide o'er, the steep, O would you but

walt me a\_cross the wide deep! There fear\_less I'd mix in the

bat\_tle's loud roar, To die with my Con\_nel, and leave him no more.

3<sup>d</sup> Verse.

See o'er yon mountain the dark cloud of death, And Connel's lone

cot\_tage lies low on the heath; Ah! blood\_y and pale, on a

lar dis\_tant shore, He lies, to re\_turn to his Flo\_ra no more.

## ON THEE, ELIZA, DWELL MY THOUGHTS.

Air, In yon garden fine &amp; gay.

Slow.

On thee, Eliza, dwell my thoughts, While straying 'neath the moon's pale

beam; At midnight, in my wand'ring sleep, I see thy form in fan-cy's dream.

I see thee in the rosy morn,  
Approach as loose-robb'd beauty's queen;  
The morning smiles, but thou art lost;  
Too soon is fled the sylvan scene!

Still fancy fondly dwells on thee,  
And adds another day of care;  
What bliss were mine could fancy paint  
Thee true, as she can paint thee fair!

O fly, ye dear deceitful dreams!  
Ye silken cords that bind the heart; —  
Canst thou, Eliza, these intwine,  
And smile and triumph in the smart?

## O, SAW YE MY FATHER?

"O, saw ye my Fa-ther? or, saw ye my Mo-ther? or,

saw ye my true love, John? I saw na your Fa-ther, I

saw na your Mo-ther, But I saw your true love, John."

F





GO TO BERWICK, JOHNNIE.

Lively.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie, Bring her frae the border; Yon sweet  
 bonnie lassie, Let her gae nae farder. English louns will twine ye O' the  
 lovely treasure; But we'll let them ken, A sword wi' them we'll measure.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bass clef staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The melody is lively and features some triplet rhythms.

Go to Berwick, Johnnie,  
 And regain your honour;  
 Drive them o'er the Tweed,  
 And shaw our Scottish banner.  
 I am Rab the King,  
 And ye are Jock my brither;  
 But, before we lose her,  
 We'll a' there thegither.

-----\*-----

THE MERMAIDEN.

'The night is mirk, and the wind blaws schill, And the white faemweets my  
 bree, And my mind misgles me, gay mai-den, That the land we sall ne-ver see?

The musical score consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bass clef staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The melody is more somber and features some triplet rhythms.



Then up and spak the mer-may-den, And she spak blythe and free, "I ne-ver



said to my bon-nie bryd-groom, That on land we suld wed-dit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane ertylie preest  
Our bridal blessing should gie,  
And I never said that a landwart bouir  
Should hald my luv and me?"

"And whare is that preest, my bonnie maiden,  
If ane ertylie wicht is na he?"

"Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will sair,  
When weddit we twa sall be?"

"And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,  
If on land it suld na be?"

"Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mermayden,  
"In the bonnie green hots o' the sea:

My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,  
And the banes o' the drown'd at sea;  
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,  
And the water waste my drurie.

And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue wave,  
And paved wi' the yellow sand,  
And in my chalmers grow bonnie white flowers  
That never grew on land.

And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie brydgroom,  
A leman on earth that wuld gie  
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd lands,  
As I'll gie to thee o' the sea?"

The mune will rise in half ane hour,  
And the wee bricht sterns will shine;  
Then we'll sink to my bouir 'neath the wan water  
Full fifty fathom and nine."

A wild, wild skreich, gied the fey brydgroom,  
And a loud, loud lauch, the bryde;  
For the mune rase up, and the twa sank down  
Undër the silver'd tide.



Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush; We'll o-ver the

border and gie them a brush: There's some-boddy there we'll teach better be-

ha-viour; Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Cock it up right, and fauld it nae down,  
 And cock the white rose on the band o' the crown;  
 Cock it on the right side, no on the wrang,  
 And yese be at Carlisle or it be lang.  
 There's somebody there that likes slinking and slav'ry;  
 Somebody there that likes knapping and knav'ry;  
 But somebody's coming will make them to waver;  
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Sawney was bred wi' a broker o' wigs;  
 But now he's gaun southward to lather the whigs;  
 And he's to set up as their shopman and shaver;  
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!  
 Jockie was bred for a tanner, ye ken,  
 But now he's gaun southward to curry goodmen,  
 With Andrew Ferrara for barker and cleaver;  
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

Donald was bred for a lifter o' kye,  
 A stealer o' deer, and a drover forbye;  
 But now he's gaun over the border a blink,  
 And he's to get red gowd to bundle and clink.  
 There's Donald the drover, and Duncan the caird,  
 And Sawney the shaver, and Logie the laird;  
 These are lads that will flinch frae you never;  
 Hey, brave Johnnie, lad, cock up your beaver!

*SURE MY JEAN IS BEAUTY'S BLOSSOM.*

Air, Peerless Jeanie.

Sure my Jean is beauty's blossom, Blawing sweet in ilka airt;

Love-ly ten-ant o' my ho-som, Frae that bow'r she'll ne'er de-part.

Sweet's the charms her looks dis-co-ver, In her breast what beauties lie;

Frae a fond and con-stant lov-er, Breath-ing mo-ny a heart left sigh.

I ha'e seen the floweret springin',  
Gaily on the sunny lea;  
I ha'e heard the mavis singin'  
Sweetly on the hawthorn tree;  
But, my Jeanie, peerless dearie!  
She's the flower attracts mine ee;  
Whan she tunes her voice sae cheerie,  
She's the mavis dear to me!

*AT WILLIE'S WEDDING ON THE GREEN.*

Air, Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green, The lassies, bonny witches, Where

a' drest out in a-prons clean, And braw white sunday mitches. Auld

Maggy bade the lads tak tent, But Jock wad not be-lieve her; But

soon the fuil his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang the weav-er.

## Chorus.

Jen-ny dang, dang, dang, Jen-ny dang the weav-er, But

soon the fuil his fol-ly kent, For Jen-ny dang the weav-er.

At ilka country dance or reel,

Wi' her he wad be babbin';

When she sat down, he sat down,

And to her wad be gabbin';

Where e'er she gade, baith butt and ben, He hum'd and haw'd, the lass cried feugh!

The cuil wou'd never leave her,

Ay keekling like a clockin' hen,

But Jenny dang the weaver.

Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, "my lass to speak my mind,

In troth I need na swither,

Ye've bonny een, and if ye're kind,

I needna seek anither?"

He hum'd and haw'd, the lass cried feugh!

And bade the cuil no deave her;

Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh

And dang the silly weaver.

And Jenny dang, &c.

BESS IS YOUNG AND BESS IS FAIR.

Air, Bess the Gawkie.

Bess is young, and Bess is fair, Wi' light blue een and bonnie yellow  
 hair; And few there be that can compare Wi' Bess, tho' she's a gaw-kie. When  
 first o' Bess I got a keek, Wi' smiles and dimples on her cheek, I  
 lang'd to hear the las-sie speak; But, was me! what a gaw-kie.

Bess should like a picture be,  
 Nailed to a wa' whar a' might see,  
 And muckle thought o' she wad be  
 And no kent for a gawkie.  
 Oh, steek your mouth then, cousin dear,  
 And nae mair havers let us hear;  
 Oh steek your mouth, and never fear,  
 Yese no be ca'd a gawkie.

WH'ALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE.

The news frae Moidart, cam' yestreen, Will soon gar mo-ny fer-lic; For



ships o' war ha'e just come in, An' landed roy-al Char-lie. Come thro' the

heather, around him gather, Ye're a' the welcomer ear-ly; A-round him cling wi'

a' your kin, For wha'll be King but Char-lie. Come thro' the heath-er, a-

round him gather, Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' the-gi-ther, An'

crown your rightfu', law-fu' King, For wha'll be King but Char-lie.

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,  
 Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,  
 Ha'e to a man declar'd to stand,  
 Or fa', wi' royal Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

There's n'er a lass in a' the land,  
 But vows baith late an' early,  
 To man she'll n'er gie heart or hand,  
 Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',  
 Wi' mony a Lord an' Laird, ha'e  
 Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,  
 An' speir ye, wha but Charlie.  
 Come thro' the heather, &c.

Then, here's a health to Charlie's cause,  
 An' be't compleat an' early,  
 His very name our heart's blood warms,  
 To arms for royal Charlie.  
 - Come thro' the heather, &c.

## WILT THOU GO WI' ME.

Air, Tibbie Dunbar.

Slowly.

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar; O wilt thou go

wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar. Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be

drawn in a Car, Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

2<sup>d</sup> Verse.

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his mon-ey, I care-na thy

kin, sae high and sae lord-ly. But say thou wilt ha'e me for

better for waur, And come in thy coat-ie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

SCHIR GORMALYN AND THE REID WOULFF.

Air, The reid Woulff at the warldis end.

Lythe and listen feeris al, In quhat manere, thirlit in thralle, Was

ane swote May fair. Be ane reid Woulff, ane ugsum-fende, Liggandnieth

warldis end; Quhyll ane knicht breemdid wend Thilk Woulffis hert till tere.

Then this burde bricht to bring  
 Frae the Woulffishalde indigne,  
 Did himsel boune;  
 His aventuris, grit to tell,  
 Dois mi weake witt precell,  
 Quhairfoir me rede you well,  
 His laude to rounne.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Gude Gormalyn bene pricken onne,  
 Ane Squyer be him ronne,  
 Stalwarth and fre.  
 Quir forthis, holtis, and how,  
 Quhyll thay prochen till a lowe,  
 Brennand bauld on ane knowe,  
 Meruailous till see.

“Quhair wonnis thow knicht,  
 In armour clere dicht?”  
 Spak furth ane man.  
 ‘I gang; quod Gormalyn,  
 ‘Sum straunge aventur in,  
 Sua betide me hap and gyn,  
 Do quhat I can.  
 Quhat cace has happit the,  
 Sith sic dolore I see  
 Thorow this land gude?  
 Quhat bene this fyrie flare,  
 Trubland the mokie aire,  
 And sua moche of dispaire,  
 With teiris afflude?’

\* \* \* \* \*

\*Deciphered, and put into modern Notation, from an old vellum MS in possession of W<sup>m</sup> Motherwell Esq<sup>r</sup>: a Gentleman whose indefatigable researches have rescued many a “Gem of the kind” from oblivion. Those who feel any inclination to see the remaining stanzas of this “marrow-bone for the tooth of the antiquary” may consult the pages of the “Harp of Renfrewshire” a work of considerable merit, published by Mr John Lawrence Jun<sup>r</sup> of Paisley, where they will find a very interesting and ingenious account of the M.S. in question.

MARY CUNNINGHAM.

Air, As I cam down by yon Castle wa'.

Oh, say na sae, Ma-ry Cun-ning-ham! Oh, say na sae to

me! It's tauld up on your wan wan cheek, It's tauld in your troubled e'e.

Gi'e owre, gi'e owre wi' thy words o' mirth,  
 There's nae mirth in your heart;  
 To hide the deadlie thraws o' the breast,  
 Ye hae na yet the art.

Wild is your e'e, Mary Cunningham!  
 Look na sae wild on me!  
 I cam to tell that your ance fause luvè,  
 Is fause nae mair to ye.

I ken ye loèd him wi' that luvè,  
 That maidens aften rue;  
 Oh hard, hard was the heart, I wat,  
 That could be fause to you!

Does he loè me yet? owre late, owre late,  
 Ye tell the blisstu' tale!  
 For the deadlie drug that burns my frame  
 Maun sunè o'er life prevail.

Forgi'e, forgi'e, Mary Cunningham!  
 Heav'n sair has punish'd my sin!  
 We'll part nae mair, but like bridegroom and bride  
 We'll sleep the cauld yird within.

MY PEGGY IS A YOUNG THING.


Air, The wawking o' the Fauld.

My Peggy is a young thing Just enter'd in her teens, Fair

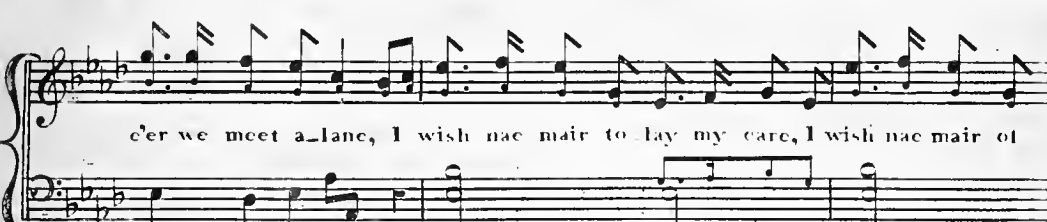
as the day and sweet as May, Fair as the day and al-ways gay; My



Peg-gy is a young thing, An' I'm not ve-ry auld, Yet will I like to



meet her At the wawking o' the fauld. My Peggy speaks sae sweetly. When-



e'er we meet a-lane, I wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish nae mair o'



a' that's rare; My Peggy speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld; But



she gars a' my spi-rits glow At wawk-ing o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 When'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the town,  
 That I look down upon a crown;  
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
 It makes me blyth and bauld,  
 And naething gies me sic delight  
 As wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly  
 When on my pipe I play;  
 By a' the rest it is contest,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:  
 My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are fauld,  
 With innocence, the wale o' sense,  
 At wawking o' the fauld.

## O FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

Chorus.

Air, The Moudiewort.

Lively.

An' O for ane and twenty, Tam! An' hey sweet ane an' twenty, Tam! I'll

learn my kin a rat-tlin sang, An I saw ane an' twen-ty, Tam. They

snool me sair, an' haud me down, An' gar me look like bluntie, Tam; But

three short years will soon wheel roun', An' then comes ane an' twenty, Tam.

Repeat the Chorus

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;  
 At kith or kin I need-na spier,  
 An I saw ane an' twenty, Tam.  
 An' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy cool,  
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;  
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
 I'm thine at ane an' twenty, Tam.  
 An' O for, &c.

## BALOO, BALOO, MY WEE WEE THING.

Air, The Scottish Lullaby.\*

Slowly. Ba-loo, ba-loo, my wee wee thing, O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e! Ba

loo, ba-loo, my wee wee thing, For thou art doubly dear to me. Thy

dad-die now is far a-wa, A sai-lor lad-die o'er the sea; But

hope aye hechts his safe re-turn To you, my bonnie lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing.

O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

For thou art doubly dear to me.

Thy face is simple, sweet, and mild,

Like ony simmer e'ening la';

Thy sparkling e'e is bonnie black;

Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

O saftly close thy blinkin' e'e!

Baloo, baloo, my wee wee thing,

For thou art doubly dear to me.

O but thy daddie's absence lang,

Might break my dowie heart in twa,

Wert thou na left a dawtit pledge,

To steal the eerie hours awa!

\*This air is generally sung in Scotland by nurses when lulling children to sleep.

THE TOD.

“Eh” quo the Tod; “its a braw light night, The win’s i’ the wast, and the muneshines  
 bricht; The win’s i’ the wast, an’ the muneshines bricht, An’ I’ll awa to the toun, O.

“I was down amang yon shepherd’s scroggs,  
 I’d like to been worried by his dogs,  
 But, by my sooth! I minded his hogs  
 The night I cam to the toun, O?”

He’s taen the grey goose by the green sleeve,  
 “Eh, ye auld witch! nae langer shall ye live;  
 Your flesh it is tender, your banes I maun prieve,  
 For that I cam to the toun, O?”

Up gat the auld wife out o’ her bed,  
 And out o’ the window she shot her auld head,  
 ‘Eh, gudeman! the grey goose is dead,  
 An’ the tod has been i’ the toun, O?”



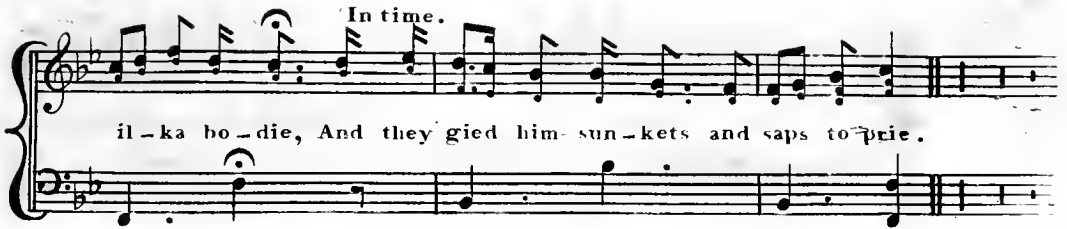
THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

Recitative. In time, very slow

In Scot-land there liv’d a hum-ble beg-gar, Nae  
 house, nae hald, nor hame had he; But he was weel lik-ed by

Recit:





A nivefu' o' meal, and handfu' o' groats,  
 A daud o' a bannock, or herring bree,  
 Cauld parritch, or the lickings o' plates,  
 Wad mak him blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,  
 The feint a bit o' pride had he,  
 He wad a ta'en his awms in a bicker  
 Frae gentleman or puir bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,  
 In as good order as wallets could be;  
 A lang kail-gully hung down by his side,  
 And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd waur,  
 It happen'd sae that he did die,  
 And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,  
 But lads and lasses of a high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,  
 And some they play'd at Blind Harrie;  
 But suddenly up-started the auld carle,  
 "I rede you! good folks, tak tent o' me."

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,  
 "Vow kimmer, and how do ye?"  
 Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,  
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,  
 E'en fair fa' the companie;  
 But whan they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,  
 The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,  
 He dunted on the kist, the boards did flee;  
 And when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,  
 In fell the kist and out lap he.

He cry'd "I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld,"  
 Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;  
 But he was first hame at his ain ingle-side,  
 And he helped to drink his ain dregie.

## WILLIE WI' HIS WIG A-JEE.

Cantily.

O saw ye Willie frae the west! O saw ye Willie in his glee! O

saw ye Wil-lie frae the west, When he had got his wig a-jee! There's

"Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled," He tow'rs it up in sic a key; O

saw ye Wil-lie, hear-ty lad, When he had got his wig a-jee.

To hear him sing a canty air,  
 He lilt it o'er sae charmingly,  
 That in a moment all flies care  
 When Willie gets his wig a-jee.  
 Let drones croon o'er a winter night,  
 A fig for them whae'er they be,  
 For I cou'd sit till morning light,  
 Wi' Willie and his wig a-jee.

RONNIE BELL.

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing, And surly winter

grim-ly flies; Now crystal clear are the falling waters, And

bon-ny blue are the sun-ny skies. Fresh o'er the mountains breaks

forth the morning, The evening gilds the Ocean's swell; All creatures joy

in the sun's re-turn-ing, And I re-joice in my bon-nie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,  
 And yellow autumn presses near;  
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,  
 - Till smiling spring again appear.  
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,  
 Old time and nature their changes tell;  
 But never ranging, still unchanging,  
 I adore my bonnie Bell.

*I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEA.*

Air, Waly, Waly. Old Set.

Slow.

I'll lay me on the win-try lea, And sleep a-midst the wind and

wee, And ere an-o-ther's bride I'll be, O bring to me my winding sheet!

What can a hapless lassie do,  
 When ilka friend wad prove a foe,  
 Wad gar her break her dearest vow,  
 To wed wi' ane she canna lo'e!

\* \* \* \* \*



*THE BANKS OF HELICON.*

De-clare, ye banks of He-li-con, Par-nas-sus' hills and

dales ilk one, And foun-tain Cab-al-lein, If o-ny of your Mus-es all, or

Nymphis, may be per-e-gal Un-to my la-dy sheen. Or if the la-dies

that did lave Their bo-dies by your brim, So seemly were, or yet so swave, So

beau-ti-ful or trim. Con-tem-ple, ex-am-ple take by her pro-per

port, If o-ny so ho-nye. A-mang you did re-sort.

No, no, Forsooth was never none,  
 That with this perfect paragon  
     In beauty might compare;  
 The Muses would have given the gree  
 To her as to the A per se,  
     And peerless pearl preclare;  
 With qualities and form divine,  
     By nature so decored;  
 As Goddess of all feminine,  
     Of men to be adored;  
 So blessed, that wished  
     She is in all men's thought,  
 As rarest and fairest  
     That ever nature wrought.

"It would exceed our limits to give the rest of the words: the original is in the Pepys Collection in the University of Cambridge. The melody must have been a favourite with our ancestors; for the stanza is a very common one in the works of our early poets. Many compositions, to the tune of The Banks of Helicon, are to be found in the Bannatyne MS preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, compiled 1568. It is, probably, the most ancient Scots tune of which the original words remain?" *Edinburgh Vocal Magazine*, 1797.

## THY FATHER, MY BAIRNIE.

Air, Cameronian Midnight Hymn.

Slow

Thy Father, my bairnie, will ne'er come home, To bless us a' wi' his

blythesome e'e! O never mair will he hit the heuk, And raise to heav'n the psalmo-

die! O never mair will he lift the heuk, And raise to heav'n the psalmodie!

They've slain thy Father, my dear lo'ed bairn!

They've slain him down in yon bonnie lea,  
While he was lifting his voice to heaven,

For Scotland's weal, and for thee and me!

I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,

For the voice sae sweet and sae dear to me!  
While thou my bairn, like an Angel slept,  
And the tear stood glistening in my e'e.

I listen'd lang, and I listen'd late,

For the voice sae sweet and sae dear to me!  
But sair my heart foreboded, and said,  
Thy Father, my bairnie, thou'lt never see.

For weel I ken'd o' puir Scotland's wrang,

An' a' the guilt and the treacherie!  
And the han' and the sword that was lifted up,  
Dooming the righteous a' to die!

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

WE A' WERE BLYTHE AND MERRY SHORT SYNE.

Air, The bonnie Laddie ayont the sea.

Slow.

We a' were blythe and merry short syne, Blythe blythe and merry o'er hill and

lea, And Scotland was to our hearts sac lea, The bonniest place in a' Christ-endie.

A white, white rose, grew on yon hill tap,  
 The fairest flower in a' Christendie;  
 It was a' for a laddie wha was to come  
 In a bonnie boat trae yont the sea.

O lang I look'd trae yon hill tap,  
 For the bonnie laddie ayont the sea;  
 I tented the leaves o' the white, white rose,  
 To twine a wreath for the laddie's bree.

The wind blew south, and the wind blew north,  
 It brought the laddie trae yont the sea;  
 But the white, white rose, it has wither'd syne,  
 Its leaves lie scatter'd upon the lea.

The bonnie white rose has wither'd syne,  
 It's leaves lye scatter'd upon the lea,  
 And the bonnie laddie, wha cam to wear't,  
 Daur na bide in his ain countrie.

I'll gather the leaves o' the bonnie white rose,  
 And dew the buds wi' my watery ee,  
 I'll keep them a' for the laddie's sake,  
 The bonnie laddie ayont the sea.

A bonnie bird sits on yon hill tap,  
 It sings a' the simmers day to me,  
 I care na for the bonnie bird's sang,  
 For I think on the laddie ayont the sea.

A bonnie bird sits on yon hill tap,  
 It sings a' the simmers day to me,  
 But oh, gin its sang could wyle him back,  
 The bonnie laddie ayont the sea.

At den I sit on yon hill tap,  
 And aye I look out o'er the sea,  
 For oh, gin I saw the bonnie boat,

\* \* \* \* \*

## LOVELY MARY.

Air, Gowd in Gowpens.

Moderately  
Slow, with  
Expression

I've seen the lily of the wold; I've seen the opening ma-ri-

-gold, Their fair-est hues at morn un-fold; But fair-er is my Ma-ry. How

sweet the fringe of mountain burn, With op'ning flow'rs at Spring's re-

turn! How sweet the scent of flow'ry thorn! But sweeter is my Ma-ry.

Her heart is gentle, warm, and kind;

Her form's not fairer than her mind;

Two sister beauties rarely join'd,

But join'd in lovely Mary.

As music from the distant steep,

As starlight on the silent deep,

So are my passions lull'd asleep

By love for bonnie Mary.



THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

With  
Melancholy  
Expression

The last of the Stuarts has sunk in the grave, And their name and their

lin-age is gone; And the land of the stranger a resting place gave To

him that was heir to a throne. But the noon of their glo-ry was

soon overspread, And their sun he grew dark with dismay; And the clouds of mis-

fortune hung o-ver their head, Till their Sceptre had van-ish'd a-way.

No more for their cause, shall the trumpet be blown,  
Nor their followers crowd to the field;  
Their hopes were all wreck'd when Culloden was won,  
And the fate of their destiny seal'd.  
Cold, cold is that heart which could stand o'er his grave,  
Nor think of their fate with a sigh,  
That the glory of kings, like a wreck from the waves,  
Here lone and deserted must lie.

## GOOD NIGHT A-N' JOY BE WI' YOU A'.

The year is wearin' to the wane, An' day is fa-din' west a -

wa' Loud raves the torrent an' the rain, An' dark the cloud comes down the shaw.

But let the tempest tout an' blow, U-pon his loud-est win-ter horn, Good

night an' joy be wi' you a', We'll may-be meet a-gain the morn.

O we hae wander'd far an' wide,  
 O'er Scotia's land of firth an' fell,  
 An' mony a simple flower we've cull'd,  
 An' twined them wi' the heather-bell:  
 We've ranged the dingle an' the dell,  
 The hamlet an' the baron's ha',  
 Now let us tak a kind farewell,  
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.

Ye hae been kind as I was keen,  
 And follow'd where I led the way,  
 Till ilka poet's lore we've seen  
 Of this an' mony a former day.  
 If e'er I led your steps astray  
 Forgie your minstrel ance for a'  
 A tear fa's wi' his parting lay  
 Good night an' joy be wi' you a'.



